The Homes, Haunts and Friends of John Wesley

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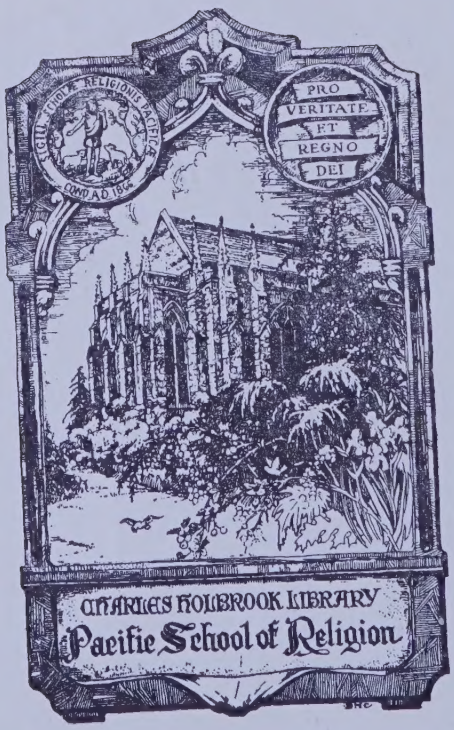

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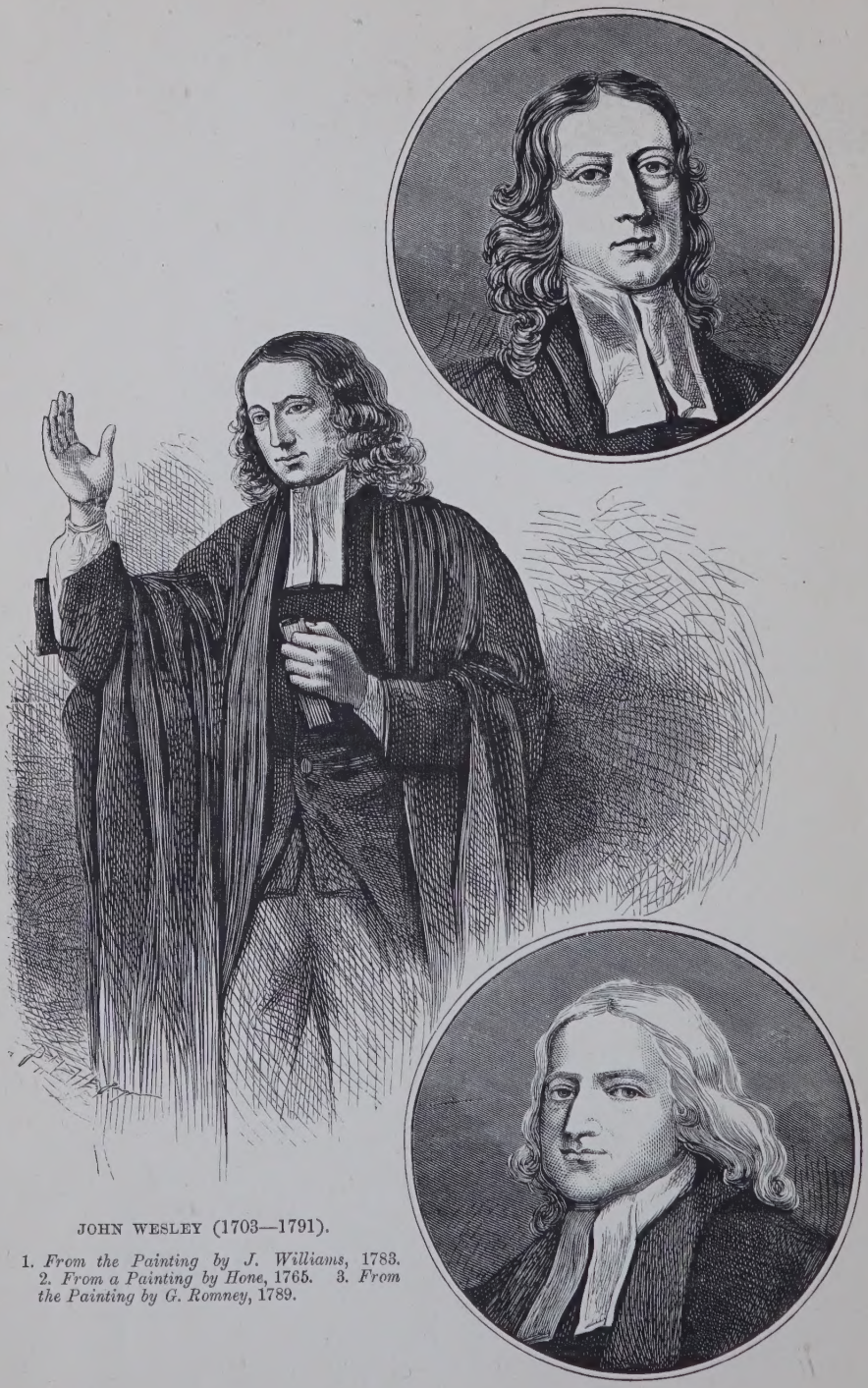
THE

HOMES, HAUNTS, AND FRIENDS

OF

JOHN WESLEY.



JOHN WESLEY (1703—1791).

1. *From the Painting by J. Williams*, 1783. 2. *From a Painting by Hone*, 1765. 3. *From the Painting by G. Romney*, 1789.

THE

HOMES, HAUNTS, AND FRIENDS

OF

JOHN WESLEY:

BEING

THE CENTENARY NUMBER

OF

"The Methodist Recorder."

REVISED AND ENLARGED.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
CHARLES H. KELLY, 2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.C.;
AND 66, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
1891.

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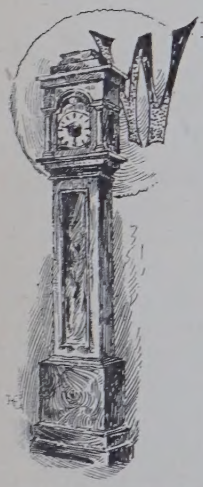
THE HOMES, HAUNTS, AND FRIENDS

OF

JOHN WESLEY.

"OUR VENERABLE FATHER IN THE GOSPEL."



WEDNESDAY, March 2nd, in the year 1791, at twenty minutes to ten o'clock in the morning, John Wesley ceased at once to work and live. The old man's desire, cherished through so many years, was fulfilled. He did not "live to be useless." To the latest hour of his long life he was "employed." The verse with which he was wont to close his latest Society Meetings was his favourite evensong in the family circle at the Preachers' House in City-road:

> "Oh that, without a lingering groan,
> I may the welcome word receive,
> My body with my charge lay down,
> And cease at once to work and live!"

Perhaps the most pathetic memorial of John Wesley ever written is the brief record in the "Minutes" of the Conference held in Manchester five months after his death:

"It may be expected that the Conference make some observations on the death of Mr. Wesley; but they find themselves utterly inadequate to express their ideas and feelings on this awful and affecting event.

"Their souls do truly mourn for their great loss; and they trust they shall give the most substantial proofs of their veneration for the memory of their most esteemed Father and Friend, by endeavouring, with great humility and diffidence, to follow and imitate him in doctrine, discipline, and life."

On Wednesday, March 10th, in the "New Chapel in City-road," as it was then called, Dr. John Whitehead, his medical attendant, and at that time a local preacher, preached a funeral sermon, which he afterwards published in a pamphlet from the shorthand notes taken "by a nephew of Mr. Marsom, Bookseller, in High Holborn."

The sermon is founded on 2 Samuel iii. 38, "Know ye not, that there is a Prince, and a great man, fallen this day in Israel?" Reprinted, it would fill many pages of this volume. It consists mainly of a review of John Wesley's experience, doctrinal

teaching, intellectual achievements, and ministerial labours. At the close of his prolonged discourse, the doctor read a paper which is of surpassing interest. To this paper all the biographers of John Wesley are indebted for their descriptions of the closing scene. As no one else thought fit to write an independent account, and as the preachers who were in constant attendance adopted the narrative and issued it in an official form, we are entitled to assume that it was accurate.

This story of the last moments of John Wesley was written by Elizabeth Ritchie (afterwards Mrs. Mortimer), one of the saintliest of the many saintly women of early Methodism. Miss Keeling, whose book on "Eminent Methodist Women" was recently published by the Book-Room, has written a brief sketch of this remarkable woman in another part of this volume. We may here add an original letter from John Wesley to one of his preachers just come to Keighley (1780) from Ireland. The letter is in the possession of Dr. Waller:

"There are many amiable and gracious souls in Cork and in Dublin. But there are few in the whole kingdom of Ireland to be named (either for depth of sense or of grace) with many, very many, persons in Yorkshire, particularly in ye West Riding. Go to Betsy Ritchie, at Otley, and then point me out such a young woman as her in Ireland."

At the Conference of 1790 James Rogers and his wife, Hester Ann Rogers, were appointed to take charge of the "Preachers' House" at City-road. Mrs. Rogers, unhappily, was too frail to preside over a house so busy, and in which, during five months of the year, the aged Father of Methodism lived. Two months before his death John Wesley begged that Miss Ritchie, who was then about thirty-nine years of age, and well-known and greatly honoured throughout Methodism, would come and assist Mrs. Rogers. The wish of her "dear father," as she always called him, was law to "Betsy." She went, and never left him until she closed his eyes in death.

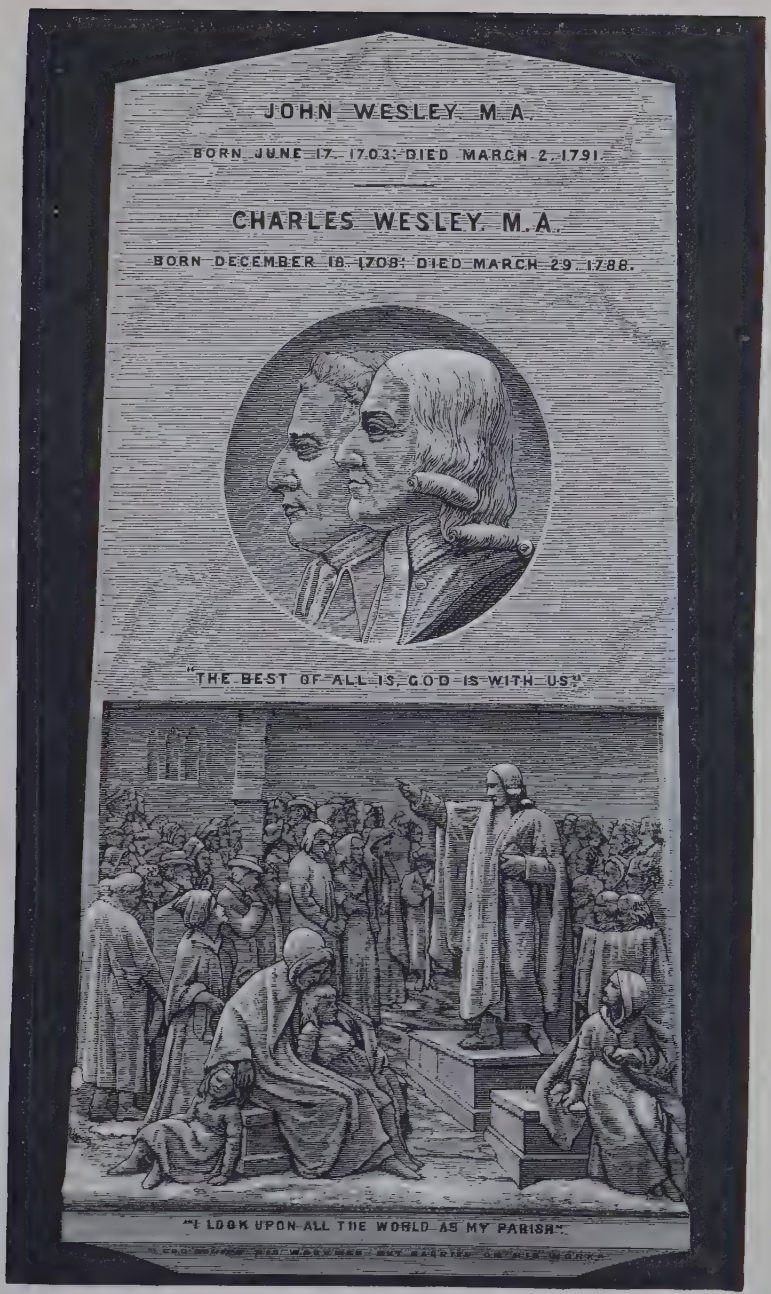
RING WITH WESLEY'S HAIR.

INSIDE VIEW, SHOWING HAIR.

An interesting circumstance may be added. Elizabeth Ritchie cut a lock of the beautiful white hair from her "father's" head. Many years afterwards she gave a portion of this precious relic to Dr. Bunting's son, William Maclardie Bunting. The Rev. W. M. Bunting had the hair enclosed in a turquoise ring. This ring was given by Mrs. Bunting to the eldest daughter of the late Edward Corderoy.

The following, for which we are indebted to Mrs. Bulmer's Life of Mrs. Mortimer, is probably part of the original document written by Miss Ritchie:

"The preacher who had usually read to Mr. Wesley being absent, he said to me, 'Betsy, you must be eyes to the blind.' I therefore rose about half-past five o'clock, and generally read to him from six till breakfast-time. Sometimes he would converse freely, and say, 'How good is the Lord to bring you to me when I want you most; I should wish you to be with me in my dying moments; I would have you to close my eyes.'


JOHN WESLEY. M.A.
BORN JUNE 17. 1703: DIED MARCH 2. 1791.
CHARLES WESLEY. M.A.
BORN DECEMBER 18. 1708: DIED MARCH 29. 1788.
"THE BEST OF ALL IS, GOD IS WITH US."
"I LOOK UPON ALL THE WORLD AS MY PARISH".

MEMORIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"During the two months I spent under his roof, which proved to be the last he spent on earth, I derived much pleasure from his conversation. His spirit seemed all love: he breathed the air of paradise, adverting often to the state of separate spirits. 'Can we suppose,' he would observe, 'that this active mind, which animates and moves the dull matter with which it is clogged, will be less active when set free? Surely, no; it will be all activity. But what will be its employments? Who can tell?' I was greatly profited during this season. My hands were full; but I felt the light of Divine approbation shining on my path, which rendered easy many painful things I met with. Indeed, I felt it quite a duty to let Mr. Wesley want no attention I could possibly pay him. I loved him with a grateful and affectionate regard, as given by God to be my guide, my spiritual father, and my dearest friend; and was truly thankful to be assured that those attentions were made comforts to him.

"With concern I saw, in February, 1791, that his strength declined much. He could not bear to continue meeting the classes, but desired me to read to him: for, notwithstanding his bodily weakness, his great mind could not be unemployed."

We are indebted to Dr. Rigg for a copy of the original "account" written by Miss Ritchie issued from the New Chapel on March 8th, 1791, and signed by James Rogers and his colleagues. This was the document which Dr. Whitehead abridged and altered in his funeral sermon. Our readers will be glad to have it in its complete form, and exactly as published one hundred years ago.

N. Curnock.

THE ORIGINAL ACCOUNT OF JOHN WESLEY'S DEATH.

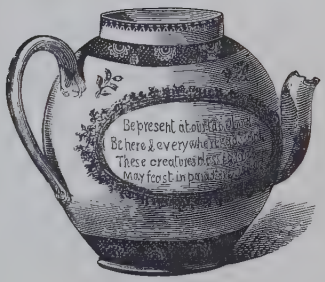
"Advertisement.—As many Friends have desired an immediate Account of the Circumstances relative to the Departure of the late Rev. Mr. Wesley, the following short but authentic Narrative has been drawn up in compliance with their Request.

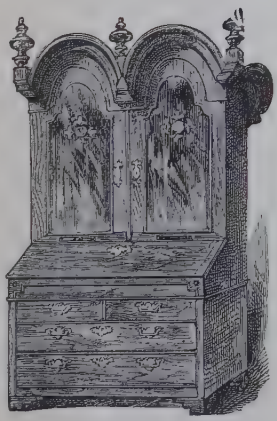
"New Chapel, City-road, *March 8th*, 1791."

On Thursday the 17th of February, Mr. Wesley preached at Lambeth from, "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." When he came home he seemed very unwell, but on being asked, How he did? only said, he believed he had taken a little cold.

Friday the 18th, Mr. Wesley read and wrote as usual, dined at Mr. Urling's, and preached at Chelsea in the evening from, "The King's business requires haste;" but was obliged to stop once or twice, and told the people his cold so affected his voice as to prevent his speaking without those necessary pauses. He was prevailed on to let Mr. Rogers and Mr. Bradford meet the Classes, and had a high degree of fever all the way home.

Saturday the 19th, reading and writing filled up most of his precious time, though to those that were with him his complaints (fever and weakness) seemed evidently increasing. He dined at Mrs. Griffith's, Islington, and while there, desired a friend to read to him the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of Job. He was easily prevailed upon to let Mr. Brackenbury meet the penitents. But still, struggling with his weakness, some of us (with hearts full of foreboding fears) saw him ready to sink under it. He rose (according to custom) early in the morning,





FURNITURE USED BY MR. WESLEY, NOW IN HIS HOUSE, NO. 47, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

but utterly unfit for his Sabbath's exercise: at seven o'clock he was obliged to lie down, and slept between three and four hours. When he awoke, said, "I have not had such a comfortable sleep this fortnight past:" the effects were soon gone, and in the afternoon he laid down again, and slept an hour or two: afterwards two of his own discourses on our Lord's Sermon on the Mount were read to him, and in the evening he came down to supper.

Monday the 20th. He seemed much better, and though his friends tried to dissuade him from it, would keep an engagement made some time before to dine with Mr. G—— at Twittenham [Twickenham]. Miss Wesley and E. R[itchie] accompanied him: In his way thither he called on Lady Mary Fitzgerald: the conversation was truly profitable, and well became a last visit: he prayed in such a spirit and manner as I believe her Ladyship will never forget. At T. he seemed much better, and the first and last visit to that pleasing family and lovely place will, I trust, prove a lasting blessing. When we came home he seemed much better, and on Tuesday went on with his usual work, dined at Mr. Horton's, Islington, preached in the evening at the City-road from, "We through the Spirit wait for the hope of righteousness by faith;" met the Leaders, and seemed better than he had been for some days. Our hopes again revived, and though we feared the little excursion which lay before him might be too much for his strength, yet we flattered ourselves with his longer stay.

MR. WESLEY PREACHING HIS LAST SERMON.

On Wednesday morning Mr. Rogers went with him to Leatherhead to visit a family who have lately begun to receive the truth. They had the honour of this almost worn-out veteran in his blessed Master's service delivering his last public message beneath their roof. O that all that heard may take the solemn warning, and so embrace the blessed invitation he gave them from, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near," as to meet our dear departed friend at God's right hand.

On Thursday he payed his last visit to that lovely place and family, Mr. Wolff's, at Balaam, which I have often heard him speak of with pleasure and much affection. Here Mr. Rogers says he was cheerful, and seemed nearly as well as usual, till Friday, about breakfast time, when he seemed very heavy. About eleven o'clock Mrs. Wolff brought him home: I was struck with his manner of getting out of the

coach, and going into the house, but more so as he went upstairs, and when he sat down in the chair. I ran for some refreshment, but before I could get anything for him he had sent Mr. R—— out of the room, and desired not to be interrupted for half-an-hour by any one, adding, not even if Joseph Bradford come. Mr. Bradford came a few minutes after, and as soon as the limited time was expired, went into the room; immediately after he came out and desired me to mull some wine with spices and carry it to Mr. Wesley: he drank a little and seemed sleepy. In a few minutes he was seized with sickness, threw it up, and said, "I must lie down." We immediately sent for Dr. Whitehead: on his coming in Mr. Wesley smiled and said, "Doctor, they are more afraid than hurt." I know not how he judged of our fears, for though my full heart felt as if the Chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof were near at hand to take my Father home, yet I had said nothing, nor do I know that any one around him had at that time feelings similar to my own. He lay most of the day, with a quick pulse, burning fever, and extremely sleepy. In the evening, while pouring out my soul into the bosom of my Lord, telling Him all I felt with respect to the Church in general, myself in particular, and trying to plead for my dearest Father's longer stay, that word, "Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory," seemed so immediately given me from above, that with dear Mrs. Fletcher on a similar occasion, I may say, "From that time my prayer for his life had lost its wings."

Saturday the 25th, he continued much the same; spoke but little, and if roused to answer a question, or take a little refreshment (which was seldom more than a spoonful at a time), soon dozed again. My mind felt much freedom to pray that our Lord would abate the stupor occasioned by the complaint; and I believe, all that knew how the corruptible body pressed down the active, vigorous spirit which for so long a series of years had been its inhabitant, earnestly united to intreat our gracious Lord, that if it was no longer consistent with His will to spare our dear aged Father to go in and out before us, we might at least receive his dying charges, and enjoy the comfort (amidst this awful scene) of hearing him seal, with his latest breath, the blessed truths we had long been accustomed to receive from God through him. We were indulged herein, and on Saturday night the stupor abated, though the fever still continued, but not so violent as before.

On Sunday morning with a little of Mr. Bradford's help, Mr. Wesley got up, took a cup of tea, and seemed much better. Many of our friends were all hopes: yet Dr. Whitehead said, he was not out of danger from his present complaints, and though I should have rejoiced in his longer stay, it seemed to me only as an answer to our prayer, and that our Lord was about to indulge us with such a mixture in our cup, as would, at least for the present, soften the approaching stroke. Mr. Wesley, while sitting in his chair, looked quite cheerful, and in a manner we all deeply felt,

repeated the latter part of that verse in the Scripture hymns on "Forsake me not when my strength faileth:"

"Till glad I lay this body down,
Thy servant Lord attend,
And O! my life of mercy crown
With a triumphant end!"

Soon after, in a most emphatical manner, he said, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." Some friends then present, speaking rather too much to him, he tried to exert himself, but was soon exhausted and obliged to lay down. After being quiet awhile, he looked up and said, "Speak to me, I cannot speak." On which Miss Wesley and I, there being no one else in the room, said, "Shall we pray with you, Sir?" He earnestly replied "Yes," and while we prayed that if our Father *must* lay this body down and leave us Orphans, our gracious Lord would let down rays of heavenly glory into his waiting spirit, and pour out on us, and all His children, the promised Comforter, his whole soul seemed engaged with God for an answer, and his hearty Amen thrilled through us. About half after two he said, "There is no need for more" (nor, indeed, had he strength to speak much); "when at Bristol,* my words were:

'I, the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'"

Seeing him very weak, and not able to speak much, I said, "Is this the present language of your heart, and do you now feel as you then did?" He replied, "Yes." I then repeated:

"Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown through Christ my own,"

and added, "'Tis enough. *He*, our precious Emmanuel, has purchased, has promised all." He earnestly replied, "He is all, He is all," and then said, "I will go." I said, "To joys above: Lord, help me to follow you," to which he replied, "Amen." Soon after, to Miss Wesley, who sat by his bedside, he said, "Sally, have you zeal for God now?" On her replying, "I wish to love Him better, that I may have more," he said, "Do you continue to rise early?" After this the fever was very high, and at times affected his head: but even then he was generally either meeting Classes, going to preach, or something that proved that though his head was subject to a temporary derangement, his heart was wholly engaged in his Master's work. In the evening he got up again, and while sitting in his chair, thinking I suppose of the kind friends he had lately visited, he said, "What are all the pretty things at B—— to a dying man!" Speaking of a lady he had only lately known, he said, "He

* This refers to an illness with which Mr. Wesley was seized at the Bristol Conference in the year 1783.

believed she had real religion: how necessary for every one to be on the right foundation!

'I, the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'

We must be justified by faith, and then go on to Sanctification."

Monday the 28th, his weakness increased apace, and his friends in general being greatly alarmed, Dr. Whitehead was desirous they should call in another Physician. Mr. Bradford mentioned his desire to our Honoured Father, which he absolutely refused, saying, "Dr. Whitehead knows my constitution better than any one; I am perfectly satisfied and will not have any one else." He slept most of the day, spoke but little; yet that little testified how much his whole heart was taken up in the case of the Churches, the glory of God, and the things pertaining to that kingdom to which he was hastening. Once in a low, but very distinct manner, he said, "There is no way into the holiest but by the blood of Jesus." Had he had strength at the time, it seemed as if he would have said more.

Tuesday March 1st, after a very restless night (though when asked whether he was in pain, he generally answered "No," and never complained through his whole illness, except once, when he said that he felt a pain in his left breast, when he drew his breath), he began singing:

"All glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restor'd,
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race;
Once more to Thy people return,
And reign in Thy kingdom of grace.

"Oh, wouldst thou again be made known,
Again in the Spirit descend;
And set up in each of Thine own,
A kingdom that never shall end.
Thou only art able to bless;
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to Thy sway."

Here his strength failed, but after lying still awhile he called on Mr. Bradford to give him a pen and ink; he brought them, but the right hand had well-nigh forgot its cunning, and those active fingers which had been the blessed instruments of spiritual consolation and pleasing instruction to thousands, could no longer perform their office. Some time after, he said to me, "I want to write:" I brought him a pen and ink, and on putting the pen into his hand, and holding the paper before him, he said, "I cannot." I replied, "Let me write for you, Sir; tell me what you would

say." "Nothing," returned he, "but, that God is with us." In the forenoon he said, "I will get up." While his things were getting ready, he broke out in a manner which, considering his extreme weakness, astonished us all, in these blessed words,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

"Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky,
And earth, and seas with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves th' oppress'd, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain."

Which were also the last words our Reverend and dear Father ever gave out in the City-road Chapel, viz., on Tuesday evening before preaching from, "We through the Spirit wait," etc. But to return to the chamber, where this great and "Good man met his fate," and which those who had the honour of attending felt was:

"Privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven."

Some of our friends fearing that matters, respecting the meeting of the Preachers at the awful event we now anticipated, were not fully settled: Mr. Bradford asked our dying Father, if he wished things to continue as determined upon when debated at the last Conference; or if he desired, in case of his removal, that any or all of them should be convened? He answered, "No, by no means, let all things remain as concluded at the Conference."

When he got into his chair, we saw him change for death: but he, regardless of his dying frame, said, with a weak voice, "Lord, thou givest strength to those that can speak, and to those that cannot: Speak, Lord, to all our hearts, and let them know that Thou loosest tongues." He then sang:

"To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree."

Here his voice failed him, and after gasping for breath, he said, "Now we have done—Let us all go." We were obliged to lay him down on the bed from which he rose no more: but after lying still, and sleeping a little, he called me to him and said, "Betsy, you Mr. Bradford, etc., pray and praise." We knelt down, and truly our hearts were filled with the Divine presence; the room seemed to be filled with God. A little after he spoke to Mr. Bradford about the key and contents of his bureau; while he attended to the directions given him, Mr. Wesley called me and said, "I would have all things ready for my Executors, Mr. Wolff, Mr. Horton, and Mr. Marriott"—

DEATH-BED OF WESLEY.

here his voice again failed; but taking breath he added, "Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen, and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the Chapel." Then, as if done with all below, he again begged we would pray and praise. We called up several friends that were in the house, and all kneeled down; Mr. Broadbent prayed, at which time Mr. Wesley's fervor of spirit was visible to every one present, but in particular parts of the prayer his whole soul seemed to be engaged in a manner which evidently showed how ardently he longed for the full accomplishment of our united desires. One thing we could not but remark; that when Mr. Broadbent was praying in a very expressive manner, that if God was about to take away our Father and our head to his eternal rest, he would be pleased to continue and increase his blessing upon the doctrine and discipline which he had long made his aged servant the means of propagating, and establishing in the world: such a degree of fervor accompanied his loud Amen, as was every way expressive of his soul's being engaged in the answer of our petitions. On rising from our knees, he took Mr. Broadbent's hand, drew him near, and with the utmost placidness saluted him, and said, "Farewell, farewell." Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. Horton, etc., etc., drew near the bedside, and he took the same affectionate leave of them all.

The next pleasing awful scene was the great exertion he made in order to make Mr. Broadbent (who had not left the room) understand that he fervently desired, a Sermon he had written on the Love of God should be scattered abroad, and given away to everybody. Something else he wished to say, but, alas! his speech failed; and those lips which used to feed many were no longer able (except when particular strength was given) to convey their accustomed sounds. A little after, Mr. Horton coming in, we hoped that if he had anything of moment on his mind, which he wished to communicate, he would again try to tell us what it was, and that either Mr. Horton, or some of those who were most used to hear our dear Father's dying voice, would be able to interpret his meaning; but though he strove to speak, we were still unsuccessful: finding we could not understand what he said, he paused a little, and then with all the remaining strength he had, cried out, "The best of all is, God is with us;"—and then, as if to assert the faithfulness of our promise-keeping Jehovah, and comfort the hearts of his weeping friends, lifting up his dying arm in token of victory, and raising his feeble voice with a holy triumph not to be expressed, again repeated the heart-reviving words, "The best of all is, God is with us!" Some time after, giving him something to wet his parched lips, he said, "It will not do, we must take the consequence; never mind the poor carcase." A little after this, seeing Mr. Rogers and Mr. Rankin stand by his bedside, he asked, "Who are these?" (his sight now almost gone preventing him from distinctly knowing his most intimate friends, except in a peculiar light, or by their voice); being informed who they were, Mr. Rogers then said, "Sir, we are come to rejoice with you; you are going to receive your crown."

"It is the Lord's doing," he replied, "and marvellous in our eyes." On being told Mrs. Wesley was come, he said, "He giveth his servants rest." He thanked her as she pressed his hand, and affectionately endeavoured to kiss her. On wetting his lips he said, "We thank Thee, O Lord, for these and all thy mercies: bless the Church and King: grant us truth and peace through Jesus Christ our Lord for ever and ever!" At another time, "He causeth His servants to lie down in peace." I replied, "They lie down in peace indeed who rest in our Redeemer's bosom. Lord help us to rest in Him, and then rest with you in glory!" To which he replied, "Amen."

ELIZABETH RITCHIE.

Then pausing a little, he cried, "The clouds drop fatness!" and soon after, "The Lord is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge!" He then called us to prayer. Mr. Broadbent was again the mouth of our full hearts, and though Mr. Wesley was greatly exhausted by these exertions, he appeared still more fervent in spirit. Several of his relations being present, Mr. Broadbent particularly thanked God for the honour He had conferred upon the family, and then fervently prayed that the glory might never be tarnished, nor they want a man to minister before the Lord to the latest generations: at the end of which petition our dying Father discovered such ardency of desire that the prayer might be answered, by repeating his Amen, as deeply affected all present. These exertions were however too much for his feeble frame, and most of the night following, though he was often heard attempting to repeat the psalm before-mentioned, he could only get out:

"I'll praise—— I'll praise——!"

On Wednesday morning we found the closing scene drew near. Mr. Bradford, his faithful friend, and most affectionate Son, prayed with him, and the last word he was heard to articulate was, "Farewell!" A few minutes before ten, while Miss Wesley, Mr. Horton, Mr. Brackenbury, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Dr. Whitehead, Mr. Broadbent, Mr. Whitfield, Mr. Bradford, and E. R. were kneeling around his bed; according to his often expressed desire, without a lingering groan, this man of God

gathered up his feet in the presence of his brethren! We felt what is inexpressible; the ineffable sweetness that filled our hearts as our beloved Pastor, Father, and Friend entered his Master's joy, for a few moments blunted the edge of our painful feelings on this truly glorious, melancholy occasion. As our dear aged Father breathed his last, Mr. Bradford was inwardly saying, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and let this heir of glory enter in." Mr. Rogers gave out:

"Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above:
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love."

I then said, "Let us pray for the mantle of our Elijah;" on which Mr. Rogers prayed in the spirit for the descent of the Holy Ghost on us, and all who mourn the general loss the Church Militant sustains by the removal of our much-loved Father to his great reward. Even so. Amen. E. R.

"N.B.—It is judged necessary by the Preachers in London and earnestly recommended to their Brethren the Preachers, and the Societies in their respective Circuits, that in consideration of our late great Loss, Wednesday the 6th of April be kept as a Day of solemn fasting and prayer, in order to humble ourselves before the Lord, and implore the continuance of His mercies towards us. It is also judged needful that Friday the 1st of July be kept as another Day of solemn fasting and prayer for all the Methodist Societies, in order to implore the Blessing of God on the ensuing Conference.

"P.S.—On the subject of mourning Mr. Wesley's will is, that there be no Escutcheons.

"*** The Executors of the late Rev. J. Wesley think it necessary to Caution his numerous Friends and the Public against receiving any spurious or hasty Account of his Life; as three Gentlemen to whom he has bequeathed his Manuscripts and other valuable Papers will publish an Authentic Narrative as soon as it can be prepared for the Press.

"N.B.—The true Account will be signed by Mr. Wesley's Executors.

"James Rogers. "Thomas Rankin.
John Broadbent. Joseph Bradford.
Duncan Wright. George Whitfield."

We have also received from Dr. Rigg a copy of the printed letter which was sent to the preachers "with the news of the death of Mr. Wesley." The copy is addressed "Mr. John King, Preacher's House, Horncastle."

"London, City-road, *March 2nd*, 1791.

"Dear Brother,—The melancholy Period we have so long dreaded is now arrived.—Our aged and honoured Father, Mr. *Wesley* is no more! He was taken to Paradise this Morning, in a glorious manner, after a sickness of five Days. We have not time to say more at present relative to his Demise.—Only what respects our future Oeconomy. This injunction HE laid upon us and all our Brethren on his Death-Bed, That we each continue in our respective Station till the time appointed for the next Conference at Manchester.

"We have therefore no doubt but you will, with us, readily comply with his Dying Request. The more so, as this is Consonant with the determination of the Conference held at Bristol when he was supposed to be near death—there, and confirmed in succeeding Conferences.

"We remain, Dear Brother, Your affectionate, though sorrowful Brethren,

"James Rogers. "Thomas Rankin.
Joseph Bradford. George Whitfield."
John Broadbent."

CHARLES WESLEY'S CHILDREN.

On Tuesday, March 1st, Mrs. Wesley, the widow of the Poet, called to see her dying brother-in-law. Miss Ritchie's description of the scene is one of the most pathetic and beautiful touches in her narrative. With the exception of Mrs. Wesley and her daughter Sarah, it does not appear that John Wesley was visited by any kinsman or kinswoman during his last hours. The only other blood-relations who might have seen him were his aged sister, Martha Hall, who four months later was laid in the same grave, and his nephews Charles and Samuel. His "company before had gone." He and Martha alone remained of all the Epworth family. The only male descendants of the old rector were Charles Wesley's sons. Charles, the elder of the two, never married. The Epworth branch of the Wesley family, in the male line, only survives through Samuel, Charles Wesley's youngest child.

It may be of some interest if we linger for awhile on the two names just mentioned.

Mr. Telford informs us that Mr. Samuel Wesley was knocking at the door when Wesley breathed his last. He was in time to hear the hymn in which the friends joined.

Thomas Jackson, in his "Recollections," has preserved reminiscences of the musical brothers. Their mother was still living when he first came to London. She died shortly after in extreme old age.

Charles was then organist in the Church of St. Marylebone. He lived in the neighbourhood with his sister in "genteel poverty."

"In his manners," says Thomas Jackson, "Charles had the ease and elegance of a courtier; in music he seemed to be inspired, so that the organ under his touch appeared to be possessed of both intelligence and feeling." He told Mr. Jackson that when he applied for the office of organist at St. Paul's the dignitaries replied, "We want no Wesley here." George III. heard the story and sent for him. "Never mind, Sir," said the King, "the name of Wesley is always welcome to me."

"At another time, when he was with the King at Windsor, after his Majesty had lost his sight, he said, 'Mr. Wesley, is there anybody in the room beside you and me?' 'No, your Majesty.' 'Then I will tell you what I think. It is my judgment that your father, and your uncle, and George Whitefield, and Lady Huntingdon, have done more to promote true religion in England than all the dignified clergy put together."

Of the affairs of ordinary life Charles knew nothing. He was so helpless that on returning to London from Bristol, after the death of his sister, instead of taking a place in the stage coach, he hired post-chaises at a cost of £30. Happily for him and

for Methodism he fell into the hands of Thomas Jackson. He held a great store of documents, which the shrewd Methodist preacher purchased for the Connexion. It was this purchase which gave the Book-Room the copyright in the supplement to the Methodist Hymn-Book, which provided materials for the Life of Charles Wesley, and which led to the publication of Dr. Osborn's edition of Charles Wesley's poetry. In addition to the sum of money paid for his father's manuscripts, Charles had an annuity from the Book-Room.

The annuity was transferred to Samuel Wesley at the death of his brother. It was paid to him in monthly instalments by Mr. Jackson, who says:

"He often observed when he came to receive these sums that the Jew's curse had fallen upon him—'old age and poverty.' He had not been so attentive to the religious teaching of his devout father as he ought to have been; and the sins of his youth pressed heavily upon him as he drew to the close of his life. He felt that 'the way of transgressors is hard.' Yet he was anxious to uphold the honour of the family whose name he bore. When he was unable himself to come for a monthly sum that was due to him, he used to send one of his sons, about nine or ten years of age, whose manners presented unmistakable proof of the care that was taken of his training. Upon his death-bed the father said to another of his sons, 'Keep up thy knowledge of Latin, Jack. Remember the Wesleys were all gentlemen and scholars.' I prayed with him when he had lost power of speech, and was apparently unconscious, commending him to the tender mercy of God through the atonement and intercession of Christ. Just before his departure, although he had not spoken for some time, he cried out in his usual tone, 'O, Lord Jesus! Lord Jesus!' and immediately added, 'Good-bye, all; good-bye—all,' and expired. His remains were interred in the grave of his late father, in the churchyard of St. Marylebone."

Charles Wesley, Jun.

In Stevenson's "Memorials of the Wesley Family" many interesting details are given respecting the Poet's elder son. His father said that at two years and three-quarters he played a tune on the harpsichord. As a baby he would have his mother play to him with *both* hands. Tied in his chair lest he should fall, he used himself to play, always putting a true bass to his tunes. In Bristol, and especially in London, he created as a boy quite an excitement by his brilliant performance of the Handel music. With King George III. he was a great favourite. He and his brother Samuel for many years gave private subscription concerts in their father's house, which were attended by persons of distinction. In his Journal John Wesley says, "I spent an agreeable hour at a concert at my nephew's; but I was a little out of my element among lords and ladies. I love plain company and plain music best." A lady who was present says that Mr. John Wesley went in full canonicals.

Charles frequently went to Court. On one occasion George III. was informed that Mr. Wesley's mother was in the next apartment. His Majesty walked in, and, addressing Mrs. Wesley, said, "Madam, all your family are musical?" To which she replied, "Yes, Sire." The King inquired if Mr. Wesley, her husband, performed on any instrument? "A little, please your Majesty, on the German flute when at college." "Do you likewise perform?" To which she replied, "I sing a little, Sire."

"What do you sing?" "Handel's Oratorio Songs." "Handel!" exclaimed the King. "There is nothing to be compared to him!"

On a certain Sunday when the King was ill he played for the Queen and the Princess Elizabeth, to their great delight, "the fine piece from Isaiah—'Comfort ye, comfort ye My people, saith your God.'"

His father was anxious that his son should not be exposed to the temptations incident to Court life. During his father's last illness Charles was told that he might have the post of organist in the Chapel Royal at Windsor for the asking. The following letter, written to his friend, Dr. Shepherd, canon residentiary at Windsor, is a fine proof of his filial devotion:

"CHESTERFIELD-STREET, *March 25th*, 1788.

"DEAR SIR,—I am truly sensible of your kindness. The only reason I do not solicit for the organist's place at Windsor is because my father makes it his last dying request that I should not solicit for it. Permit me, however, to say that I should always esteem it the greatest honour and delight to obey the commands of my gracious Sovereign, and if these should direct me to Windsor, it would make me singularly happy, as I could then follow my own inclination without disobliging my father, whom I have every reason in the world to esteem and love.—I am, dear Sir, with gratitude and respect, your most indebted servant,

"CHARLES WESLEY."

Four days later the Poet of Methodism died. Charles never reopened the negotiation. The same spirit of filial devotion led him to renounce his first and only love, though his Uncle John, who always sympathised with young people in their joys and sorrows, so far encouraged him as to send £50 to defray his wedding expenses.

G. J. Stevenson gives many extracts from the pocket-books in which Charles records his visits and visitors, and the sermons he heard. The notes are radiant with love for his mother and sister, with reverence for his father's memory, and with an old-world but very beautiful devoutness. One of his father's hymns is usually found at the beginning of each pocket-book. "Sing to the great Jehovah's praise," was his hymn for 1815.

The following extracts will be interesting to many:

'1809, *Feb. 25th.*—Went to Warwick-house at half-past seven and performed to H.R.H. the Princess Charlotte for near two hours the 'Coronation Anthem,' and other pieces of Handel. Mrs. Udney only with Her Royal Highness.

"1809, *Sep. 24th.*—Went with my dear sister to Tottenham-court Chapel. Mr. Parsons preached from Rev. v. 11 a most excellent discourse.

"1815, *Aug.* 27.—After reading the prayers, and a sermon of good Mr. Whitefield's to my dear mother, I went to Tottenham-court Chapel. Mr. Davies preached.

"1818, *Jan.* 27.—We read many pious, interesting letters of my late dear father. May we follow him to glory!

"1822, *Aug.* 1.—Mr. Edwards called from the (Methodist) Preachers, to ask my mother to visit them at the Conference at the New Chapel. My sister desired me to write to Dr. Clarke to thank the Conference.

"1822, *Dec.* 26.—My dear mother very weak. God preserve her! Mr. Butterworth called and prayed with us; likewise Mr. Everett. I wrote by dear Sarah's desire to Mr. Wilberforce.

"1822, *Dec.* 27.—My dear mother appears much more feeble. Worthy Dr. A. Clarke and Mr. Waugh (from Ireland) called, and prayed with dear Sarah and me.

"1822, *Sunday, Dec.* 29.—It hath pleased God to remove our dearest and ever revered mother to the land of bliss, at a quarter past five this evening, aged ninety-six years. Blessed are the righteous who rest from their labours. May we follow her as she followed our Lord Jesus Christ. Dearest Sarah and I read the Church prayers and our dear father's hymns.

"1824, *July* 11.—Dr. Burfield preached from, 'Fear not them that can kill the body,' etc. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandrina [Queen Victoria] were at the church, and very attentive to the discourse. I performed one overture and Hallelujah in the 'Messiah.'

"1824, *Dec.* 16.—I accompanied my sister to Hinde-street Methodist Chapel and heard Mr. Henshaw preach an excellent discourse from Rev. i. 5 and 6. I went afterwards to the tomb of my dear revered parents, now hymning praises with the heavenly choir. Oh, may we join them! Amen!"

Charles played until within two days of his death. On his death-bed he hummed Handel's music, and fancied himself at his favourite harpsichord (which once was Handel's). "Remorse for an ill-spent life he had none. Few, if any, men of his years had lived a life so free from sin or guile. His habits were so simple, and his manners so gentle and kind, that he was never known to harm any one, though he suffered from the injustice of others." His simple faith in the atonement made by Christ for his sins found him prepared for the last summons. He died in peace, May 23rd, 1834, aged seventy-seven years, and is buried with his father and mother and brother in Old Marylebone Churchyard. He was a member of society in Mrs. Barker's class at Hinde-street Chapel.

Sarah Wesley.

Charles Wesley's only daughter often appears in the voluminous correspondence of the Wesleys. She shared with Miss Ritchie the honour of attending her uncle during the last days of his life, and was one of the eleven persons present at the closing scene. After her father's death she and her brother Charles lived with their mother. She was born in a small house in Stokes Croft, Bristol, April 1st, 1759, and was educated at Miss Temple's school.

There is abundant proof that Miss Wesley, both intellectually and spiritually, maintained the honour of the Wesley family. Yet no memoir of her life has ever appeared. Like her mother, she was terribly scarred by small-pox. This and a natural shyness account in some measure for her aversion to publicity. She is still remembered as a little old lady, quaintly dressed, and "queer."

Thomas Jackson in his "Recollections" says:

"Miss Sarah Wesley, like her two brothers, was somewhat below the middle size. She strongly resembled the portraits of her late father, and possessed a fine literary taste, with much of the late mental acuteness for which the Wesley family were so remarkable. She was one of the most intelligent ladies I ever knew, being accustomed to associate with the distinguished writers of the age; and her own published compositions were numerous and valuable, though her name was not given in connection with them. Neither Charles nor his

sister ever married; and when it was found that they were in straitened circumstances, a regular allowance was made to them from the Wesleyan Book Establishment in City-road. They usually resided in lodgings: and when they left London in the summer of 1828 I engaged to take the charge of their furniture. Miss Wesley never returned to London, but died in Bristol, Sept. 19th, and is buried in St. James's Churchyard."

In Stevenson's "Memorials" there is an original letter which Charles Wesley, jun., wrote to Dr. Adam Clarke, in which he gives many interesting particulars of his sister's life.

"LONDON, *February 15th*, 1822.

"MY WORTHY AND MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND,—Although my beloved and accomplished sister is not willing that I should relate what I can recollect of her early years, yet, seeing the interest you have taken in my revered ancestors, I cannot resist your application. She was (always) a silent child, and when young was very handsome, till the small-pox made so great an alteration, of which we heard my father rejoiced; indeed, they say he made it a matter of prayer, as he did that none of his children might be rich. My sister was sent to a nurse at Kingswood, a good Methodist woman, for whom she always retained a filial love. Her love of reading was astonishing, indeed, she devoured books from the age of six years, and she taught herself to write an original sort of print-hand. My sister began an oratorio called 'Isaac' (taken from Genesis), which I set to music when I was about the age of fourteen. (I was older than her.) Some of the airs I have now by me.

"My sister hated company, and avoided it whenever she could, entreating to be left at home when we dined out, excepting when we went to the good Methodists or Quakers, people who much loved the *quiet* little girl, and where she was permitted to take her book. She loved her schoolfellows, and was much beloved by them, and she entertained them with stories which she had read. She sung remarkably well, and would have been a fine instrumental performer, I do not doubt, had she cultivated music, for she had an accurate ear and fine taste; but my dear father telling her that she must devote two hours a day to practice, she immediately gave it up, preferring a book to everything. With my worthy Uncle John Wesley she was a great favourite, and with my admirable Aunt Hall also, and with all the servants, especially those who were Methodists. We lived most affectionately together, not quarrelling as most children do, for she was not jealous of us, though I think she was more neglected. . . . She early wrote verses, though she did not like to show them to her father because he took away a play she was writing, and because he laughed at a Greek name of a king in the play, which father had not heard before. Aunt Hall was her prime confidante, and she could not have had a better. My father used to say she should have been John Wesley's daughter, for like that benevolent man she gave everything away. You know, my good Sir, our family were brought up with great reverence for kings, and considered Charles I. a martyr. My dear sister could not think of him as we did. My father gave her Dr. South's Sermons to convince her. After perusing those sermons, especially that on January 30th, she persisted in her opinion, which made father say with a smile, 'I protest, the rebel blood of some of her ancestors flows in her veins.' To politics she always had an aversion, though she rejoiced in the demolition of the Bastile, and abhorred the treatment of poor unfortunate Louis and the French Royal Family (in the Revolution of 1792). Some prejudiced people called my sister a Jacobin. Dr. Johnson much distinguished my sister in her youth. She was not, like many others, afraid of him; indeed, the doctor was always gentle to children, and no doubt my Aunt Hall had spoken kindly to him of her. She used to show him her verses, and he would pat her head and say to my aunt: 'Madame, she will do.' My sister was a great comfort to my father in his declining years. I trust I also know her value.—I am, my dear Sir, with esteem, your obliged friend,

"CHARLES WESLEY."

This letter throws an interesting light on two allusions in an unpublished letter written by Sarah Wesley to "Mrs. Doddridge" [Mercy Doddridge, daughter of Dr. Doddridge], then living in Tewkesbury. The letter has been lent to us by Mr. Knight,

of Bristol. Sarah's benevolence, and her sympathy with democratic opinions—both remembered by her brother—will be noted in the letter:

"CHRISTMAS DAY, LONDON, 1795.

"MY BELOVED FRIEND,—The anxiety which I know you feel for the safety of my arrival, the interest which your dear sisters also take in my concerns, the letter, so cordial and unexpected, which I found last night in Chesterfield-street, everything induces me to take up my pen in the very hum of company to tell you that my journey was prosperous, and the goodness of Providence has brought me in safety to my habitation.

"When I parted from you I little knew how much I had to feel in the separation; it was as the carriage proceeded that my regret strengthened, my spirits decreased, and my heart sank within me; the gentlemen in the coach would have amused me (at any other time) with political dispute, which one of them carried so high that I feared a quarrel. I am sorry to say he was a democrat, and the other kept his temper. Even this contest had reference to you and yours; I thought of your harmony, and the peacefulness which reigned within your walls.

"On arriving at Glocester, my Friend was gone to take a walk; there is something always awkward in alighting unexpectedly in a strange house; but I did not wait long alone; she returned to chide my stay with you, to welcome me with her *whole heart*, to oppose my departure, and to render another sacrifice necessary. We visited the Cathedral and the *Prison* together, and I have reason to hope her councils (as well as her bounty, which I know) will be of use to the Person whom I went to see, and introduced to her *there*. In my return I had a narrow escape—a Horse absolutely attempted to bite my shoulder; the Foam was upon it; I felt neither fear nor injury. Oh how many reasons have we to praise the Lord for His goodness and to declare the wonders that He doeth for the Children of Men. My pious companion was lost in gratitude and amazement. Oh upon how trifling a circumstance may depend *important* deliverances.

"The next day, at two, I set off to Oxford, at which we arrived by half-past twelve at night—I was much fatigued, and instead of going on, *slept* at the Inn; The Girl forgot to call me up in the morning till the Coach was coming to the Door; imagine my vexation and my haste—I scolded the Servant till I got in the Coach, which, to my own surprise, waited a quarter of an hour—I could not stay for breakfast, and thought myself lucky in being able to continue my route. The Company were such as I really enjoyed; an aged Lady interested me particularly—and the whole party seemed conscientious people, perfectly well-bred and well disposed, and we strove to accommodate each other.

"At nine I came to Chesterfield-street. I found my Mother well, and alone; my Brother was out for the evening—they join in Respects to you and your worthy Sister.

"This is a day dedicated to cheerfulness. Yet I am not cheerful! With every reason for thankfulness to heaven, I have little pleasure to contemplate on earth: But I will endeavour to think of my Blessing—the Friendship of *dear* Friends amongst the first. Adieu, my own Mrs. Doddridge! May your kindness to me be rewarded a thousandfold! May you enjoy Health and Peace, and *family* comforts long, very long, when the hand is moulder'd to dust which now subscribes, your most affectionate, ever faithful,

"S. WESLEY.

"Tell dearest Mrs. Humphreys I cannot express how gratefully and often I revolve her goodness to me, and present my cordial Respects to her and Miss Cely—whose kind attentions to me will long be acknowledged and felt with pleasure.

"Samuel is not in town, or would beg his best thanks for the little socks.

"Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Knight—the Parcel was unfortunately left at Tewkesbury to Miss Cliff."

Both John and Charles Wesley inherited from their parents an intense family affection. For the spiritual welfare of strangers their zeal never flagged: when their kith and kin were in question, it rose to extraordinary fervour. In their correspondence no letters are more faithful or tender or pathetic than those (and they are very numerous) which are addressed to relatives. Charles and Sarah were always religiously

disposed, and might, by many, have been regarded as not needing special spiritual counsel. Not so thought the anxious father or the not less anxious uncle. Tyerman, in his Life of Wesley, gives two letters written in 1781. In the first Wesley urges "dear Sally," then twenty-one years of age, to rise early that she may avoid what he believes to be her "grand hindrance" to the attainment of the spirit of adoption. In the second he plans for her in great detail a scheme of reading, ending with "Bishop Pearson on the Creed and the Christian Library." "But," the old man adds, "remember, before all, in all, and above all, your great point is, to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent." Four days later he wrote "a debt of love" to her brother Charles, whom he had "long observed with a curious eye," and who was then "on the crisis of your fate." "You are good humoured, mild, and harmless, but unless you are born again, you cannot see the kingdom of God." No wonder that the young people loved him, and to old age revered his memory.

When her father was dying in 1788 John Wesley wrote to "Sally" suggesting two items of "primitive physic," commending Dr. Whitehead—"there is not such another physician in England, although, to confound human wisdom, he does not know how to cure his own wife"—urging that her father must be in bed in the day-time as little as possible, and closing thus:

> "Now, Sally, tell your brothers from me, that their tenderly respectful behaviour to their father—even to asking his pardon, if in anything they have offended him—will be the best cordial for him under heaven. I know not but they may save his life thereby. To know nothing will be wanting, on your part, gives great satisfaction to, my dear Sally, yours very affectionately, "JOHN WESLEY."

From Worcester he writes to her again with still more "primitive physic" advice, ending all with prayer—"Is anything too hard for God?"

Nine days later, whilst John and his Shropshire congregation were singing:

> "Come, let us join our friends above,"

Sarah's father crossed the flood.

In the *Methodist Recorder* for December 5th, 1861, the Rev. John E. Coulson relates a touching story of John Wesley, which was told him by the late Mr. Haslam, of Markland-hill, Bolton, when upon his death-bed. Mr. Haslam said that "he was present in the chapel at Ridgeway Gates when Mr. Wesley visited Bolton, just after Mr. Charles Wesley's death. The venerable man, himself eighty-five years of age, commenced the service in the usual way, with singing and prayer; for the second hymn he selected, 'Wrestling Jacob,' and gave out the first verse with peculiar emphasis. When he came to the words:

> 'My company before is gone,
> And I am left alone with Thee,'

his emotion became uncontrollable; and he burst right out into a flood of tears, and sat

down in the pulpit, covering his face with both hands. The effect upon the congregation was such as might be expected—the people ceased to sing, and, in many parts of the chapel, sat down weeping and sobbing aloud. The congregation was very large, Saturday night though it was; 'and,' said Mr. Haslam, 'the place was like "a Bochim."' After awhile, Mr. Wesley recovered himself, arose, and gave out the lines again; 'and then there was such singing,' said the good old man, 'as I never had heard before; it seemed as if the sound would lift the roof of the building.' A sermon followed, remarkable for the holy influence attending its delivery, and the deep impressions it seemed to make on the multitude of people."

One incident in Sarah Wesley's life, though often told, cannot be omitted. In the year 1775 her Uncle John had promised to take her with him to Canterbury and Dover. Mrs. Wesley—who must have been insane—plundered the famous bureau which still remains in the Preachers' House in City-road. She abstracted letters which she so mutilated and interpolated that, instead of conveying a purely spiritual meaning, they became capable of a vile construction. These letters she read to certain Calvinists, who had no love for the Arminian champion. The plan of the conspirators was to send the letters to the *Morning Post*. Mr. Russell, a Calvinist, told his friend Charles Wesley of the plot.

"My dear father, to whom the reputation of my uncle was far more dear than his own, saw the importance of the refutation, and set off to the Foundry to induce him to postpone his journey, while I, in my own mind, was lamenting such a disappointment, having anticipated it with all the impatience natural to my years. Never shall I forget the manner in which my father accosted my mother on his return home. He said, 'My brother is indeed an extraordinary man. I placed before him the importance of the character of a minister, the evil consequences which might result from his indifference to it, the cause of religion, stumbling-blocks to the weak, and urged him by every relative and public motive to answer for himself, and stop the publication. His reply was: *Brother, when I devoted to God my ease, my time, my life, did I except my reputation? No. Tell Sally I will take her to Canterbury to-morrow.*'"

Was it any wonder that "Sally" loved her uncle?

Miss Wesley has given a charming description of this visit to Canterbury:

"He said in the carriage, 'You are just the right age to travel with me. No one can censure you and I.' The instances of his tender care are fresh in my mind. As we journeyed the weather was very cold. The preacher, who rode on horseback by the side of the carriage, at the first stage brought a hassock, with some straw, to keep his feet warm. Instantly he asked. 'Where is one for my little girl?' Nor would he proceed till I was as well accommodated as himself. You [Dr. A. Clarke] knew him. Did you ever see him inattentive to the feelings of others when those feelings did not impede his plan of usefulness? As we proceeded he pointed out every remarkable place we passed, and condescended to delight and instruct with the same benign spirit which distinguished him in public. I remember reading to him part of the way Beattie's 'Minstrel,' a book then lately published, and which, he said, as I loved poetry, would entertain me, making remarks as we went on upon the other poems. He would not allow the people to call me up till six in the morning, though he himself preached at five, and always procured me the most comfortable accommodation in every place where we sojourned."

Sarah Wesley loved the early Methodist preachers. To her they were heroes.

Shortly before the Conference of 1826 she wrote a short poem "To the Memory of the First Methodist Preachers," which she sent to Henry Moore for the President. It was printed in the Magazine, and runs as follows:

"While heroes claim the palm, and poets sing
The sapient statesman, and the patriot King;
While beauty, genius, wit, by turn demand
The sculptor's labour, and the painter's hand;
While wondering crowds loud acclamations raise,
And earth reverberates with the favourite's praise;
Shall nobler Christians, in a Christian age,
Have no memorial in affection's page?
Shall ceaseless vigils, persecutions, strife;
The sacrifice of ease, of health, of life;
Have no distinction grateful? no record?
Yes! valiant champions of a heavenly Lord,
As long as patience, resignation, love,
Are prais'd by saints below, and saints above,
Ye sufferers meek! who pain and scoffs defied,
Who warn'd and wept, endur'd, and pray'd, and died,
Ye shall be honour'd!——

"The soldier fights for fame, and wins his prize;
But ye were outcasts in your country's eyes;
Reproach your bitter portion, outrage, hate,
The martyr's sufferings, and the culprit's fate.*
Ye brav'd the ruffian blow, the infuriate clan,
And all for love to God, and love to man!
O with what triumph hail'd in realms on high,
When angels bore you to your kindred sky!
Fruits of His purchase, to the Saviour given,
And own'd the servants of the Lord of heaven!

"On all your sons may your bless'd mantle fall,
The zeal that fir'd, the love that reach'd to all!
Your scorn of earthly honours, earthly gain,
Of toil, of malice, ignominy, pain!
Whether to distant shores they dauntless roam,
Far from their kindred and their peaceful home;
Or seek the prisoner, sunk in dark despair,
And teach the abject, hope—the impious, prayer;
Whether, as messengers of mercy, fly
To haunts 'where lonely want retires to die;'
Where'er they sojourn, or where'er they stray,
May heaven's own light direct them on their way;
Till late translated to the choir above,
They greet their fathers in the world of love!"

May 13th, 1826. SARAH WESLEY.

In the summer of 1828 Charles and Sarah, gentle, sweet, devout, in the quaint

* Some of them were dragged to the common gaol; some were pressed to be soldiers and sailors; others wounded with stones, or thrown into rivers.

attire of a bygone day, journeyed into the West. They halted at Slough, and were entertained by their old friend Sir John Herschel. Eventually they reached Bristol, their birthplace. Sarah fell ill. Joseph Entwistle visited her, "much to his satisfaction." On the way of salvation her views were "clear and Scriptural." She often said, "I have peace, but not joy." Her mind was tranquil and resigned. "Pray, pray," she said. Her uncle's favourite words were often on her lips:

> "I, the chief of sinners am,
> But Jesus died for me."

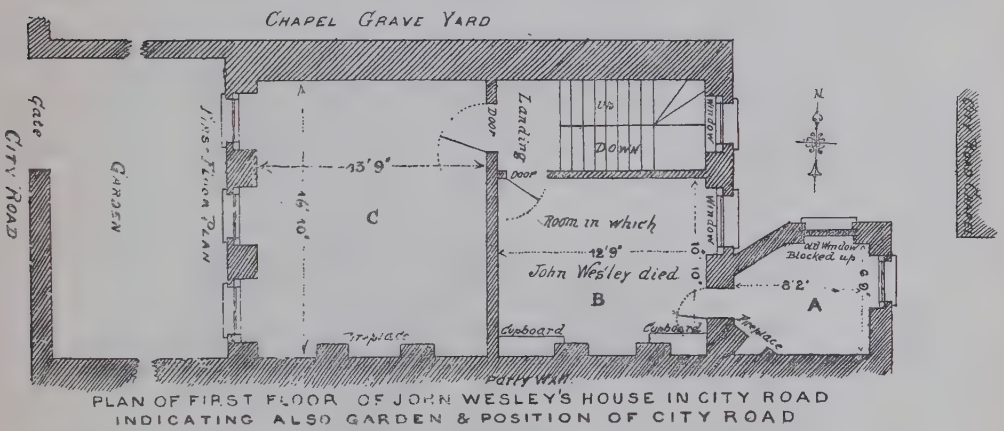
When her speech was gone she lifted her hand in token of confidence and comfort; and so, like all the Epworth Wesleys, rested in the Lord. In her pocket they found her last Society ticket for June, 1828. In St. James's Churchyard, within sight of the Horsefair and the "Old Room"—John Wesley's first chapel—she lies waiting the resurrection of the just.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH WESLEY DIED.

THE GROUP ROUND WESLEY'S DEATH-BED.

It is a misfortune when artists and poets use their licence without judgment, and in defiance of easily ascertained historical facts. The death-bed scene in the Preachers' House at City-road has been painted with scant regard to probabilities, and, indeed, possibilities. Annexed is a ground-plan of the room in which John Wesley died, with the exact measurements. Obviously the crowd of persons, eighteen in number, including clergymen in full canonicals, could not have been present at one time in so

small a room. No clergyman was there at the time of Wesley's death. No doubt the artist has introduced all the persons who saw the dying saint between the 24th day of February, when Mrs. Wolff brought him home from Balham, and Wednesday, March 2nd. As a matter of fact, eleven persons were with him when he died. Miss



PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR OF JOHN WESLEY'S HOUSE IN CITY ROAD
INDICATING ALSO GARDEN & POSITION OF CITY ROAD

Ritchie has been careful to preserve the names of ten. It is known that a little boy was also present. The names are:

Dr. WHITEHEAD, his medical attendant.
Mr. HORTON, one of his executors.
JOSEPH BRADFORD, for eight years his travelling companion.
JAMES ROGERS, the preacher then resident in the house.
HESTER ANN ROGERS, his wife.
Their little boy, JAMES ROE ROGERS.
ROBERT CARR BRACKENBURY, of Raithby-hall, Lincolnshire.
JOHN BROADBENT.
GEORGE WHITFIELD, the Book Steward.
ELIZABETH RITCHIE, afterwards Mrs. Mortimer.
SARAH WESLEY, the only surviving daughter of Charles Wesley.

The ladies in this group are noticed elsewhere. Mr. Horton will appear on another page. Of Dr. Whitehead it may suffice to say that his career was changeful. He was physician to Bethlem Hospital in Moorfields, travelled as an itinerant preacher, and then returned to his professional duties. He joined the Society of Friends for a time, but afterwards cast in his lot again with the Methodists. Wesley's opinion of his professional skill is seen in his note to his niece about her father's health quoted above. The doctor visited the Poet of Methodism several times during his last

illness; and three years afterwards performed the same office for Wesley. He was appointed, together with Dr. Coke and Henry Moore, one of the literary executors

THE ROOM IN WHICH WESLEY DIED.

of John Wesley. Mr. Whitehead had a large practice among the London Methodists, besides his post at Old Bethlem. He died on March 18th, 1804, at the age of 64.

N. Curnock.

JOHN WESLEY'S PREACHERS.

The little group of Methodist preachers round Wesley's death-bed is singularly interesting.

Robert Carr Brackenbury

was a wealthy Lincolnshire squire, living at Raithby-hall, who had studied at St. Catherine's-hall, Cambridge, for the ministry of the Established Church, but was convinced of sin, though not by any outward means, and soon after found rest. At Hull he met a Methodist preacher, and became convinced that it was his duty to cast in his lot with the Methodists. The propriety of lay-preaching troubled him at first,

"but, after weighing the matter more deeply, he began preaching himself; and found a very remarkable blessing, both on his own soul and on his labours." Such is Wesley's account of his new friend and ally in July, 1776. Wesley preached at Raithby three years later in a little chapel which Mr. Brackenbury had built for his tenants, and repeated his visits in 1780 and 1781. Mr. Brackenbury was one of Mr. Wesley's companions on the pleasant excursion to Holland in 1783. He laboured for some time in the Channel Islands, where Wesley visited him in 1787. Two years afterwards Mr. Brackenbury returned to England. On February 19th, 1791, Wesley had intended to meet the penitents at City-road, but as his strength failed Mr. Brackenbury took this duty for him. When City-road was draped in black for Wesley's funeral sermon, Mr. Brackenbury helped the trustees by giving ten pounds towards the cost, which amounted to a little over £54. That day was long remembered at City-road. The late Mrs. Gabriel, of Brixton-hill, distinctly remembered that the whole congregation was dressed in black, save one woman who had a blue ribbon in her bonnet. No sooner did she observe her singularity than she pulled out the offending ribbon and trampled it under her feet. Mr. Brackenbury died in 1818.

George Whitfield,

Wesley's Book Steward, was also in the group around his death-bed. On August 19th, 1781, Wesley says, "I took coach with my new fellow-traveller, George Whitfield." He became an itinerant preacher in 1785, and undertook the oversight of the Book-Room in 1789 at Wesley's express desire. He was thirty-eight years old at the time of Wesley's death. He seems to have been an eminently painstaking man of business. He had been one of the little party that accompanied our Founder to Holland in 1783, and acted as his almoner in 1789, when he gave away £560. Whitfield retired from the Book-Room in 1804, after fifteen years' service, and spent the last twenty years of his life as a supernumerary at Bruce-grove, Tottenham, where he was greatly esteemed and very useful. He died, after a long and painful illness, on Christmas-eve, 1832, at the age of seventy-nine. He was buried at City-road.

James Rogers

was a native of the North Riding of Yorkshire, who had now been for nearly nineteen years a Methodist preacher. When he was stationed in Sheffield Mr. Wesley came to the town on his usual northern journey. There Joseph Bradford, his travelling companion, was taken ill. Mr. Rogers stepped into his place. But Wesley soon wore out his new helper. Rogers was a delicate man at best, and the fatigue of riding in the summer sun brought on a serious bilious attack at Leeds, where the Conference met. Bleeding and warm baths gave him relief, but it was some time before he was out of danger. He lost his wife at Macclesfield in 1783, but found a

congenial helper in Miss Hester Ann Roe, who became conspicuously useful in her husband's circuits.

It is James Rogers who tells the story of Fletcher's impromptu sacrament. Travelling with two other itinerant preachers through Bristol to Cornwall, he called at Mr. Ireland's house to see the saintly John Fletcher. They met in the open air. Fletcher, recognising the Methodist preachers, dismounted from his horse and hastened towards them with extended arms. Ireland sent a footman into the yard with a bottle of wine and slices of bread on a waiter. They uncovered their heads, while Fletcher implored a blessing on the refreshment. Handing first the bread to each, he said, "The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life." In like manner he presented the wine. "A sense of the Divine presence rested upon us all," says James Rogers, "and we were melted into floods of tears."

After six fruitful years of labour in Dublin and Cork Mr. Rogers was appointed for London. Here he says:

"I had much comfort, both in my labours and family connections, for nearly seven months. But it is impossible to describe what I felt on the removal of our venerable father to paradise: yet I esteem it the greatest honour ever done me, that I was providentially called to accompany him in his last journey, and be with him in his latest moments."

His mind was greatly exercised during the next five months, but the brotherly love which prevailed at the Manchester Conference broke the snare of the enemy.

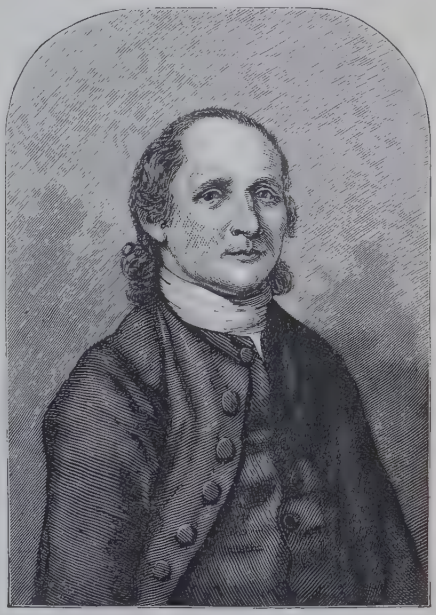
"I therefore returned to my charge with joy, fully resolved to act in harmony with my brethren, and, by the help of God, to live and die an itinerant Methodist preacher."

A time of blessing followed. Discord was stirred up by some; nevertheless many were convinced and brought to God, so that the societies "increased to upward of three thousand members, which is more by some hundreds than they ever were before." Failing health compelled James Rogers to retire soon after Wesley's death. He settled at Guisborough, where he died in January, 1807.

Joseph Bradford.

Joseph Bradford, who was praying inwardly at the moment of Wesley's translation, had been his travelling companion during the last years of the great evangelist's life. He was a good preacher, so that he was ready to take Wesley's place when he did not feel strong enough to do full duty. A good story is told about the two men. Wesley, before one of his services, directed Bradford to carry a packet of letters to the post. Bradford, however, wished to hear Wesley's sermon first. Wesley insisted that the letters must go at once, but Bradford still refused. "Then," said Wesley, "you and I must part." Joseph said, "Very good, Sir." Next morning Wesley asked if he had considered what he said, "that they must part." "Yes, Sir," was

his answer. "And must we part?" asked Wesley. "Please yourself, Sir," said Bradford. "Will you ask my pardon?" rejoined Wesley. "No, Sir." "You won't?" "No, Sir." "Then I shall ask yours." Bradford melted at once, and wept like a child. It was no wonder the two men were warmly attached to each other. Bradford had long been a tender nurse to the old itinerant. Humanly speaking, his care of Wesley in Ireland had added fifteen years to his life. This was in June, 1775. Wesley had not felt well in the morning, and in the afternoon he lay down on the grass in a friend's orchard, and fell asleep lying on his face. For forty years he had been accustomed to lie down on the grass, and had never felt any bad effect. Now, however, he awoke feeling slightly unwell. A few days later he completely succumbed to a high fever. Joseph Bradford saved his life. Wesley's tongue had become much swollen and as black as a coal, he was convulsed all over, his heart and pulse seemed scarcely to beat. While he was in this state Mr. Wesley says, "Joseph Bradford came to me with a cup, and said, 'Sir, you must take this.' I thought, 'I will, if I can swallow, to please him; for it will do me neither harm nor good.' Immediately it set me a-vomiting; my heart began to beat, and my pulse to play again; and from that hour the extremity of the symptoms abated." Wesley immediately began to gather strength, and was soon restored to his usual health. Eight years later, in the midst of the Bristol Conference of 1783, Wesley was seized with a violent illness which his friends feared would be fatal. Joseph Bradford, who had nursed him so well in Ireland, was with him. To him Wesley said: "I have been reflecting on my past life. I have been wandering up and down between fifty and sixty years, endeavouring in my poor way to do a little good to my fellow-creatures; and, now, it is probable that there are but a few steps between me and death; and what have I to trust to for salvation? I can see nothing which I have done or suffered, that will bear looking at. I have no other plea than this:



JOSEPH BRADFORD.

'I, the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'"

For eighteen days Wesley was at the gates of death, then, finding himself somewhat better, and "being unwilling to be idle," he resumed his work.

It was to this incident that Wesley referred on the last Sunday of his life.

Bradford's value as a travelling companion is evident from Wesley's description of a drive in January, 1778, from Rye to Carborough. Their way lay along a dirty and slippery road between two impassable marshes. Their hostess had sent a guide, but he waited for awhile, and then went home. Wesley says:

"Many rough journeys I have had; but such a one as this I never had before. It was one of the darkest nights I ever saw; it blew a storm, and yet poured down with rain. The descent, in going out of the town, was near as steep as the ridge of a house. As soon as we passed it, the driver, being a stranger, knew not which way to turn. Joseph Bradford, whom I had taken into the chaise, perceiving how things were, immediately got down and walked at the head of the horses (who could not possibly keep their eyes open, the rain so violently beating in their faces) through rain, mud, and water, till, in less than an hour, he brought us safe to Carborough."

Such incidents form Joseph Bradford's best biography. Methodism owed him a great debt, which it acknowledged by his election as President in 1803. He died at Hull in 1808, after thirty-eight years' faithful service as an itinerant preacher.

John Broadbent.

John Broadbent was another of Wesley's preachers and travelling companions. He accompanied his chief on both of the pleasant holidays in Holland, and travelled with him in Ireland in 1787. They visited the bishop's garden together at Londonderry, and enjoyed a walk some days later round Dr. Lesley's beautiful domain at Tanderagee. Wesley highly esteemed him as a preacher, and says the people at Clones were "filled with consolation whilst he applied, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye My people, saith the Lord.'" In a letter dated December 21st, 1775, he writes to Mr. Walter Churchey: "If John Broadbent has a turn for learning languages, by all means let him learn Welsh. This will turn to good account. And now is his time. You can direct and assist him herein. Meantime persuade him to refrain from screaming, and he will do well." It was in August, 1779, that he began to travel with Wesley.

The following is the brief obituary of this good man in the Minutes of 1795:

"John Broadbent, who laboured in the Lord's vineyard for twenty-two years of his life. His constitution was exceedingly debilitated; but, knowing that he had sunk into an irrecoverable decline, he laid out every small degree of strength afforded him in the honourable course in which he was engaged, and preached to the last. He was a zealous man, and truly alive to God. He resigned his soul in peace, observing to a friend, just before he died, that God had very much blessed his soul."

J. Telford.

The Little Boy.

The Rev. Joseph Garrett, of Boscombe, writes: "In the Supplement to the *Recorder* in connection with the group around Wesley's death-bed, I think there is a

little inaccuracy. Allow me to copy from my 'personal reminiscences,' written out some time ago, a few lines on this matter:

"'*A Son of Hester Ann Rogers.*—In my first circuit (Denby Dale) there resided at Cawthorne (1842-3) a Mr. Rogers; he was an *excise officer*, and at his house I often made my home. He was the son of H. A. Rogers, and was present when John Wesley died in his house in City-road. (In Parker's picture of the death-bed of John Wesley he is represented as standing, as a boy, by the bedside.) He remembered it very distinctly. He told me that a little before his death Mr. Wesley asked for pen and ink, and that he (the boy) was sent for them, but that they were not used. Mr. Rogers showed me his mother's journal, from which her published life was compiled.'

"'The Rev. Jos. Simpson, now superannuated in Boscombe, once stayed with Mr. Rogers in Sheffield, to whom he narrated the incidents connected with Mr. Wesley's death."

JOHN WESLEY'S EXECUTORS.

John Horton.

John Horton, one of Wesley's executors, lived at Canonbury-place, Islington. Wesley dined with him there on Tuesday, February 23rd, before his last sermon and leaders' meeting at City-road. Mr. Horton was a London merchant and a member of the Common Council. Mr. G. J. Stevenson says in his volume on "City-road Chapel" that Mr. Horton had probably been connected with Methodism from very early life, and as a young man was an intimate friend of the Wesleys. He was a member at the Foundry, and one of the first trustees of City-road. His business life was not an easy one, but he kept his faith and courage in the midst of many sorrows. His wife was buried at City-road in 1786, at the early age of thirty-four. Her two infant boys had already been laid there in 1782 and 1784. Mr. Horton went to live at Bristol in 1800. He used, even as an old man, to be a member of Henry Moore's congregation at Portland Chapel at six in the morning, and told William Myles that he was always most comfortable when hearing the Gospel in the "Old Ship," as he had often heard Charles Wesley call Methodism. He was present at several Conferences as one of Wesley's executors. In his last days he suffered much from asthma, of which he seems to have died in 1802.

George Wolff.

Mr. Wolff was the Danish Consul in England. Wesley greatly delighted to spend any leisure moments with "the lovely family at Balham." Mr. Wolff had married the widow of Captain Cheesement, who was buried at City-road on February 24th, 1783. He had been a sea captain, but, as the inscription on his tomb puts it: "He came to an anchor in a place of rivers and broad streams within the veil of the Fair Havens on the 20th day of February, 1783, in the fifty-second year of his voyage." Wesley says in his Journal for February 24th:

"I buried the remains of Captain Cheesement, one, who, some years since, from a plentiful

fortune, was by a train of losses utterly ruined; but two or three friends enabling him to begin trade again, the tide turned; he prospered greatly, and riches flowed in on every side. A few years ago he married one equally agreeable in her person and temper. So what had he to do but enjoy himself? Accordingly he left off business, took a large, handsome house, and furnished it in a most elegant manner. A little while after, showing his rooms to a friend, he said, 'All this will give small comfort in a dying hour.' A few days after he was taken ill with a fever. I saw him twice; he was sensible, but could not speak. In spite of all means, he grew worse and worse, and in about twelve days died. So within a few days we lost two of our richest, and two of our holiest, members. Captain Cheesement's tomb adds that 'Sarah, his daughter, an infant of two days, escaped from the evil to come on the 22nd February, 1783.'"

The poor wife, thus doubly bereaved, afterwards found a happy home at Balham. For Wesley in his old age, it became what Mr. Blackwell's house at Lewisham had been forty years before. After preaching at Mitcham on December 1st, 1789, he adds, "I then retired to the lovely family at Balham." There he enjoyed three days' leisure, during which he examined a book on the "Pelew Islands." (See *Arminian Magazine* for 1791-2.) The following February he says: "I retired to Balham for a few days in order to finish my sermons, and put all my little things in order." It was after a day spent here—the last spent under the roof of any friend—that he returned to City-road to die. He had written from Balham his last letter, bidding William Wilberforce God-speed in his crusade against "American Slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun." Mrs. Wolff drove him over next morning at eleven o'clock to his own house, of which he was never again to cross the threshold. The Wolffs used to drive over from Balham to attend services at City-road.

William Marriott.

William Marriott, the third executor, was cradled in London Methodism. It was with his father that Alexander Mather had served as a journeyman baker, and had thus become a member of Wesley's Society. Marriott's mother was one of the first twelve members who met at the Foundry. The boy himself was brought up at the Foundry School; then he was sent to Madeley to be trained under John Fletcher's care. William Marriott proved worthy of his training. In his diary on March 2nd 1791, he writes under the shadow of Wesley's death: "This morning, a little before ten o'clock, it pleased God to take unto Himself that eminent servant of His, the Rev. John Wesley, who had been a burning and a shining light for many years. He died in peace, in his eighty-eighth year. Oh! that those important truths which I have so often heard from his lips may be treasured up in my heart, and reduced to practice in my life, that I may be found among the number of those who shall be the crown of His rejoicing in that great and awful day." Mr. Marriott was nominated Sheriff of the City of London, but begged permission to refuse the honour. He was a wealthy stockbroker, who generally gave away half his income. In three years sixteen thousand pounds was thus distributed among those who were in need. For

twenty years he entirely supported two schools, for a hundred children each. Mr. Marriott died in the summer of 1815. His old friend, Adam Clarke, to whom he had given five pounds to buy pens and paper for his Commentary, preached his funeral sermon at City-road on July 23rd. J. TELFORD.

A TOUR IN METHODIST LONDON.

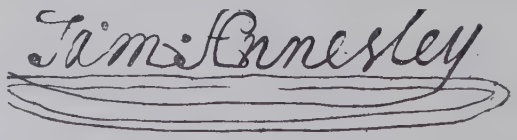
A LONDON minister, the Rev. T. E. Brigden, who has spent some of his leisure moments in exploring its memorable corners, recently expressed his conviction that a "Handbook on Methodist Landmarks in London," with references to literary and historic associations, would have great interest, especially if illustrated like Mr. Wilmot Harrison's "Memorable London Houses," and accompanied by a map. "American Methodists," he thought, "would hail it with delight." The purpose of this paper is more modest. We wish to take our friends for a brief tour in Methodist London, which may open some eyes to the wealth of association with the Wesleys which the Londoners possess.

IN THE STEPS OF DR. ANNESLEY.

The best starting-point for our pilgrimage is the old church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, of which Dr. Annesley was vicar for three years before the Act of Uniformity. It is well worthy of a visit quite apart from its Methodist interest, for it was rebuilt six hundred years ago, and, though somewhat defaced by alterations and enlargements, there is a considerable portion of the old building still standing. Martin Frobisher, the voyager, is buried there, and Foxe, of the "Book of Martyrs," lies in the chancel, not far from John Milton, who was laid there beside his father twelve years after Dr. Annesley ceased to be vicar. The church is open every day between ten and four, so that the Methodist visitor can step in and meditate on the courtly vicar, who was nephew to the first Earl of Anglesea, and whose twenty-fifth child was the mother of John and Charles Wesley. No memorial to Dr. Annesley has found a place on the

A CORNER OF ST. GILES, CRIPPLEGATE, 1791.

walls, but the whole place seems full of memories. Oliver Cromwell, who himself was married at St. Giles in 1620, made Dr. Annesley lecturer of St. Paul's in 1657, and the following year he received the living of St. Giles, then worth seven hundred pounds a year.



DR. ANNESLEY'S AUTOGRAPH.

We have not far to go to reach the place where Dr. Annesley's Meeting-house stood in days when he was known as the St. Paul of the Nonconformists. A little to the east of our Centenary-hall in Bishopsgate-street is St. Helen's-place, formerly called Little St. Helen's. Here, in 1672, Dr. Annesley formed a large and flourishing Nonconformist Church. One midsummer's day in 1694 (June 22) seven young men were ordained there for the ministry. This was the first public ordination on which the Dissenters had ventured. John Howe and Dr. Bates were afraid to countenance it. But Dr. Calamy, one of the young ministers to be set apart, did not wish the thing to be done in a corner. The service lasted from ten in the morning till six in the evening. Dr. Annesley took part in the ordination, with Matthew Sylvester, Baxter's friend, and editor of the famous "Narrative of his Life and Times," and Dr. Williams, who founded the Library now housed in Gordon-square, and preached Dr. Annesley's funeral sermon. Daniel De Foe's father and mother attended Dr. Annesley's Meeting-house. There the future novelist learned to esteem and love the good pastor of whom he afterwards wrote:

SITE OF DR. ANNESLEY'S MEETING-HOUSE, ST. HELEN'S PLACE.

"The sacred bow he so divinely drew,
That every shot both hit and overthrew."

Dr. Annesley lived in Spital-yard, an opening between Bishopsgate-street and Spital-square. His was perhaps the last house which blocks the lower end of the yard. Here Susanna Wesley was born on January 20th, 1669. Her father died on December 31st, 1696, at the age of seventy-seven, and was interred beside his wife in Old Shoreditch Church, which was "the actors' church" of London. It was pulled down in

1736. Its chancel window and a tablet to the Awstens are the only memorials of the place in which Susanna Wesley's father was buried. The Countess of Anglesea, as she was dying, expressed her wish to be laid "upon the coffin of that good man, Dr. Annesley." Mr. Woodward succeeded him as pastor at Little St. Helens, and he was followed by "the worthy Mr. Godwin."

SUSANNA WESLEY'S BIRTHPLACE, SPITAL-YARD.

The Father of the Wesleys.

We may now attempt to trace the footsteps of John Wesley's father in London. After Samuel Wesley left the Free School at Dorchester, he came in 1678 to Mr. Edward Veal's Academy for Dissenters, in what was then the rural suburb of Stepney. There he became a "dabbler in rhyme and faction." Two years later he removed to a similar academy in Newington-green, under the care of Mr. Charles Morton, where Daniel De Foe was also educated. Newington-green has been the home of the Earl of Northumberland, once the lover of Anne Boleyn, of Sir Henry Mildmay, of Samuel Rogers, the poet, and many other celebrities. Here Samuel Wesley once heard John Bunyan preach. At the time of his memorable journey to Oxford, we find him living with his mother and an old aunt, both of whom were so strongly attached to Dissent that he durst not tell them of his change of views, but got up at an early hour and set out on foot for the University in August, 1683. His mother continued to live in London till her death. Samuel Wesley, jun., wrote to Epworth in June, 1709, to report that he had lately visited her, and in August, 1710, tells his

A BIT OF OLD HOLBORN

father, "I saw my grandmother in the last holidays; in those that are approaching I cannot, because I am detained by an unfriendly friend."

When he had taken his degree he held a modest London curacy, which was worth twenty-eight pounds a year. On February 24th, 1689, he was ordained priest by Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, in St. Andrew's, Holborn, which had been built two or three years before by Sir Christopher Wren. Samuel Wesley began his married life in lodgings near to Holborn, but we must content ourselves with this vague information as to his home. If we can fancy Holborn filled with the quaint old houses that still stand facing Gray's Inn-road, we shall be able to form some notion of the place as it looked in the days when Samuel Wesley and his young bride began married life in the metropolis. St. Andrew's is not only associated with Samuel Wesley's ordination: Dr. Sacheverell was chosen rector of this valuable living immediately after his three years' term of suspension from preaching was over. It is said that the Rector of Epworth composed the famous speech which the High Church bigot had delivered at the close of his trial. At his father's request, John Wesley, then a gown-boy at Charterhouse, waited on the Rector of St. Andrew's to seek letters of recommendation to Christ Church College, Oxford. "When I was introduced I found him alone, as tall as a maypole, and as fine as an archbishop. I was a very little fellow. . . . He said, 'You are too young to go to the University; you cannot know Greek and Latin yet. Go back to school.' I looked at him, as David looked at Goliath, and despised him in my heart. I thought, if I do not know Greek and Latin better than you, I ought to go back to school indeed. I left him, and neither entreaties nor commands could have again brought me back to him." Wesley preached in St. Andrew's on the second Sunday after his return from Georgia. "Here too, it seems, I am to preach no more."

It was at Smith's Coffee-house, George-yard, Stock's Market, that Samuel Wesley

and his literary colleagues of the Athenian Society used to meet in order to consult about their work. Stock's Market was established in 1282, on the site of the present Mansion House. It took its name from the stocks which were set there,—"the way being very large and broad." It was for nearly four hundred years a meat and fish market, but when rebuilt after the Great Fire it became a fruit and vegetable market. It was removed for the erection of the new Mansion House. At Smith's Coffee-house, the young clergyman sent a glass of water to a colonel of the guards who was using many terrible oaths. "Carry it," he told the waiter, "to that gentleman in the red coat, and desire him to wash his mouth after his oaths." The sequel of the story belongs to St. James's Park. Years after, when Samuel Wesley was attending convocation, he was stopped there by an officer who recalled this circumstance to his memory. "Since that time, Sir," he added, "I thank God, I have feared an oath, and everything that is offensive to the Divine Majesty." Samuel Wesley preached before the "Society for the Reformation of Manners" in St. James's Church, Westminster, and repeated his sermon at St. Bride's, Fleet-street. His last visit to London seems to have been in January, 1734, when he came to town to revise his book on Job, and pass it through the press.

Matthew Wesley.

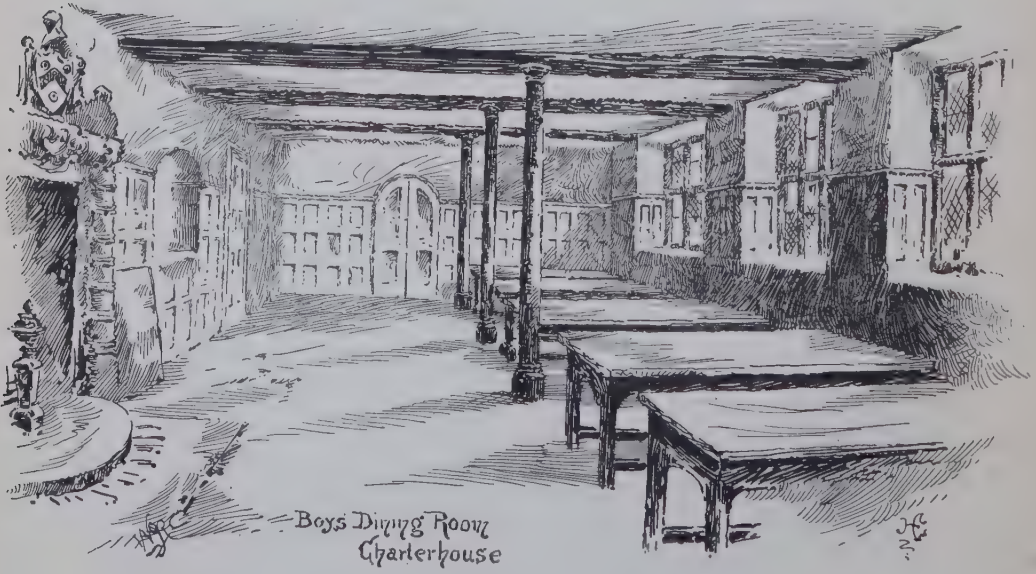
When Charles Wesley returned from Georgia he paid a visit to his uncle, Matthew Wesley, a London surgeon, living in Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, where he says: "I was equally welcome and unexpected." This was the uncle whose visit to Epworth, in 1731, made such a stir both in the town and the parsonage. John Wesley was then at Oxford, but his mother consulted their visitor about the state of their friend Mr. Morgan's health. Matthew Wesley thought if he could take the waters at Scarborough, "though his age is the most dangerous time in life for his distemper, yet I am of opinion these waters would cure him." The well-to-do London surgeon was greatly disturbed by the straitened circumstances at Epworth Rectory, and wrote a letter of remonstrance, which roused the ire of old Samuel Wesley. He showed great kindness to the rector's daughters, to three of whom he gave marriage portions. Though he esteemed religion he spoke little about it to others. He approved, however, of his niece, Martha, going regularly to morning prayers at St. Paul's. He died in May, 1737, and was interred in the old vault in St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street.

John Wesley's Boyhood.

We are able to give our readers a view of the old dining-hall at the Charter-house, with the wooden tables at which John Wesley sat as a boy. To pass from the bustle of the Smithfield Meat Market into this peaceful retreat helps to wake

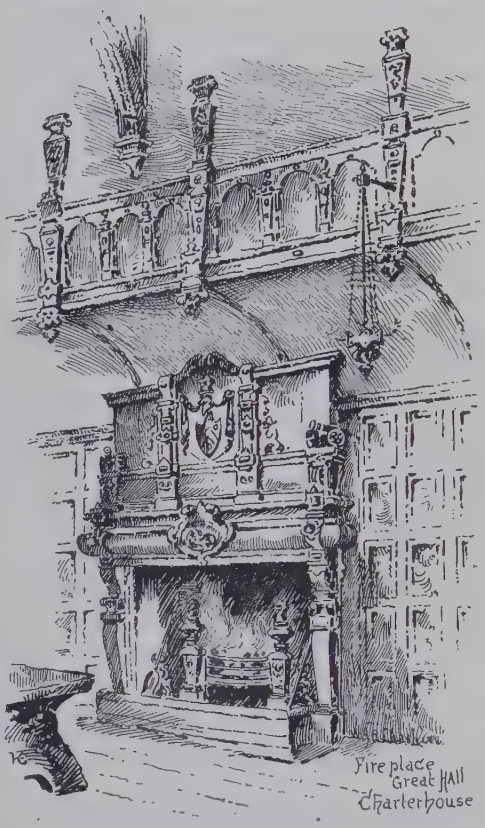
Charterhouse

The Cloisters
Charterhouse



Boys Dining Room
Charterhouse

up again those memories of a hundred and eighty years ago. Thomas Sutton's famous school was keeping its centenary when the little clergyman's son came up from Lincolnshire at the age of ten. He wore a broad-cloth gown, lined with baize, and his Epworth training soon won him the favour of Dr. Walker, the schoolmaster. These were days of privation for John Wesley. "From ten to fourteen I had little but bread to eat, and not great plenty of that." Fagging was in full force, and he had to endure no little hardship from the elder boys. But those six years at the Charterhouse were a fruitful time in the boy's life. He faithfully obeyed his father's ininjunction to run round the playground three times every morning, and laid the foundations of his scholarship by diligent application. From the Charterhouse he was elected to Christ Church in 1720. Seven years later, when Fellow of Lincoln, he was one of the stewards at the annual dinner of Old Carthusians. The Rev. Dr. Spencer, a venerable evangelical clergyman in North-west London, knew Mr. Nottage, rector of St. Clement's and St. Helen's, Ipswich, who distinctly remembered John Wesley, a very neat old man with an all-round collar, coming to the Charterhouse on his annual visit in later life. The present day visitor finds the place changed. The boys are gone to Godalming, but the pensioners still linger in the old scenes which the genius of Thackeray has immortalised.



Charles Wesley's Boyhood.

We may now pass to Westminster, where Charles Wesley became a scholar in 1716—rather more than two years after John came up to the Charterhouse. Their eldest brother Samuel, who had also become a Westminster boy in 1704, and

had gone thence to Oxford, was now usher. He lived probably in Little Dean's-yard, in the house opposite to the entrance from Dean's-yard. Largely through his influence the first infirmary in Westminster, now St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park Corner, was formed. He had married the daughter of the Rev. John Berry, who kept a boarding-house for Westminster boys, so that he was in a position to offer home and education to his youngest brother. John Wesley probably spent his holidays here, for Samuel wrote to Epworth: "Jack is with me, and a brave boy, learning Hebrew as fast as he can." Charles Wesley in due time became head boy, or captain of the school, and won, by his skill in fighting, the lasting friendship of William Murray, afterwards famous as Chief Justice of England and Earl of Mansfield. It was at Westminster that he had what John Wesley calls "a fair escape" from becoming heir of Mr. Garret Wesley, a wealthy Irish gentleman. The estates passed to Mr. Richard Colley, whose grandson was the great Duke of Wellington.

LITTLE DEAN'S YARD, WESTMINSTER.

It will be interesting in this connection to read the following letter, written by Sir Henry Sidney, father of the famous Sir Philip Sidney, when he was Lord Deputy of Ireland, and addressed to the Lords of the Council in England. It will show the high esteem in which the representative of the Crown held the head of the Wesley family in Ireland:

"*From Kilmaynghame, the xvth of May*, 1577.

"There have been afore you, as I heare, Barnabye Scurclocke and his Companions, who repine at her Majesties prerogative for Cesse. They be bad instruments for her Majesties Service, and so your Lordships shall fynde them; and by their lewd perswasions maney men be drawen, to resist the yieldinge of Cesse, hopinge daylye of the Comforts and good Successe theise their Agents shall fynde there. For Scurclocke, before his departure hence, threatened a gentleman called Garrot Wesley, being Sheriffe of one of the principallest and best Counties within the pale, that if he should distreive or levye any Cesse, either for the use of the Garrison, or provision of any household, for any Speache, Commandment, processe, or any other thinge, that I should send him for that purpose, that he would endite him of treason. This being uttered by a man of that appearance and creditt, he Seameth to carrye in the countrie, both wrought such an opinion amongst the common sorte, as maney refuse to pay Cesse, which other-

wayes most willinglye would have donne it. The punishinge of hym for this his undecent, and unduetifull Speache, will bring maney to more Pliantnes, and due obedience. I speak it, my Lords, duetifullye, and without passion or affeccion any wayes to the man," etc. (Collins' "Sidney Papers," I., 179).

Visits to London.

During his college life at Oxford, Wesley paid some hurried visits to London. In August, 1727, we find him staying with his brother Samuel. He was on his way to serve as his father's curate in Lincolnshire. The following July he is in London again. In 1731, he and Charles were together in the metropolis. When they called on Mr. Rivington the bookseller, he mentioned to them the name of John Clayton, who joined the Oxford Methodists seven or eight months later. Next summer Wesley was again in London, when he was chosen a member of the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, and went over to Putney to visit William Law, then tutor to young Mr. Gibbon. This was the year that Samuel Wesley became master of the Grammar-school at Tiverton.

From this time the London home of the brothers was in College-street, Westminster, at the house of the Rev. Mr. Hutton. Mr. Benham, in his Life of James Hutton, says that Samuel Wesley lived next door, but he heads his letters "Dean's-yard." His son, James Hutton, who had been educated at Westminster School, came to visit some of his old schoolfellows at Oxford not long before the Wesleys sailed for Georgia. He thus met Charles Wesley, who introduced him to John. Hutton invited the brothers to visit his father's house when they came to London. Mr. Hutton, sen., had resigned his living as a clergyman because he could not take the oaths on the accession of George I. He received Westminster boys as boarders, and his wife also took in some lady boarders. One of the religious societies of the day met at his house, but the piety of its members was languishing. John Wesley preached to them from the text, "One thing is needful." His sermon led to the conversion of Mr. Hutton's son and daughter. James Hutton was then twenty-one years old. This service put new life into the Society, which now began to meet regularly every Sunday evening. James Hutton would gladly have sailed to Georgia with the brothers, but he was apprenticed to Mr. W. Innys, the bookseller, and the claims of business would not allow him to do so. He had, therefore, to content himself with taking boat with them from Westminster to Gravesend, where the *Simmonds* lay waiting for her passengers. On Charles Wesley's return from Georgia, young Hutton sought him out and took him to his father's house in College-street. One can still look in on the pleasant welcome: "My reception was such as I expected from a family that entirely loved me, but had given me over for dead, and bewailed me as their own child." This was on Sunday, December 5th, 1736. He had reached London on the previous night.

When John Wesley returned to England in 1738 he also found a home at Mr. Hutton's. On February 7th he met Peter Böhler and his two companions just arrived from Germany. "Finding they had no acquaintance in England, I offered to procure them a lodging, and did so near Mr. Hutton's, where I then was. And from this time I did not willingly lose any opportunity of conversing with them while I stayed in London."

Charles Wesley greatly offended Mrs. Hutton the following May by preferring to lodge with Mr. Bray, the brazier, rather than in College-street. She wrote to Samuel Wesley at Tiverton. "Mr. Charles went from my son's, where he lay ill for some time, and would not come to our house, where I offered the choice of my two best rooms, but chose to go to a poor brazier's in Little Britain, that that brazier might help him forward in his conversion."

Wesley's First Publisher.

We must not forget to look in at Mr. Rivington's shop, known as the "Bible and the Crown," in St. Paul's Churchyard. Charles Rivington was a native of Chesterfield. He showed such a taste for religious books that his friends there sent him to London to become a theological bookseller. He began business for himself in 1711. Dr. Byrom, still remembered by his Christmas hymn, "Christians, awake," was a frequent visitor here. He buys Law's "Serious Call" at the shop, learns that John Wesley and Dr. Heylyn are preparing an edition of Thomas à Kempis which Rivington is to publish, drinks tea with the bookseller and Clayton, and talks about the Deism which is spreading in the parish to the visible decline of the sale of good books. It was at his shop that Byrom called for news of Charles Wesley on his return from Georgia. Rivington published Samuel Wesley's book on Job and his "Advice to a Young Clergyman," as well as John Wesley's à Kempis and his sermon on the "Trouble and Rest of Good Men." He did not sympathise with the later views of the brothers, but took Law's part in the controversy. He was the High Church bookseller of the time.

Shortly before his "conversion," Charles Wesley was staying with Mr. James Hutton, a second-hand bookseller, whose shop, "The Bible and Sun," stood a little to the west of Temple Bar. Hutton's shop became in the first days of the Great Revival what Rivington's had been for the Oxford Methodists—a house of call where the friends met to talk about their work. We find Dr. Byrom "dropping in there to breakfast and dinner in June, 1739, when he had come up to town from Manchester." "The so-much-talked-of Mr. Whitefield" comes in to wait for the Cirencester coach, which takes him on to Gloucestershire. "It was proposed to sing a hymn while we were there, and take me in, as Mr. Hutton said, but the coach came, and so they did not." The previous February Byrom called at Mr. Hutton's, "whose sister came to

me and asked me to drink tea, but her brother coming in, I went with him into their little room, and the sister talked away as usual, and then went to a raffle." Squire Thorold, the ancestor of the present Bishop of Winchester, used sometimes to pray and expound here. It was in Hutton's house that the little Society first met which was afterwards transferred to Fetter-lane.

Mr. Bray, the Brazier of Little Britain.

It was a visit from Mr. Bray as he lay sick at James Hutton's that led Charles Wesley to find a new home in London. He was just on the point of starting for Mrs. Hutton's in Westminster when Bray came to see him. As they prayed together for saving faith, Charles Wesley was so moved that he was persuaded it was God's will he should reside under this man's roof. He was too weak to walk, but was carried thither in a chair. Bray's house is said to have been at the west corner of Little Britain, near Christ's Hospital. Charles calls him: "A poor, ignorant mechanic, who knows nothing but Christ, yet, by knowing Him, knows and discerns all things." Bray was nevertheless a superior man. Dr. Byrom, who was a frequent visitor to the house, says he was "very much pleased" with his "behaviour and conversation."

LITTLE BRITAIN.

It was a happy choice which led Charles Wesley thither, for Bray's sister, Mrs. Turner, herself newly at rest in Christ, was the means of leading her sick friend to faith on that memorable Whit-Sunday of 1738. Here the Poet of Methodism first found a voice in the hymn of thanksgiving, "Where shall my wondering soul begin?" Here John Wesley was brought in triumph by a company of their friends, and declared "*I believe.*" The upper room that night rang with the strains of the First Methodist hymn. This house seems to have become the London home of the Wesleys up to the time when they found quarters of their own at the Foundry. Byrom visited the brothers there during the first days of field preaching in London in 1739. The Society Room in Aldersgate-street, where Wesley's heart was "strangely warmed," is one of the spots most memorable in Methodist history. He had gone "very unwillingly," but as Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans was read at about a quarter before nine, "I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin

and death." Wesley at once began to pray for all his persecutors, and openly testified to the company there of the peace he now felt in his heart. The rejoicing friends then escorted him to his brother's lodging in Little Britain. One would greatly like to know where this Society Room stood. It evidently belonged to one of the religious societies connected with the Church of England, but it is said that it was on the site afterwards used as a Moravian Meeting-house in Nettleton-court, which lay on the east side of Aldersgate-street, midway between Little Britain and Jewin-street. The name Nettleton-court, with a row of old dwelling-houses, disappeared only four years ago, and the ground is now occupied by warehouses. It is near Shaftesbury Hall. At the end of Maidenhead-court, on the right, will be found a long narrow court with another court at right angles. In the latter there are remains of an old building, but they are out of sight. If Mr. Bray lived somewhat to the west of the point where Little Britain turns sharply round to the north, it will be seen how close together these historic places are in the Ward of Aldersgate Without. In Little Britain Milton lodged three or four years before his death, and Dr. Franklin occupied rooms there in his early life.

NETTLETON COURT.

Fetter-lane and the Minories.

The Moravian Chapel in Fetter-lane, where the little Society held its meetings at the time of Wesley's separation from the Moravians, must not be overlooked. It is the building in which Richard Baxter gave his Friday lecture from 1672 to 1682. The Society first met in a room in Fetter-lane. Here, on New Year's-day, 1739, the Wesleys, Whitefield, and their friends had a glorious love-feast, which ushered in the year of field preaching. That year the Wesleys were pushed out into the highways, that they might gather the ignorant and degraded masses into the fold. The discords at Fetter-lane were the saddest feature of this year of grace, but even these were not without a blessing, for they led the Wesleys and their friends to retire from fellowship with the company at Fetter-lane in July, 1740, and made their Society independent.

Before we follow the little party to the Foundry, let us cross over to the Minories, between Aldgate and the Royal Mint. Here met one of the religious societies of the time. The Wesleys often preached here after their conversion. John Wesley tells us that three hundred people were present at a meeting in the Minories on February

25th, 1739. This was held in the house of Mr. Sims. There on January 21st, whilst Wesley spoke, a well-dressed, middle-aged woman suddenly cried out as in the agonies of death. She had been under strong conviction of sin, but when she called on Wesley next day the light of forgiveness was beginning to steal over her troubled spirit. That room in the Minories thus witnessed the first of those strange scenes of conviction which soon afterwards made so profound a sensation in Bristol.

The Foundry.

We must now turn to the Foundry in Moorfields, which for nearly forty years became Wesley's headquarters in London. In 1716 the French cannon taken by Marlborough were being recast here, when a tremendous explosion occurred, which tore off part of the roof and killed several of the workmen. This led to the removal of the Arsenal to Woolwich. The ruined building stood on the east side of what is now known as Tabernacle-street, behind City-road.

In Tabernacle-street (formerly Windmill-street), on the right, and very near the Finsbury end, is a short entry. Beyond are modern buildings ; then comes Hill-street, with which Worship-street is almost parallel. As nearly as can now be ascertained, the Foundry stood inside the rough square thus enclosed. Mr. Strange, of the Book-Room, tells us that many years ago Mr. Higgins, who was employed there, told him that at the above entry was the way into the Foundry. His father, who used to worship there, was his informant. Part of an old building, used as a chapel, and afterwards in the possession of Carlile, the infidel lecturer, Mr. Strange remembers. He always understood that it was part of the old Foundry. In the same street was the house in which Sarah Ryan lived. Miss Bosanquet visited her there.

Two gentlemen urged Wesley in November, 1739, to preach at the Foundry. He afterwards bought the place, and repaired and adapted it for Methodist purposes at a cost of £800. The first year one-fourth of this amount was raised, but the people were so poor that five years after the opening there was still a debt of £300. Fifteen hundred people could sit on the plain benches of this meeting-house. A band-room and schoolroom stood behind, with Wesley's own apartments above them. There was also a home for his preachers, with a coach-house and stable. Here Wesley used to preach at five o'clock every morning when he was in town. His charity-school, conducted by Silas Told, was held here ; here his mother found a home during her last days and successfully pleaded the cause of the lay preachers ; here she died in peace in 1742, and was laid to rest in Bunhill-fields just opposite the Foundry. It was a happy Providence which gave Wesley such a centre for his work. His first Society had been meeting here for seven months before the breach at Fetter-lane. Those who followed him were now added to that Society. From this hour Methodism daily gained strength in London.

THE FOUNDRY, MOORFIELDS.

On August 8th, 1779, Wesley writes, "This was the last night which I spent at the Foundry. What hath God wrought there in one and forty years!" The place remained in Wesley's hands for some years. The Steward's Book at City-road has this entry in July, 1785: "Received half-year's rent, Jones, Old Foundry, £2 2*s*." The same year £43 was paid by the Stewards for arrears of rent, of which they received £14 4*s*. from Mr. Jones. It was on November 10th, 1785, that the Rev. James Creighton, Wesley's Clerical Assistant, lay sick there. The rain poured through the roof and burst down part of the ceiling of his room. In a poetical "Meditation at the Old Foundry" he described it as:

> "This tott'ring fabric with its mould'ring walls,
> Its beams decayed, bent rafters, shattered roof."

Short's Gardens.

Soon after the Foundry was secured Wesley found an opening in the West-end. On October 20th, 1740, he says: "I began declaring that 'Gospel of Christ' which 'is the power of God unto salvation,' in the midst of the publicans and sinners, at Short's Gardens, Drury-lane." Let us follow him to his new centre. The narrow street runs between Drury-lane and Neal-street. No tradition helps us to fix the site of that upper room clearly; an account of Great Queen-street, published in 1840, says it would be matter of interest if the church then being built was on the site of this preaching place. It is easy to see that it was just the place for Methodist work. Wesley had some blessed times there, though his exposition of Romans viii. failed to satisfy his lay preacher, Joseph Humphreys, who soon after joined Mr. Whitefield. Next Friday, though scarcely able to get out of bed, he was there again. No sooner had he given out his text than voice and strength returned, so that for some weeks he enjoyed such vigour as he had not known since his "landing in America." In January, 1742, Wesley met a Society there for the first time. Eleven years later Thomas Walsh, the apostle of the Irish, preached to his countrymen in Erse with great success.

On July 10th, 1741, Wesley says: "I rode to London (from Oxford), and preached at Short's Gardens on the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth." A month later, on August 7th, we have a record of the first funeral service connected with the West-end. "The body of our sister Muncy, being brought to Short's Gardens, I preached on those words: 'Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.' From thence we went with it to the grave, in St. Giles's Churchyard, where I performed the last office in the presence of such an innumerable multitude of people as I never saw gathered together before. O what a sight it will be when God saith to the grave, 'Give back,' and all the dead, small and great, shall stand before Him."

Jane Muncy's brief memoir in the Magazine for 1781 shows that she was no

common Christian. She was one of the women who met in band at Fetter-lane, and when the Moravian stillness threatened to wreck the Church proved herself a zealous champion on Wesley's side. "When the controversy concerning the *Means of Grace* began, she stood in the gap, and contended earnestly for the ordinances once delivered to the saints." No sophistry could induce her to be less zealous in recommending, and carefully practising, good works. She would often sit down at eight or nine o'clock at night, after "she had been employed in the labour of love" all day, and would work till twelve or one o'clock. Not that she wanted anything for herself, but that she might be able to help others. She was appointed leader of one or two bands, and was a pattern of holiness and devotion to God's work. While she lay ill of the fever from which she died, Mr. Wesley and Mr. Maxfield visited her. We have a beautiful account of the Founder of Methodism paying his pastoral visit to that mother in Israel. "When I came in she stretched out her hand and said, 'Art thou come, thou blessed of the Lord? Praised be the name of my Lord for this.' I asked, 'Do you faint, now you are chastened of Him?' She said, 'O no, no, no! I faint not. I murmur not. I rejoice evermore.' I said, 'But can you in everything give thanks?' She replied, 'Yes; I do. I do.' I said, 'God will make all your bed in your sickness.' She cried out, 'He does. He does. I have nothing to desire. He is ever with me, and I have nothing to do but to praise Him.'" In this spirit she lingered a few days, then died in peace.

Short's Gardens has another link to the troubles of the Moravian controversy. Here, on January 29th, 1742, Mr. Wesley and the little company of worshippers pleaded for one of those who had been led astray. His graphic entry is worth quoting at length. "Hearing of one who had been drawn away by those who prophesy smooth things, I went to her house. But she was purposely gone abroad. Perceiving there was no human help, I desired the congregation at Short's Gardens to join with me in prayer to God, that He would suffer her to have no rest in her spirit till she returned into the way of truth. Two days after she came to me of her own accord, and confessed, in the bitterness of her soul, that she had no rest, day or night, while she remained with them, out of whose hands God had now delivered her." The prayer was offered on Friday, the answer came on the Sunday.

West-street Chapel.

A few minutes' walk will bring our Methodist pilgrim to one of the sacred places of West London. If he walks down St. Martin's-lane till he reaches the opening above *Aldridge's*, he will find himself standing in front of a dingy brick building, with large arched windows and a door at either end. Beyond it is a three-storey dwelling, long known to London Methodists as the "chapel-house." We are standing in front of Wesley's centre in the West-end, the mother of Great Queen-street, Hinde-street,

and the whole of West-end Methodism. It was originally built for a Huguenot congregation which worshipped here for many years. The London Methodists had been accustomed to attend the Lord's Table at St. Paul's Cathedral or their own Parish Churches; but on Sunday, September 13th, 1741, and four successive Sundays, Wesley availed himself of the kind offer made by Mr. Deleznot, a French clergyman in Hermitage-street, Wapping, and in his small church Wesley read prayers, preached, and administered the Sacrament to five batches of his Society, consisting of about two hundred each, which was all the church would hold, till a thousand of his members had communicated. ("Works," xiii., 255, 309.) The sacramental service passed into

WEST-STREET CHAPEL.

the hands of Wesley, and is still used at Great Queen-street. The inscription on the cups is as follows:

Hi duo Calices dono dati sunt ab Honesto
Viro Petro FENOWILLET die octavo Julii MDCCIII.
in usum Congregationis Gallicae quae
habetur in via vulgo dictâ West Street de
Parœchia S. Ægidii: si vero dissolvitur
Congregatio in usum Pauperum venundabuntur.

"These two cups were given by that worthy man, Peter Fenowillet, on the 8th day of July, 1703, for the use of the French congregation which is held in the street commonly called West-street, in the parish of St. Giles; if, however, the congregation should be dissolved, they shall be sold for the use of the poor."

These simple silver cups,—John Wesley and his brother Charles, John Fletcher, Dr. Coke, and a host of memorable successors, have passed them to the

kneeling communicants. Perhaps there was scarcely a London Methodist for forty years who did not gain strength and comfort as the cup was placed in his hands, and he thought of the love that stretches out its arms to us from the Cross. Methodism has never seen more hallowed communion services than those. Sometimes the morning service lasted from ten until three or even four o'clock, so that the communicants had at last to be divided into three parts, in order that there might not be above six hundred at once. John Fletcher once sat in the vestry when a timid girl ventured in for "a note." "Come, my dear young friend," he said, "come and receive the memorials of your dying Lord. If sin is your burden, behold the Crucified; partake of His broken body and shed blood, and sink into the bottomless ocean of His love." Mary Price thus welcomed found rest three months later under a sermon by Thomas Maxfield.

The chronicler of West-street may well grow enthusiastic over one of the chief centres of Methodist life in London. "Here John Wesley's coach once stood, and Charles Wesley's little horse ambled on with the absent-minded poet. John Fletcher hurried along to help Wesley in his heavy service, and George Whitefield came to charm the worshippers. The Countess of Huntingdon and her aristocratic friends drove up to these doors. But one loses sight of all distinctions of rank when the true spirit of that spot rises to meet the visitor who has turned over the biographies of 'Early Methodist Preachers' and people. To this place came men and women seeking rest for their souls. Anxious, eager faces are around you. Their lives lie open in their own simple narratives, written for the glory of God and the guidance of pilgrims. The whole street is hallowed by the feet of penitent or of rejoicing worshippers." ("Two West-end Chapels," p. 5.)

In this venerable building Wesley and his congregation gave thanks together on one anniversary of the Fire at Epworth for his wonderful deliverance; Charles Wesley preached on the forty-sixth Psalm during the earthquake panic; John Fletcher melted all hearts, and George Whitefield thrilled the congregation by his wonderful oratory. The house at the side of the chapel was for some time the home of Wesley's eldest sister, Mrs. Harper. Here she is said to have been visited by Old Jeffery, the Epworth ghost, during the earthquake panic of 1750. Hard by in Frith-street, Soho-square, another of Wesley's sisters, the gifted Mrs. Wright, unhappily married to a drunken plumber, lived and died. The steward's book at West-street is still preserved at Great Queen-street. The collections have peculiar interest during this Centenary time, for they represent the last services which John Wesley conducted at West-street. The plan for the first quarter of 1791 gives his appointments as January 9th and 20th; February 13th was evidently the last service he took at West-street; on Sunday, the 27th, he was dying at City-road.

When the lease of West-street expired, such a high price was demanded for its renewal that the leading men thought it was high time Methodism should have a

freehold site of its own in the West-end. John Arthur, a cabinet-maker in Great Queen-street, was one of the leaders at West-street. He mentioned that the executors of the late Dr. Franklin, minister and proprietor of a freehold chapel in Great Queen-street, were prepared to sell that property. It seems that in 1692 an inquiry had been set on foot by the parish authorities, to ascertain what number of pews would be taken by the gentry of Lincoln's Inn-fields and its vicinity if a new chapel should be erected in the neighbourhood. Subscriptions were asked for this purpose in 1704, and two years later arrangements were made to build. These were set aside, however, as it was found possible to purchase a building recently erected in Great Queen-street by one William Ragueley, or, as Strype calls him, Bagueley. The antiquarian adds that this man pretended to be a minister of the Church of England, and preached here without licence or authority, besides administering the Sacrament. The Bishops of London and Peterborough caused two declarations to be read therein, which eventually silenced him. Adam Clarke and Joseph Butterworth conducted the negotiations with the executors. The chapel was thus purchased at a cost of £3,500, and was vested in trustees for the benefit of the Wesleyan Connexion by deed dated July 19th, 1798. Nearly £500 had to be spent in repairs and alterations. A special appeal in London produced £1,972 8*s.* 1*d.*; £2,000 was borrowed. The first year's seat rents yielded £305. By September, 1812, the debt had been reduced to £700.

The present chapel at Great Queen-street was erected on the same site, much enlarged by purchase of adjacent property. We cannot refrain from quoting a resolution of its Leaders' Meeting on Wednesday, November 18th, 1817, referring to a sermon by Jabez Bunting, which shows what popularity the chapel had gained in West-Central London. "Resolved *most* unanimously that Mr. Bunting be requested to print the sermon delivered this evening in this chapel, as it is considered it will then be a lasting blessing to all ranks and conditions of men." Mr. Bunting's reply, begging to be excused from publishing the sermon, is fastened into the minute-book. The sermon was on the death of the Princess Charlotte.

Some London Churches.

We must hastily pass a host of reminiscences. Let our pilgrim look inside the church of St. Mary-le-Strand. Here Dr. Heylyn was vicar in 1738. Mr. Law had been his curate, and was described as a "gay parson"; his vicar held that "his book (the 'Serious Call') would have been better if he had travelled that way himself." It was to this church that John Wesley went on Whit-Sunday, 1738, fresh from his brother's sick-room. He assisted the Doctor in administering the Sacrament, as his curate was taken ill in church, and listened with deep interest to the preacher's sermon from the words, "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost," "and so," said he, "may you all be, if it is not your own fault." A blessed illustration of those words awaited

Wesley. "I received the surprising news that my brother had found rest to his soul." The Royal Chapel at Whitehall has ceased to be a place of worship, but what Methodist can forget that John Fletcher was ordained there on March 13th, 1757, and hurried on to West-street that he might assist Wesley, who had been praying that God would send him help for a day's work that involved as heavy a tax on his energies as preaching eight sermons?

CHARLES WESLEY'S GRAVE.

Islington Old Church, where Mr. Stonehouse was vicar and Charles Wesley acted as curate, was pulled down in 1751; but All Hallows, Lombard-street, still reminds the Methodist visitor of our Founder's first sermon preached without manuscript. The woman's question, "Cannot you trust God for a sermon?" gave the trembling preacher confidence, and he and his hearers had a blessed time. Threadneedle-street, through which the Methodist preachers and laymen so often pass to the Mission-house, was the home of Mrs. Vazeille, where Wesley, lamed by falling on the ice in the middle of Old London Bridge spent a happy week prior to his disastrous marriage in February, 1751. Mrs. Wesley died in October, 1781, and was buried in the churchyard at Camberwell. The portion of this graveyard in which she lay was taken to widen the public road about fifty years ago. (Stevenson's "City-road," 79.)

Charles Wesley in Marylebone.

We must not forget Charles Wesley's later life in London. The Foundry and the Chapel-house at West-street were his homes in earlier years when he was doing duty in the metropolis. In 1771 he and his family left their happy home in Bristol for Chesterfield-street, Marylebone. Mrs. Gumley, of Bath, had given her friend the

lease of her town house. It was "richly furnished," and stocked with all the family could need—"even small beer." It is amusing to read of the poet's anxiety about his cat. "If you cannot leave him in safe hands," he tells his wife, "Prudence must bring him up in a cage; and if I finish my course here, I may bequeath him to Miss Darby." Charles Wesley lived nearly seventeen years longer, so that no doubt he survived his cat.

Marylebone was then a country suburb with green fields lying between Chesterfield-street and Whitefield's Tabernacle in Tottenham-court-road. The house was on the northern corner of the street, now called Great Chesterfield-street, just opposite to Mr. Haweis' church. It projected somewhat over the roadway. Here those two musical geniuses—little Charles and Samuel Wesley—became the centre of an admiring circle of lovers of music. Dr. Johnson came to hear them play, and General Oglethorpe listened with delight to the sons of his old secretary. The Earl of Mornington, father of the Duke of Wellington, was one of their warmest patrons. Charles Wesley visited the prisons, as he had done in his youth; and rode along to City-road and West-street thinking out his hymns. He preached in the London chapels and became a kind of chaplain to the musical friends who gathered round his gifted sons. Here he died on Saturday, March 29th, 1788. Those touching lines written down by his wife were the expiring effort of his muse:

> "In age and feebleness extreme,
> Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
> Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
> Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
> O could I catch a smile from Thee,
> And drop into eternity!"

Charles Wesley is buried in the little graveyard of Marylebone Old Church, where the visitor who looks through the iron rails can see the obelisk on the right hand side. The poet's widow and daughter lived in Chesterfield-street till the lease ran out; then they moved to a smaller house in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Charles Wesley died near by, at 14, Nottingham-street, in 1822, at the venerable age of ninety-six. That was the year in which some one stole from the lobby of this house the blue-coat with a large cape, which Charles Wesley had worn thirty-five years before, and which his son still had in constant use. Charles Wesley, the musician, was living at 20, Edgware-road, in 1832. Both he and his sister were members of Society at Old Hinde-street Chapel.

A West London Parsonage.

Visitors to Charles Wesley's London home in Chesterfield-street, Marylebone, and to his grave in the little churchyard in High-street, should not forget to look at

No. 17, Beaumont-street, where the Hinde-street superintendents have lived for the last sixty-one years. It is only a stone's throw from the parish chapel by the side of which the "Poet of Methodism" is buried. But for the row of houses on the west side of Beaumont-street, Charles Wesley's tombstone might almost be seen from the windows of the preacher's residence.

It was taken by the circuit in December, 1829, at a rent of sixty-five pounds. William Vipond, who was the first resident Methodist preacher in the locality, had lived in Northumberland-street, Marylebone-road, in 1807. Hinde-street was not yet built, but the vigorous cause in Chandler-street needed a pastor. This house was given up in 1811, but a few months later, when the new Hinde-street Chapel was in great prosperity, No. 21, Thayer-street, was taken as a preacher's house. It has now disappeared,—incorporated in the present Hinde-street Chapel,—but it was the first London home of Robert Newton, who established his reputation as a platform speaker during his residence here, and had many a happy round of missionary collecting with the indefatigable Dr. Coke. This house was rented at seventy guineas; its furniture cost £103 3*s.* 2*d.*; lease, fixtures, and conveyance, £127 2*s.*; repairs, £41 6*s.* 6*d.* Just before the Battle of Waterloo the house, which proved too expensive, was sublet, and the preacher moved to No. 22, Riding-House-lane. This was held only a short time, for in 1817 we find Richard Watson living at Margaret-street, Oxford-street. This was the Hinde-street minister's house for two years after the division of the Great Queen-street Circuit in 1827. It was rented at fifty guineas.

NO. 17, BEAUMONT-STREET.

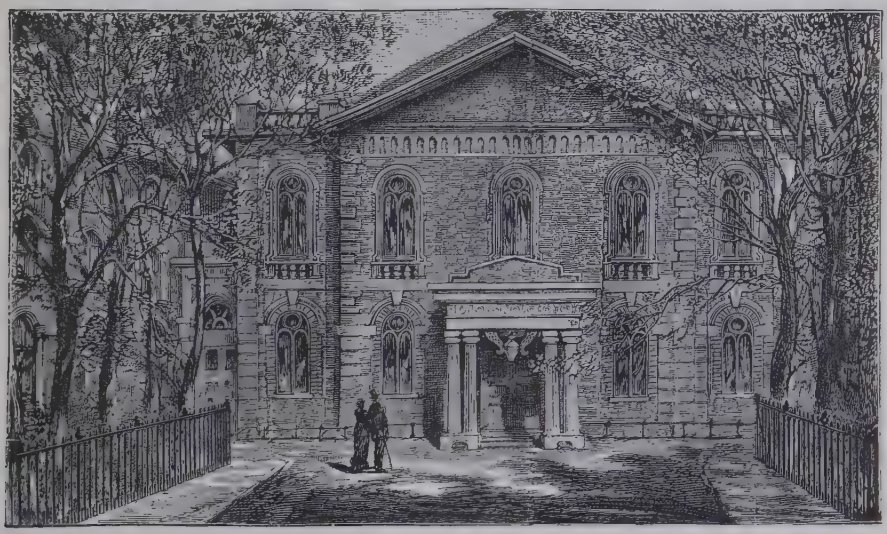
At the close of 1829 the superintendent moved to Beaumont-street, which was a larger house than that in Margaret-street. Its rent was £65. From that time this house has been held on three leases of twenty-one years each by the Hinde-street Circuit. It was here, in what proved to be his last superintendency, that Thomas Stanley won "the hearts of a kind people." He had been asked at the Book Committee on October 8th, 1832, to procure a portrait of Charles Wesley from the poet's son, who was then living at 20, Edgware-road. As he was returning along Marylebone-road with this portrait, he sank down in a fainting condition and died in the street.

Unfortunately a boy recognised him and rushed off to Beaumont-street with the painful news, which he delivered without warning of any kind. John Gaulter—the personification of "pure and undefiled vanity"—lived here, and here had the stroke of paralysis which closed his life-work; here died Abraham Eccles Farrar in 1849. He said to his colleague, Dr. Beaumont, who visited him half-an-hour before his death, "There is no commandment in the law which I have not broken, but there is the atonement, and I have confidence in it. I can rest on it.

'In my hands no price I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.'"

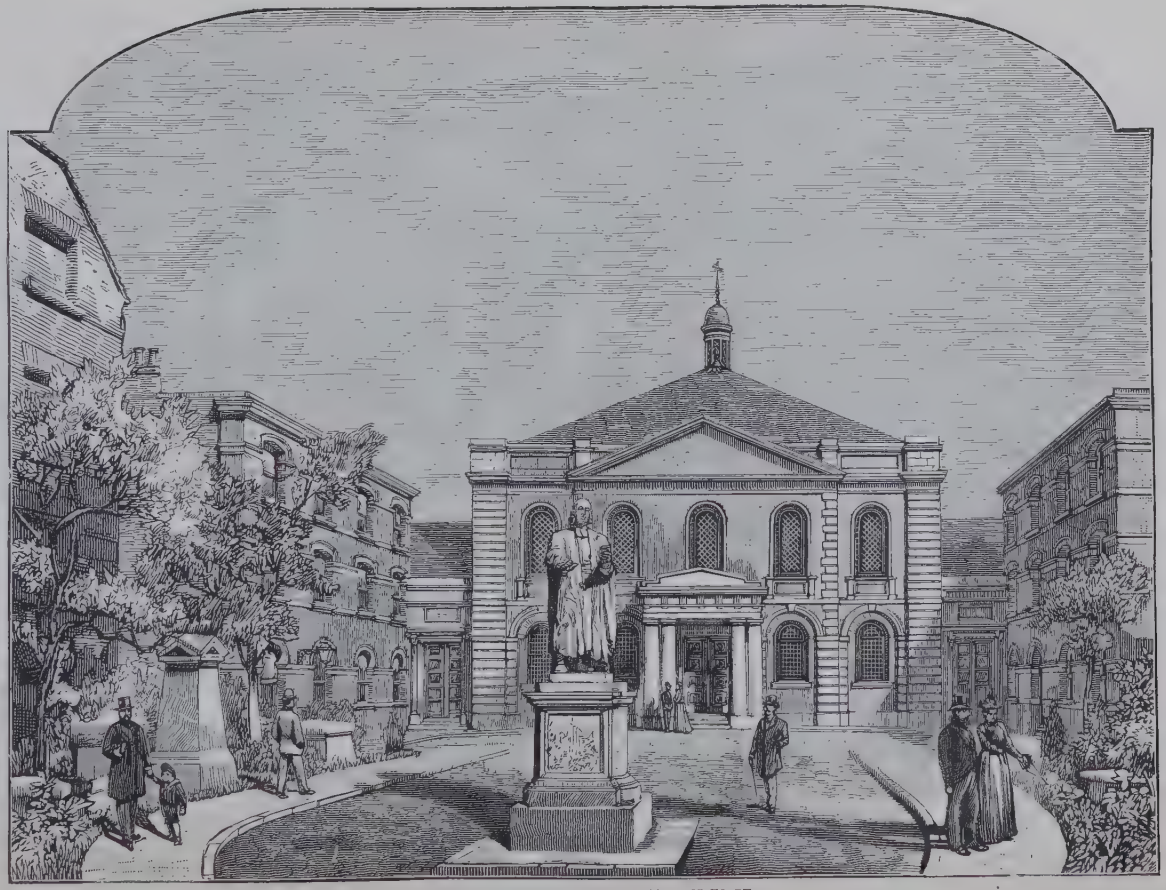
City-road Chapel and House.

We must now turn our feet towards City-road. The Foundry had been the headquarters of Methodism since 1739, but it was a ruin to begin with, and though

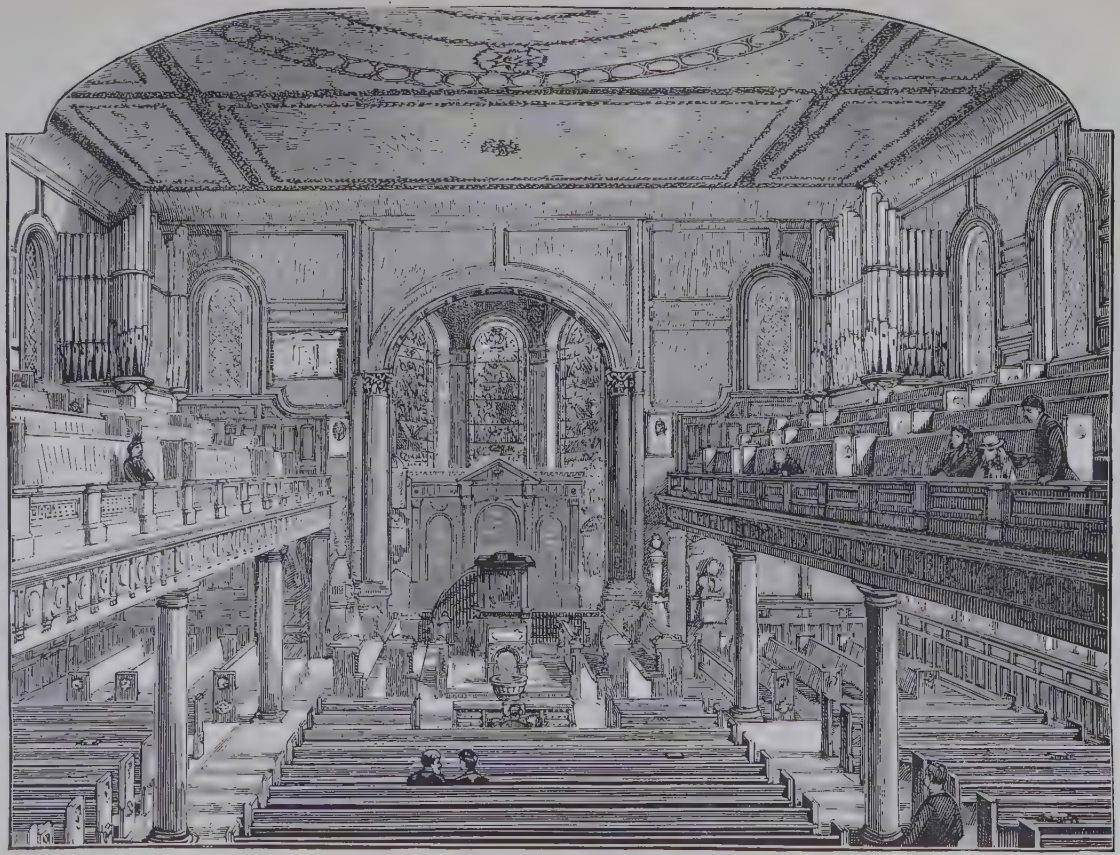


CITY-ROAD CHAPEL.

it had been repaired, it was now hopelessly dilapidated. As the lease ran out Wesley began to think about providing a more suitable centre for his work. It is a significant fact that he had not yet built a chapel in London. The Foundry had been adapted for purposes of worship, a Huguenot church had been leased in West-street, two other French Protestant churches had successively become the home of Methodism in Spitalfields. Snowsfields was built by a Mrs. Ginns, at her own expense, for Sayer



EXTERIOR OF CITY-ROAD CHAPEL AS IT IS TO BE.



INTERIOR OF CITY-ROAD CHAPEL AS IT IS TO BE.

Rudd, a London physician and preacher, who had to leave the famous meeting-house in Devonshire-square because of his Sabellianism. An influential part of the congregation went with him. On Mrs. Ginns' death Rudd conformed to the Church in 1742, and took the living of Walmer. The place was thus ready for John Wesley. In 1777 Wesley laid the foundations of his cathedral in City-road, thankful for the drenching rain, which kept away many, though there were "still such multitudes, that it was with great difficulty I got through them to lay the first stone." His sermon was a grateful review of the way by which God had made Methodism a source of blessing to the nation. The country societies rendered generous help in this great undertaking. At Keighley Wesley and Thomas Taylor, hat in hand, collected £7 towards the cost. The chapel answered Wesley's warmest hopes. It was neat, and so commodious that all his London members could meet there for the Covenant Service. The Wesleys had some glorious times in its pulpit. John Wesley preached there for the last time on Tuesday evening, February 22nd, eight days before his death. He and his congregation sang together as their closing hymn,

JOHN WESLEY'S GRAVE.

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath."

The new home in City-road was a happy change for Wesley and his preachers from the ruinous quarters at the Foundry. Wesley says on October 8th, 1779: "This night I lodged in the new house at London. How many more nights have I to spend here?" Charles Wesley often left his grey pony outside, and called, "Pen and ink! pen and ink!" When he had written his hymn he would look round on those present, ask after their health, and give out a verse or two, such as:

"There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death."

John Wesley lived three years after his brother's visits had ceased. He generally closed the evening devotions in the Preachers' House with the lines:

"Oh that, without a lingering groan,
I may the welcome word receive,
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!"

Thus the old man waited for the end. He was now the most popular man in England. Even those who had least sympathy with his work could not but admire his steadfastness, his unselfishness, his notable services as an evangelist and philanthropist. He went down to the grave beloved and revered by multitudes who owed to him their very souls. On Friday morning, February 25th, he came back from Balham to 47, City-road. Never again did his feet touch the threshold. He lingered till the following Wednesday, in full assurance of faith. His death-bed reminds us of his father's last hours in Epworth. Glorious had been the fulfilment of old Samuel Wesley's prophecies,—"The Christian faith" had revived in these kingdoms; his sons had seen it; God had indeed gloriously manifested Himself to the rector's children. John Wesley's death-bed is one of the grandest triumphs of Methodist history.

He was buried in the graveyard behind the chapel on the following Wednesday. Isaac Taylor says of the Great Revival: "No such harvest of souls is recorded to have been gathered by any company of contemporary men since the first century." But what progress has been made during the last hundred years! John Wesley left one hundred and twenty thousand members in his Societies; our Centenary rejoicings find nearly thirty millions under the care of his successors in all parts of the world.

JOHN TELFORD.

EPWORTH CHURCH.

JOHN WESLEY AND HIS NATIVE COUNTY.

I.—EARLY DAYS AT EPWORTH.

Lincolnshire Worthies.

The county of Lincoln, which Henry VIII. pronounced "the most brute and beastly of all the shires," can boast of having given to England many illustrious sons. Stephen Langton, William of Waynfleet, Archbishop Whitgift, Lord Burleigh, Dr. Busby, Sir John Franklin, and Sir Isaac Newton, all sprang from "the county of fen, marsh, and wold." Lord Tennyson—first of living poets—also hails from Lincolnshire; in fact, Somersby, the Laureate's birthplace, is within two miles of South Ormsby.

But, of all the illustrious names which Lincolnshire includes in its roll of worthies, there is none that is more widely known, or more worthily reverenced, than the name of John Wesley. Within a hundred years of his death the adherents of Methodism throughout the world are counted by millions, whilst Wesley's power of organisation, his spiritual force, and his evangelistic zeal are felt to this day as a living energy in every quarter of the globe.

Wesley's Father at South Ormsby.

That branch of the Wesley family to which the Founder of Methodism belonged was associated for several generations with Dorsetshire. His grandfather and great-

grandfather both lost their livings in that county by the Act of Uniformity of 1662. Lincolnshire knew nothing of the Wesleys until the Rev. Samuel Wesley came into the county at the age of twenty-eight, and took up his residence in the parsonage

EPWORTH RECTORY.

of South Ormsby, midway between Spilsby and Louth. He owed his preferment to the influence of the Marquis of Normanby, a nobleman of literary instincts, who saw in the London curate a man of parts and likelihood. Samuel Wesley and his wife, Susanna, settled at South Ormsby in 1690 (or 1691), bringing with them one child,

Samuel by name, an infant not yet twelve months old. The population of the parish numbered scarcely three hundred souls, the rectory-house was "a mean cot composed of reeds and clay," the living was then worth only £50 a year. Here, however, "the father of the Wesleys" spent five of the happiest years of his life. At South Ormsby five Wesley children were born, of whom three—Susanna, Jedidiah and Annesley (twins)—were laid in tiny graves in the pleasant churchyard that sloped upwards from the garden of the humble parsonage. During these South Ormsby days Samuel Wesley achieved renown amongst men of letters of the period. The *Athenian Gazette*, of which he was one of the original promoters, may be regarded as among the earliest contributions to English periodical literature. In addition to his work for the *Gazette*, he contributed largely to the "Young Students' Library," and wrote a considerable portion of his "Life of Christ." He also composed elegiac poems on Archbishop Tillotson and Queen Mary, which are by no means free from the fulsome eulogy that too frequently characterises compositions of that class. The rectory-house which he occupied has disappeared; its garden now forms part of the park; a flourishing acacia, and a profusion of snowdrops that mingle with the fresh grass of early spring, are all that remain as mementos of the parsonage and its surroundings. But Samuel Wesley's labours and godliness are still spoken of amongst such of the villagers as treasure the traditions of a bygone age.

Removal to Epworth.

Queen Mary had, it appears, expressed a desire that when the Crown living of Epworth next fell vacant the benefice should be granted to Samuel Wesley. Accordingly, Wesley left the wold-village early in 1697 for Epworth—the place with which his name, and that of his famous son, was to be hereafter inseparably associated. The living was nominally worth £200 a year; the parsonage and the grounds attached to it covered a space of about three acres. The house, like all Epworth houses of two hundred years since, was meanly built, but the words "a miserable hovel" hardly describe the house in which John Wesley first saw the light on the 17th of June (old style), in the year 1703. Mr. H. P. Parker's painting of John Wesley's deliverance from the fire conveys but an imperfect impression of both the house and its surroundings. Other and more accurate pictures of Wesley's birthplace, whilst suggesting neither elegance nor large dimensions, present a view of what was probably a typical country parsonage of the seventeenth century. An ancient terrier thus describes the dwelling:

> "It consists of five bayes, built all of mud and plaster, the whole building being contrived into three stories, and disposed in seven chief rooms, kitchen, hall, parlour, butterie, and three large upper rooms, and some others of common use; a little garden empailed between the stone wall and the south, a barn, a dove coate, and a hemp kiln."

Epworth: Town and Church.

Epworth is situated in the Isle of Axholme, formerly a veritable river-island, but now only an island in name. The population of the parish numbered two thousand souls —a turbulent folk for the most part, incensed to litigation and violence consequent upon floods and loss of property. A stranger to fear, Samuel Wesley succeeded, in spite of many adversaries, in making a distinct impression for good upon the social and religious life of his parishioners. If at South Ormsby Samuel Wesley is little more than a name

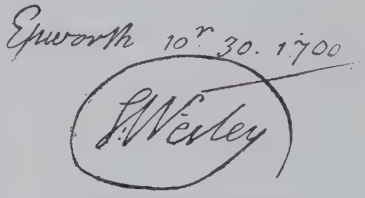
INTERIOR OF EPWORTH CHURCH.

about which dim traditions gather, at Epworth the memorials of his residency and of his godly labours are neither few nor small. Everywhere they meet the visitor, provided only that he has eyes to see and ears to hear.

The parish church of Epworth has undergone certain alterations during recent years. Six bells have been hung in the tower since Wesley's day, the aisles have been re-roofed, the rood screen has disappeared, the pews, organ, and interior decorations are all new. But as to its exterior, there has been little change: tower, walls, porches, and buttresses are pretty much as they were in days of yore.

Extensive views are to be obtained from the high ground of the churchyard:

"Northward, are to be seen the Yorkshire Wolds on the other side of the Humber, with the high grounds near Alkborough, and Burton Wood; eastward, Messingham and the town of Kirton-in-Lindsey; on the west, the spire of Laughton-en-le-Morthen past Bawtry, and in clear weather the distant hills of Derbyshire."



SAMUEL WESLEY'S AUTOGRAPH.

Not a Pretty Neighbourhood.

The immediate surroundings of Epworth are not beautiful. Lincolnshire has its engaging localities. What, for example, can surpass the sylvan loveliness of the glades about Pelham's Pillar? Or where shall we look for more pleasing types of the scenery that English folk most delight in than that of Limber Magna or Croxby, of Tealby or Burton Stather? But the home of the Wesleys is none of these. It belongs neither to fen nor marsh, yet it possesses some of the characteristics of both. Had John Wesley written—as he was quite capable of doing—an "Ode to Memory," it would have contained no allusion to "woods that belt the gray hillside," nor, as in the "In Memoriam" (which also depicts Lincolnshire scenery), to

OLD MARKET-CROSS, EPWORTH.

"Hoary knoll of ash and haw
That hears the latest linnet trill,
Nor quarry trench'd along the hill
And haunted by the wrangling daw."

The Epworth of to-day is in every respect an improvement upon the Epworth of John Wesley's childhood. It has not increased its population, its market has well-nigh disappeared, its market-cross—where Wesley preached when he became an itinerant evangelist—has gone to decay, its flax industry has been abandoned; but its inhabitants

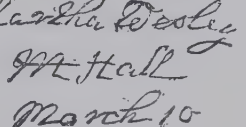
have, perhaps, never been more prosperous, thrifty, or religious than at this present. It is not intended to attach to the Wesleys the credit of improvements which have taken place in the material condition of the neighbourhood,—these are to be accounted for by a variety of causes,—but in the increase of godliness, righteousness, and sobriety they being dead yet speak.

Fires at the Rectory.

Twelve months or thereabouts before the birth of John Wesley the Epworth parsonage was in a blaze; ere he was six years of age it was totally destroyed by fire,—the work, probably, of some malicious incendiary. The story of the child's remarkable escape has been too often told to need repetition here. When his father saw all his family around him saved from death he cried, "Come, neighbours, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God; He has given me all my eight children; let the house go; I am rich enough." What nobility and graciousness of character does such an exclamation suggest, especially coming, as it did, from the lips of one who was already crippled with debt, and harassed by trials which would have driven weaker souls to despair! The impression that was left on John Wesley's mind was such as was never to be forgotten; many times did he refer to it, applying to himself the words of Zechariah, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

The Home Circle.

The Wesley family, as they might have been seen at Epworth nearly two hundred years ago, formed a group which, for good government, godliness, versatility, and wit, has rarely been found beneath one roof tree. The Father, though much engaged in the duties of his cure, at Convocation, and in literary pursuits, was nothing of a recluse. He took a lively interest in the affairs of the household, and spared no pains to assist



MARTHA WESLEY'S AUTOGRAPH.

the formation of his children's character and habits, or to aid their preparation for the duty and service of life. The Mother—one of the most remarkable matrons our country has produced—was beautiful, accomplished, full of energy, spiritually-minded, and devotedly attached to her husband and her children:

> "Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
> In every gesture dignity and love."

Herself one of "a numerous house" (she was the twenty-fourth child of her mother), she became "a fruitful vine," and brought her husband nineteen children in

as many years. Of these, three sons and seven daughters reached maturity, the others died in infancy.

Samuel Wesley, Junior.

Samuel, the first-born, left home, at the age of fourteen, for Westminster-school; here he obtained a scholarship which admitted him to Christ Church, Oxford. He took holy orders, and was for nearly twenty years one of the ushers in Westminster-school; he then became head-master of the Free-school at Tiverton, where he died in 1739 at the age of forty-nine. He was a man of uncommon wit and learning, a vigorous writer, a pungent satirist, and an excellent preacher. To him we are indebted for the hymns severally beginning with the lines: "The morning flowers display their sweets" (No. 46), "Hail, Father, whose creating call" (No. 642), "Hail, God the Son, in glory crowned" (No. 665), "Hail, Holy Ghost" (No. 750), and "The Lord of Sabbath let us praise" (No. 950).

Of John, the second son, and fifteenth child of his parents, much has been said, much more remains to be said: his character and his work are as yet only beginning to be understood in the full extent of their excellence and far-reaching significance.

The Sweet Singer.

Charles, the youngest son, and eighteenth child, is chiefly remembered for his remarkable powers as a hymn writer. It ought not to be forgotten, however, that he largely shared in the perils and the reproaches of those evangelical labours the results of which this Centenary Commemoration is intended to record to the glory of God. Opinions will differ as to Charles Wesley's relative place amongst hymn writers —happily, it is not our business to "place" him; this much, at any rate, he did: "He sang Methodism into the hearts of the people." He lived to be eighty years of age, and was "laid to sleep through Jesus" three years before his brother John bade "Farewell" to his "companions in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ."

Wesley's Sisters.

The seven sisters of John Wesley who attained womanhood were Emilia, Susanna, Mary, Mehetabel, Anne, Martha, and Kezia. They all possessed—though not equally —the Wesley talent for poetry, and not a little of the mental vivacity and spiritual penetration that characterised their three brothers. They all married, except the youngest. Mary's union with the Rev. John Whitelamb gave promise of happiness, but death intervened, and in less than a twelvemonth after marriage she was laid with her new-born child in Wroot churchyard. Anne, who became the wife of Mr. Lambert, of Epworth, lived in domestic comfort and happiness. The four other sisters found

no such joy in the marriage relation as might have been anticipated as the lot of women of such a training as theirs had been, and of such social, moral, and spiritual excellences as they are known to have possessed. Five of John Wesley's sisters resided after their marriage in Lincolnshire, at least for a time; four of them came eventually to London and died here; Anne and Kezia, also, died near, if not in, London. Martha, who married a clergyman named Hall, was the last survivor of the Wesleys of Epworth. Her husband lost his religion, fell into gross sin, and insulted and ill-used her. It is reported that upon his death-bed he mourned his wickedness, and said, "I have injured an angel! an angel that never reproached me." This gifted woman enjoyed the friendship of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who delighted to discuss with her theological and philosophical questions, upon which she was excellently well informed. Boswell, in his records of the Doctor and his friends, mentions some of these conversations. In "Old and New London" (Vol. I., p. 115) there is an engraving which depicts one of these interviews. Mrs. Hall died in London, four months after her brother John's decease, and was interred in his vault

HALL AND STAIRCASE AT EPWORTH RECTORY.

in the burial-ground of City-road Chapel. Upon Wesley's tomb stands the following inscription:

"Here, also, are interred the remains of Mrs. Martha Hall, sister of Wesley, who died July 19, 1791, aged 85 years. 'She opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness' (Prov. xxxi. 26)."

But, in these notices of the Wesley family, we have outrun the sequence of John Wesley's personal history; we retrace our steps.

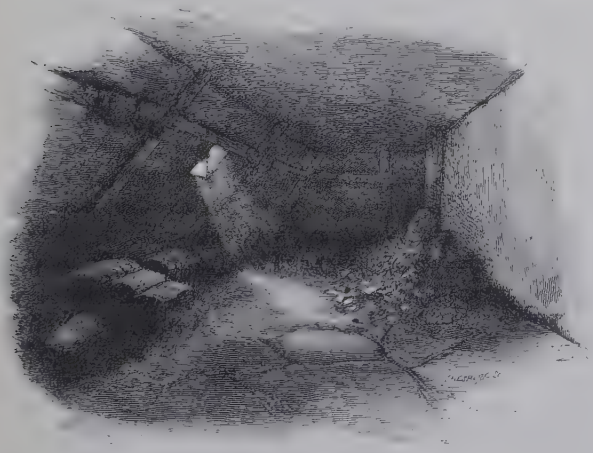
THE RECTORY AS REBUILT AFTER THE FIRE (FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING).

The New Rectory.

The parsonage, which Samuel Wesley built after the fire of 1709, is still standing, and is an object of interest to visitors who come hither from many lands. The erection cost Samuel Wesley £400, and as we look at this substantial and well-built house, with its numerous apartments and appurtenances, its spacious entrance hall, and its handsome staircase, we begin to ruminate. What changes have come over the commercial and industrial life of England since John Wesley was a child in this small

town of Epworth! In those days work was generally difficult to obtain, and was always poorly paid. We marvel that such a house could have been erected for any such sum as that which Samuel Wesley got together with so great difficulty, until we bear in mind that building material was cheap in 1709, and that the bricklayers who wrought upon this structure would be considered well paid at two shillings per day, and the joiners at eighteenpence. The massive balustrade that ornaments the staircase strikes us as a reckless expenditure on the part of a poor clergyman, unless we conclude, as we reasonably may, that it was probably the work of some able-bodied parishioner who, but for Samuel Wesley's determination not to be penurious, might have been a charge upon his neighbours. A special interest attaches to "Jeffery's attic," a rambling room in the roof, made famous through the story of the mysterious

STAIRWAY LEADING TO JEFFERY CHAMBER, EPWORTH.



JEFFERY CHAMBER, EPWORTH.

noises in 1715-6. However unaccountable the facts may be, a story which rests upon such trustworthy and competent testimony is not to be dismissed as "incredible and absurd." The present Rector of Epworth (Canon Overton) expresses the opinion that "'Old Jeffery' is, to some extent, answerable for a marked feature of Wesley's character,—his love of the marvellous,

and his intense belief in the reality of apparitions and of witchcraft." John Wesley was at the Charterhouse in London when the mysterious noises were heard at Epworth, but what occurred was fully communicated to him.

Wesley and his Mother.

The almost miraculous escape of John Wesley from the fire left upon his mother's mind an impression no less influential than that which was made upon his own. "I do intend," she writes in her journal of meditations, "to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child, that Thou hast so mercifully provided for, than ever I have been, that I may do my endeavour to instil into his mind the principles of Thy true religion and virtue. Lord, give me grace to do it sincerely and prudently, and bless my attempts with good success." The mother's purpose was kept, and her prayer was answered.

> "Happy he
> With such a mother! faith in womankind
> Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
> Comes easy to him."

That he was a gracious child may be inferred from the fact that at eight years of age he was admitted by his father to the Holy Communion. The Spartan courage which became so conspicuous in later years found an early exhibition when the child was attacked by small-pox, between the age of eight and nine. "Jack," wrote his mother, "has borne his disease bravely, like a man, and, indeed, like a Christian, without complaint, though he seemed angry at the small-pox when they were sore, as we guessed by his looking sourly at them, for he never said anything." His education, like that of the other Wesley children, proceeded under the care of his mother, until, at the age of ten, John Wesley left home for the Charterhouse School in London. Thus terminated his residence in Lincolnshire—save during school and College vacations—until he returned as his father's curate in 1727, having first become a Fellow of Lincoln College, and an M.A. of Oxford University.

II.—JOHN WESLEY: CURATE AND EVANGELIST.

Scene of Wesley's Curacy.

In the extreme north-west corner of the county of Lincoln, at a distance of five miles from Epworth, and close to what was once a royal hunting-ground, lies an out-of-the-world village that bears the Danish name of Wroot (*vraa*—a corner; *oë*—an island). Whoever saw this remote and lonely spot before the Dutchmen drained the Isle of Axholme would at least give the Danes credit for having selected an appropriate place-name. Now that roads have superseded the ancient causeways by which the village

was formerly approached, and the rumble of distant railway trains passing between Lincoln and Doncaster may be occasionally heard, but more frequently imagined, the place is inaccessible and "unked" enough. What it must have been in the days when the levels were under water, and the pack-horse crept along the narrow stone paths, is almost beyond conception: "Wroot, out of England," was the derisive yet descriptive appellation by which it was at one time known. In the year 1726 Samuel Wesley obtained the living—then worth £50 per annum—in addition to that of Epworth. It increased his labours, but did little towards augmenting his income. With how great exposure and suffering he sometimes fulfilled the duty which the charge of Wroot involved may be gathered from a letter addressed to his son John on the 26th of June, 1727:—

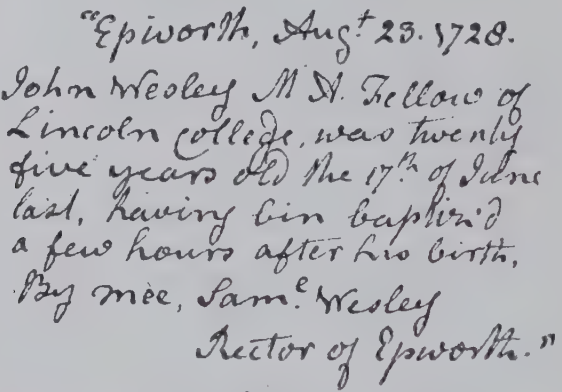
"I am *hipp'd* by my voyage and journey to and from Epworth last Sunday; being lamed with having my breeches too full of water, partly with a downfall from a thunder shower, and partly from the wash over the boat. . . . I wish the rain had not reached us on this side Lincoln; but we have it so continual that we have scarce one bank left, and I cannot possibly have one quarter of oats in all the levels. . . . We can neither go afoot nor on horseback to Epworth, but only by boat as far as Scawsit Bridge, and then walk over the common. . . . I would have your studies as little intermitted as possible, and I hope I shall do a month or two longer, as I'm sure I ought to do all I can both for God's family and my own; and when I find it sinks me, or perhaps a little before, I'll certainly send you word, with about a fortnight's notice."

On the 5th of July he wrote again to Oxford in the same strain, half veiling his sufferings by a quaint humour: "The reason why I was willing to delay my son John's coming was his pupil; but that is over. Another reason was that I knew he could not get between Wroot and Epworth without hazarding his health or life; whereas my hide is tough, and think no carrion can kill me. I walked sixteen miles yesterday, and this morning, I thank God, I was not a penny worse."

A Dutiful Son.

The rector might well crave the assistance which his son, who was now in deacon's orders, could render; he was sixty-four years of age, John was exactly twenty-four. The prospect of more congenial and lucrative occupation at the University was not permitted to over-ride his father's request. By the beginning of August, 1727, John Wesley had released himself from his engagements at Oxford, and was in the Isle of Axholme as his father's curate, in which capacity he remained until November, 1729. He resided chiefly at Wroot, the loneliness of which appears to have given him no concern. A few months prior to his settlement here he confesses to an inclination to accept a school in Yorkshire that had been proposed to him, not so much out of regard for the "good salary that was annexed to it," but because it had been described as lying "in a little vale, so pent up between two hills, that it is scarcely accessible on any side; so that you can expect little company from without, and within there is

none at all." In this yearning for seclusion one traces the effect of the ascetics upon his mind; however, it doubtless reconciled him to a station which most Oxford graduates of four-and twenty would have deemed unendurable. During the summer of 1728 he visited Oxford, and was ordained priest, by Bishop Potter, on September 22nd.


"Epworth, Augt 23. 1728.
John Wesley M A. Fellow of
Lincoln college, was twenty
five years old the 17th of June
last, having bin baptiz'd
a few hours after his birth,
By mee, Samel Wesley
Rector of Epworth."

Transcribd literatim from
M. S. Wesley's certificate which
seems to have been drawn up
& sent to Bp Potter, to ascertain
M. J. Wesley's age previously to
his being ordain'd. A. Clarke

FACSIMILE FROM FIRST PAGE OF JOHN WESLEY'S LAST ACCOUNT BOOK.

The Curate at Work.

The records of this period of Wesley's life are few and meagre. We must form our conception of him in parochial work mainly from our general knowledge of his character, pursuits, and habits prior to his conversion to evangelical doctrine and experience. His methods, it would appear, were not of the extreme High Church order which characterized his ministry in Georgia. That he was somewhat under the spell of "The Imitation of Christ," and of such divines as Jeremy Taylor and William Law, is certain; that he was not wholly so was due to his own spiritual lucidity, and to advice so eminently sensible as that contained in the following words written by one who never failed to influence him for good—his pious and gifted mother: "Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure; of the innocence or malignity of actions? Take this rule: whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of

your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, *that* thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself." That he was diligent, methodical, painstaking, and conscientious is scarcely open to doubt. The warmly expressed desire of the parishioners that he should be selected as his father's successor, when the occasion for such selection arose, testifies to the winsomeness of his methods and his spirit; his father speaks of "the dear love they bore him." So far removed was he from all suspicion as to his simple-mindedness and self-denial, that, twelve years later, when it became necessary to rebut the charge that "*gain* was the spring of all his actions" in the Methodist movement, he thus calls upon those who had known his manner of life in Lincolnshire: "Ye of Epworth and Wroot, among whom I ministered for nearly the space of three years, what gain did I seek among you? Or of whom did I take or covet anything?" ("An Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion.")

A Precious Suggestion.

One incident belonging to this period is specially deserving of notice, as related to his subsequent provision for Christian fellowship in the Society which he established in 1739. He tells us that he travelled many miles to converse with a serious man, who said to him, "Sir, you wish to serve God and go to heaven. Remember, you cannot serve Him alone; you must therefore *find* companions or *make* them; the Bible knows nothing of solitary religion." To what extent that saying influenced Wesley in the formation of the "Holy Club" at Oxford, and subsequently in the organisation of the "Society of the People called Methodists," it is not given us to know; but it is the Scriptural propriety of that sentiment which furnishes the *raison d'être* of the United Societies of Methodism at this very day.

"Two are better far than one
For counsel or for fight;
How can one be warm alone,
Or serve his God aright?
Join we, then, our hearts and hands;
Each to love provoke his friend;
Run the way of His commands,
And keep it to the end."

The church in which the Wesleys preached at Wroot was taken down a century ago, and the stones used for paving the streets of Epworth.

Farewell to Parochial Duty.

When John Wesley had spent two years and a quarter in Lincolnshire, he was recalled to Oxford by the Rector of his College, in pursuance of a regulation which provided that the junior Fellows who might be chosen Moderators should attend in

person to the duties of their office. "Your father," wrote Dr. Morley, "may certainly have another curate, though not so much to his satisfaction; yet we are persuaded that this will not move him to hinder your return to college, since the interest of the college and obligation to statute requires it." He preached his farewell sermon in Epworth Church in the autumn of 1729, and thus terminated his only experience of parochial work, in which, as Canon Overton remarks, "he was not in his element." When next he came into his native county (except as an occasional visitor to Epworth so long as his father lived) it was in another capacity, and with a fuller message.

The Methodist Revival began in Oxford, but how important was the relation in which the then Rector of Epworth stood to the movement in its initial stages the following extracts from his letters to his sons will show. Writing to them as to their designs and employments, he says: "What can I say less of them than *valde probo*, and that I have the highest reason to bless God that He has given me two sons together in Oxford, to whom He has given grace and courage to turn the war against the world and the devil, which is the best way to conquer them." Concerning the title which the scoffers had given to John Wesley, he said: "I hear my son John has the honour of being styled 'The Father of the Holy Club;' if it be so, I must be the grandfather of it; and I need not say that I had rather any of my sons should be so dignified and distinguished, than to have the title of *His Holiness*." He gave them the full benefit of his counsel, visited them at Oxford, and thought himself well repaid for his expense and labour by witnessing their "shining piety."

Death of Wesley's Parents.

Samuel Wesley died in 1735, and was laid in a grave near to the south wall of the church in which he had ministered for thirty-nine years. It is said that no Wesley preached in that church after, until the Rev. Louis H. Wellesley Wesley, of Hatchford, Surrey, officiated there at the dedication of the new organ. This clergyman, it may be noted, is not of the Epworth Wesleys, but is of the original stock, descended through the brother of John Wesley's great-grandfather.

Upon the death of her husband, Mrs. Susanna Wesley left Epworth, and spent the seven years of her widowhood with one or other of her children. When John Wesley provided apartments at the Foundry in Moorfields, his mother took up her abode there; there she breathed her last on July 23rd, 1742, and was carried thence to her resting place in Bunhill-fields.

Wesley Returns to Epworth as an Evangelist.

It was four months before his mother's death that John Wesley first made his appearance as an evangelist in his native county, being at the time within a few days of his thirty-ninth birthday.

Epworth was reached on Saturday, June 5th, and the itinerant took up his lodgings at an inn in the centre of the town. Next day his offer to assist the curate (Mr. Romley), either by reading prayers or by preaching, was unceremoniously

GRAVE OF JOHN WESLEY'S FATHER.

declined, and Wesley took his seat in the church, where thirteen years before he had preached his farewell sermon, to hear a florid and oratorical discourse against enthusiasm—of which he was judged to be a conspicuous example. This Mr. Romley had been the schoolmaster at Wroot, had been assisted by Wesley's father in preparing

for Oxford, and had acted both as his amanuensis and his curate. He had been in love with one of the rector's daughters, and would probably have become her husband, but for the objections to such a step which were raised by her father and other members of the family. It seems probable that Mr. Romley's behaviour towards Wesley was quite as much a matter of personal dislike to him as a question of theological dissension.

Wesley's remark upon Romley's message that he would "not give him the Sacrament, because he was not fit," is written in pain mingled with irony: "There could not," he writes, "be so fit a place under heaven where this should befall me—first, as my father's house, the place of my nativity, and the very place where, according to the straitest sect of our religion, I had so long lived as a Pharisee. It was also fit, in the highest degree, that he who repelled me from that very table where I had myself so often distributed the bread of life should be one who owed his all in this world to the tender love which my father had shown to his family, as well as personally to himself."

Wesley Preaches on his Father's Grave.

At six o'clock in the evening of this memorable Sabbath John Wesley took his stand upon his father's tombstone, and preached to "such a congregation as Epworth never saw before." To that service Methodism in Lincolnshire owes its beginning. During the forty-eight years that followed, Mr. Wesley made numerous visits to his native county, preaching in nearly all its towns, and in many of its villages. He lived to witness the quickening of its spiritual life, the formation and growth of Methodist Societies within its borders, the erection of chapels (or, as he preferred to call them, "preaching houses"), and the establishment of circuits.

Much need was there in the county of Lincoln, as elsewhere, for the work of evangelism. There was a general deadness to religion; rudeness, drunkenness, and Sabbath desecration prevailed. Bull-baiting had ceased to be a pastime, but other sports, scarcely less brutal and demoralising, were followed with avidity. Traditions touching certain of these recall scenes which would be amusing, but that they indicate the deplorable condition of the people, morally.

The Journals and Lincolnshire.

Wesley's Journals, together with the records of his early preachers, show that the features of the Great Revival common to the country at large were not wanting in Lincolnshire. Instances of opposition and disgraceful assault were often followed by a great spiritual awakening and by triumphs of grace. At Grimsby, for example, where "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort," instigated by the vicar, had wrecked the house in which John Nelson preached, and pelted Charles Wesley with rotten eggs,

a vigorous Society was established, amongst whom were certain whose consistency and godly zeal furthered the cause of early Methodism in those parts. Here Wesley preached in the parish church when he was eighty-five years of age,—the vicar reading the prayers,—and "many received the word with joy." At Wrangle, where good Thomas Mitchell was thrown into the village pond, besmeared with paint, then carried out of the place to the shout of "God save the King, and the devil take the preacher!" —the clergyman being prime abettor of the assault,—quietness was restored by an appeal to the King's Bench, and Wesley could report that he preached "expecting some disturbance, but found none." He speaks of Louth as "formerly another den of lions," yet here the people "gathered closer and closer together, till there was not one inattentive hearer, and hardly one unaffected." At Boston, where Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Mather had had to encounter "wild beasts," Wesley preached to a congregation "all of whom behaved in the most decent manner," and again "to most of the chief persons in the town." Preaching at Lincoln, "in Mrs. Fisher's yard, below the hill," such was his congregation that he says: "From the quietness of the people one might have imagined that we were in London or Bristol."

Action of Local Magistrates.

The local magistracy sometimes condoned the offence of the molesters, and sometimes showed fairness and good sense by quelling riotous proceedings, and by dismissing frivolous charges brought against the Methodists. One Justice of the Peace (probably Mr. George Stovin, of Crowle) appears to have been gifted with great good sense. On a certain occasion a whole waggon-load of Methodists were taken before him. "What have they done?" asked the magistrate; but the charge was not forthcoming. At length somebody made answer: "Why, they pretend to be better than other people, and besides, they pray from morning to night." "But," demanded the justice, "have they done nothing besides?" "Yes, Sir," replied an old man, "an't please your worship, they have convarted my wife; till she went among them, she had such a tongue! and now she's as quiet as a lamb." Said the magistrate, "Carry them back, carry them back, and let them convert all the scolds in the town."

Self-denying Methodists.

A village Society in the Lincolnshire marsh furnished so conspicuous an example of the self-denying generosity of the early Methodists that Mr. Wesley recorded it in his Journal, and instanced it in his "Short History of the People called Methodists," as one of the signs that this work was of God. Under date February 24th, 1747, he writes thus:

"At noon I examined the little society at Tetney. I have not seen such another in England. In the class paper (which gives an account of the contribution for the poor) I observed one gave eight pence, often 10*d.*, a week; another 13, 15, or 18*d.*; another, sometimes one, sometimes

two shillings. I asked Micah Elmoor, the leader (an Israelite indeed, who now rests from his labours), 'How is this? are you the richest society in all England?' He answered, 'I suppose not; but all of us who are single persons have agreed together, to give both ourselves, and *all we have* to God: and we do it gladly; whereby we are able from time to time to entertain all the strangers that come to Tetney, who often have no food to eat, nor any friend to give them a lodging.'"

Friends in Lincolnshire.

At Barrow, in 1782, he was "well pleased to meet with his old fellow-traveller, Charles Delamotte," who had accompanied him to Georgia, and found him "to be just the same as when they lodged together five-and-forty years" before. At Raithby-hall he was the guest of Mr. Robert Carr Brackenbury, and as he preached in the newly-built chapel adjoining Raithby-hall—much comforted among his deeply serious hearers—"could not but observe, while the landlord and his tenants were standing together, how

'Love, like death, makes all distinctions void.'"

On the occasion of a subsequent visit to this excellent friend, he writes: "An earthly paradise! How gladly would I rest here for a few days: But it is not my place! I am to be a wanderer upon earth. Only let me find rest in a better world!"

Many of Wesley's correspondents were in Lincolnshire. To one of them (Mr. Thomas Capiter, of Grimsby) he sent a characteristic letter, which, being little known and eminently valuable, may be read even now to advantage.

"London, *Feb.* 6, 1753.

"My Dear Brother,—It is a constant rule with us that no preacher should preach above twice a day, unless on Sunday or on some extraordinary time, and then he may preach three times. We know nature cannot long bear the preaching oftener than this; and, therefore, to do it is a degree of self-murder. Those of our preachers who would not follow this advice have all repented when it was too late.

"I likewise advise all our preachers not to preach above an hour at a time, prayer and all; and not to speak louder either in preaching or prayer than the number of hearers requires.

"You will show this to all our preachers, and any that desires it may take a copy of it.—I am, your affectionate Brother,

"J. Wesley."

Suggestive Records.

His ever-observant eye and raciness of pleasant humour have caused the Journals to teem with piquant record. The entries touching "the county of his nativity" form no exception. With what a nice observation does he describe a certain mausoleum then in course of erection, "the like of which, I suppose, is not to be found in England. It is exactly round, 52 ft. in diameter, and will be 65 ft. high. . . . It is computed the whole building will cost £60,000." And how trenchant is his sarcasm as he adds: "O what a comfort to the departed spirits, that their carcases shall rot above ground!"

Here and there Wesley's descriptions of Lincolnshire towns are suggestive of the migration of population, by which what were insignificant towns or mere villages in his day have now become large and thriving centres of commerce. Thus, speaking of Boston as he saw it in 1761, he says, "I think it is not much smaller than Leeds, but in general, it is far better built;" and concerning Grimsby in 1766, he says, "It was one of the largest towns in the county: it is no bigger than a middling village, containing a small number of half-starved inhabitants, without any trade, either foreign or domestic." At the Census of 1881 Boston returned a population of 14,941, and Leeds reported 321,611, whilst the "middling village" on the Humber boasts (with the recent extension of the borough boundaries) a population of not less than 57,000, and can show "the biggest fish-market in the world."

Last Visit to Epworth.

Mr. Wesley paid his last visit to Epworth just eight months before his death. This is the record of the venerable evangelist touching the occasion: "As soon as the afternoon service (at the church) ended, I began in the market-place to press that awful question, 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?' on such a congregation as was never seen at Epworth before." The growth of Methodism in his native county gave Wesley great satisfaction. Under date of March 23rd, 1761, he writes: "I find the work of God increases on every side, but particularly in Lincolnshire, where there has been no work like this since the time I preached at Epworth on my father's tomb."

At the centenary of our Founder's death the Wesleyan Methodist Societies of Lincolnshire report a membership of twenty thousand, or one-twentieth of the entire membership of our Societies in England and Wales, and this in a county the total population of which is considerably under half-a-million. George Lester.

JOHN WESLEY AT OXFORD.

From the Charterhouse to Oxford was both a pleasant and profitable transition for John Wesley, then a youth of seventeen. He was fortunate in the opportunity of entering Christ Church, one of the most important of the collegiate institutions of that venerable University. Cardinal Wolsey was its original founder, whose splendid design was not carried out previous to his fall. Henry VIII., who refounded it in 1532, limited the revenues entirely to Cathedral purposes, and in 1545 took them back into his own hands. The king died before statutes could be given, so that, in the language of the Oxford University Commission, "it still stands alone among the Colleges as being governed without statutes, by order of the Dean and Chapter."

As the young student dined in hall, or worshipped in the cathedral, or moved about the quadrangles, he would be influenced by the memory of many a cultured and successful student who had risen to the highest positions in Church and State.

Oxford largely influenced this remarkable man. Hitherto he had been under personal control. At home, his mother, by force of character and example, had exercised a loving but mastering preponderance over the boy's life, and he was under somewhat similar control at the Charterhouse; but on entering Christ Church he was free within certain limits. He was no longer the schoolboy but the man, and

JOHN WESLEY'S ROOMS AT LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

he duly acknowledged this freedom in his application to all the courses of study open to him, as well as in the independent position he took in his correspondence with others. Not that he had less love for his august and loving mother, or less deep respect for his father's counsel. No! he cherished them the more, but he had removed from his moorings, no longer to be dependent, or to return to the pupilage of the past, but to carve out a course for himself in the time to come. Dr. Wigan, his tutor, soon found that he was a young fellow of the finest classical taste, and of the most liberal and manly sentiments. No special religious or spiritual characteristics seem to have marked the first three years, but he was aroused from a state

of carelessness about his soul by the call to take deacon's orders, and commenced reading Divinity. His mother counselled him to look seriously at religion. His attention was now devoted to Thomas à Kempis' "Christian Pattern" and Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying." Dr. Potter, Bishop of Oxford, ordained him deacon on September 19th, 1725. He had already taken his B.A. degree, and was now a candidate for a Fellowship at Lincoln College, to which he was elected in the spring of the following year, not without opposition.

Lincoln College was founded by Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln (in which diocese Oxford was then situate), in 1427, but he died without having drawn up a complete code of statutes. It was not till 1475 that Thomas Rotheram, Bishop of Lincoln,—afterwards Archbishop of York,—finished the building of the College, and imposed upon it the statutes by which it was governed when John Wesley became Fellow. The design of the founders was to extirpate the Wycliffe heresy by training sound theologians. It was specially provided that any Fellow tainted with these opinions was to be cast out like a diseased sheep from the fold of the College, and each Fellow on admittance had to take the following oath: "I will never conditionally or contumaciously favour knowingly heresies or error, nor will I appear secretly or openly to adhere to that pestiferous sect, which, renewing ancient heresies, attacks the Sacraments, estates, and possessions of the Church, but will to the utmost of my strength by every means in my power denounce them for ever; so help me God in the day of Judgment."

Eight of the Fellowships were restricted to the County of Lincoln, and this may have induced Wesley to become a candidate. The statutes provided that disputations in theology and logic were to take place weekly, and they were to be followed by prayers for the dead. The disputations were most beneficial to Wesley. He was chosen Moderator, and of the effect produced he says, "I could not avoid hereby acquiring some expertness in arguing, and especially in discerning and pointing out well covered and plausible fallacies. I have since found abundant reason to praise God for giving me this honest art."

His College duties and the pupils under his care now engrossed the greater part of his time. He had been ordained a priest and had taken his M.A. degree, but withal he found time to study Law's "Serious Call" and "Christian Perfection," and in 1729 he began to study his Bible as well as to read it. He left Oxford for a visit to Epworth as his father's curate, and, on returning in November, 1729, Mr. Morgan, Charles Wesley, John Wesley, and another agreed to spend three or four evenings a week together to assist each other in their studies. "The design was to read over the classics which we had before read in private on common nights, and on Sunday some book on Divinity." This modest beginning was fruitful. Mr. Morgan seems to have carried his religion into practical life,—Wesley's religion had been introspective, dealing

with feelings, states of mind, order, sacraments,—so that when in the summer of 1730 Morgan told his companions that he had called at the gaol to see a man who was condemned for killing his wife, they were startled, and the more as he requested them to go and see the prisoner. For some time they carefully considered the propriety of such conduct; but at last, on the 24th of August, the brothers ventured to walk with Mr. Morgan to the Castle. The visit was so satisfactory that they determined to go once or twice a week to the gaol, and also to see the poor sick folk of the town. This work was a new departure in the life of Wesley. It appeared to him a step so serious as to impel him to place the whole matter before his father, who was filled with such gladness that he at once sent him his full approbation.

The habitual cautiousness and love of order which was so strongly marked in Wesley's character was shown in this, that before he was fully satisfied he consulted the Bishop's Chaplain, who was also the Chaplain of the Prison, in order to obtain the consent of the Bishop to what he seemed to consider an irregular way of prosecuting religious work.

The next five years were spent chiefly in giving full attention to his College, living in its enclosure, dining in its hall, worshipping in its chapel—all much the same to-day as then. The dining-hall has a few portraits of the alumni of the College hanging on its walls. The newest addition is that of John Wesley, placed there a few months ago by the College authorities, and not yet framed to match—a tardy recognition of the fact that John Wesley was "sometime Fellow of Lincoln." The chapel is handsomely furnished with cedar wainscoting and screen. The windows are filled with rudely-coloured glass from Flanders, on the sides representing the Apostles and Prophets, and over the chancel the "Types and Anti-Types." The quiet restfulness of this College is so notable that visitors are at once struck with it. Many hundreds of visitors come here yearly, the majority from America. They wander into every part, walk into the rooms Wesley occupied, cut a twig of the vine that spreads itself upon the wall without, and endeavour to realize the presence of the man whose heart throbbed with loving sympathy for poor lost humanity, whose parish was the world, the current of whose spiritual insight has, as if by some spiritual electricity, lighted up their life and brought them as pilgrims to the place.

During this period an attempt was made to obtain for him the living of Epworth in succession to his father, who was declining in years and in health, but he steadily refused to leave Oxford, where he maintained that he had a much more influential sphere of usefulness. His father died on October 21st, 1735. While, however, none of his family could persuade him to leave Oxford for the Epworth Rectory, Mrs. Gambold, General Oglethorpe, and Dr. Burton succeeded in obtaining his services for the Georgia Mission. In this mission he was not successful, and on his return to England, and after his conversion, he revisited Oxford on October 9th, 1738. At once he began his

work, on Sunday preached twice at the Castle and expounded at three Societies. On the 11th November he spent the evening with a little company at Oxford, on the two following Sundays at the Castle, and on the next Sunday at Bocardo, the city prison. He also read prayers and preached in two of the parish workhouses. A Fellow of Lincoln College, and a clergyman, non-resident for three years, and now returned to preach to felons and paupers, in the place where religious enthusiasm was intolerable!

OLD PRISON, OXFORD.

On December 6th, 1739, he says, "I came to my old room at Oxford;" and in less than a month, on January 3rd, 1740, "I spent the two following days in looking over the letters I had received for the sixteen or eighteen years last past. I found but one among all my correspondents who declared that God had shed abroad His love in his heart, and given him the peace which passeth all understanding."

There is every probability that pressure was now put upon him to resign his Fellowship, for, according to the statutes of the College, "All Fellows were to proceed after the usual exercises in the schools to the higher degrees in theology, except one

Fellow who was to proceed to the degree of Doctor in Laws." Wesley had now been fifteen years a Fellow of his College, and he had not taken any degree in Divinity. There is little doubt that the Governing Body of the College was much pained at the fanatical evangelism which he displayed, bringing such serious disgrace upon the College and University—for was it not proclaimed upon all his publications that the author was Fellow of Lincoln College? So they determined to enforce the Statute in his case, and compel him to proceed to the higher degree or resign. On June 17th, 1741, we read: "I reached Oxford and enquired concerning the exercises for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity. After a visit to the College Library, went to the Bodleian and read Calvin's account of Michael Servetus."

On the 25th of July, 1741, it came to his turn to preach before the University at St. Mary's. The day previous many of his friends came from London and some from Kingswood. It was a great occasion, and shows the powerful influence he already exerted upon a great number of persons in various parts of the country. Wesley had been converted a little over two years, and now, in days of bad roads, with no stage coaches, and no railways, many of his friends gathered together to let the University see that God had blessed them through him, and to encourage their leader in the day of battle. "So numerous a congregation, from whatever motives they came, I have seldom seen at Oxford. My text was the confession of poor Agrippa, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' I have cast my bread upon the waters; let me find it again after many days."

Three years after, on July 21st, 1744, Mr. Wesley says: "I set out with a few friends for Oxford on Wednesday. My brother met us from Bristol. Friday, 24th, St. Bartholomew's-day, I preached, I suppose, for the last time at St. Mary's. Be it so. I am now clear of the blood of these men. I have fully delivered my own soul. The Beadle came to me afterwards, and told me the Vice-Chancellor had sent him for my notes. I sent them without delay, not without admiring the wise Providence of God. Perhaps few men of note would have given a sermon of mine the reading, if I had put it in their hands; but by this means it came to be read probably more than once by every man of eminence in the University." So ended the public preaching of Wesley to the University he loved so well.

"*Wednesday, May 8th,* 1745.—Rode to Oxford. I cannot spend a day here without heaviness of heart for my brethren's sake. O God, when wilt Thou show these who say they are rich that they are poor and miserable and blind and naked?"

The next item respecting Oxford in the Journal is of a political character. An election for member of Parliament for the University was about to take place at Oxford, and as is the custom when there is a contest, each college rallied its own members, and pressed them to the side with which its sympathies went.

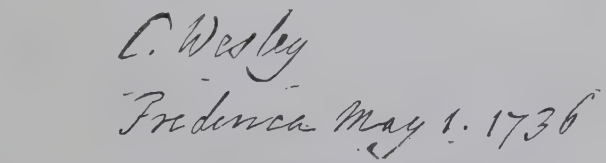
"*Wednesday, January* 30*th*, 1751.—Having received a pressing letter from Dr. Isham, Rector of our College, to give my vote at the election for a member of Parliament, which was to be the next day, I set out early in a severe frost with the north-west wind full in my face. The roads were so slippery that it was scarce possible for our horses to keep their feet—indeed, one of them could not, but fell upon his head, and cut it terribly. Nevertheless, about seven in the evening God brought us safe to Oxford. A congregation was waiting for us at Mr. Evans', whom I immediately addressed in those awful words, 'What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'

"*January* 31*st*.—I went to the Schools where the Convocation was met, but I did not find the decency and order which I expected. The gentleman for whom I came to vote was not elected, yet I did not repent of my coming. I owe much more than this to that generous, friendly man who now rests from his labours."

He further says: "I was much surprised wherever I went at the civility of the people, gentlemen as well as others. There was no pointing, no calling of names, no, not even laughter. What can this mean? Am I become the servant of men? or is the scandal of the Cross ceased?" In the same year, on Friday, June 1st, after enjoying his Fellowship for twenty-six years, he resigned it in the following terms:

"Ego Johannes Wesley, Collegii Lincolniensis in Academiâ Oxoniensi Socius, quic-quid mihi juris est in prædictâ Societate, ejusdem Rectori et Sociis sponte ac liberè resigno: Illis universis et singulis perpetuam pacem ac omnimodam in Christo felicitatem exoptans."

This cut the knot, and Wesley was no longer identified with the University of Oxford. Well may the Commissioners appointed on the First Oxford University Commission report that "the especial object of the Founder of Lincoln College, that of suppressing the doctrines of Wycliffe, has, of course, been frustrated by the Reformation, and it is a curious fact that a college founded for the extirpation of Wycliffism should have numbered amongst its Fellows John Wesley."



CHARLES WESLEY'S AUTOGRAPH.

Mr. Wesley visited Oxford many times afterwards, but with two exceptions he preached in a room or chapel, chiefly to the Society or people of the town, One of the exceptions is mentioned in his Journal on Wednesday, October 14th, 1778: "I

went to Oxford, and having an hour to spare I walked to Christ Church, for which I cannot but still retain a peculiar affection" (he entered this house fifty-eight years before). "What lovely mansions are these! What is wanting to make the inhabitants happy? That without which no rational creature can be happy, the experimental knowledge of God." In 1783, when eighty years of age, he says, "Walking through the city, I observed it swiftly improving in everything but religion. Observing narrowly the hall at Christ Church, I was convinced it was loftier and larger than the Stadthouse at Amsterdam. I observed also the gardens and walks in Holland, although extremely pleasant, were not to be compared with the Parks, Magdalen Water-walks, Christ Church meadow, or the White-walk."

WESLEY'S PULPIT AT OXFORD.

Thus John Wesley cherished a strong affection for his *alma mater*. Oxford had been lavish in blessing to the Lincolnshire youth. It had encouraged him in the struggle for wisdom and culture; here he acquired that lucid and logical style which so strongly marks all that he has written; here he met with companions whose religious devotion and practical godliness were equal to his own; here gleamed the first tint that was to colour and beautify his life, and here he was first led to visit the prison, the work-house, and the sick chamber. After his conversion all this was carried out on a larger scale, and with a certitude and earnestness which increased with his growing experience. In Oxford also it was that he was first called "Methodist." The Oxford life of Wesley was an important link in the providential chain. A new force was put into his life at the room in Aldersgate-street, but it expressed itself through the faculties developed and trained at Oxford.

JAMES NIX.

JOHN WESLEY'S NOTES ON JOHN III., PREPARED FOR THE HOLY CLUB.

The little volume from which these pages are extracted is in the possession of the Rev. Charles H. Kelly. It is not quite complete. It contains notes on the four

C. 3

Ve. Lectio Grammatica

10 Διδάσκαλος. A Teacher.

13 Καὶ. Since

2. Οὖν. Therefore

Analytica

This Chapter contains IV parts. I Christ's conference with Nicodemus, 1-21 II. His removal to Judaea, and baptizing there, 22. III. John's baptizing in Enon occasioning a dispute between his disciples, and the Jews, 23-25 IV. His testimony concerning the baptism of Christ, 26-36

Exegetica.

3 "Jesus answerd": Yet in vain a man has a new principle of life given him, he cannot acknowledge that I am come from God.

5 "Jesus answerd": The birth I speak of is that wrought by the Holy Ghost in Baptism.

104

Ve.

6 This Birth is not bodily, but purely spiritual.

7 Be not surpris'd that you cannot understand the manner of this birth, for you cannot understand even whence the wind cometh or whither it goeth.

12 Ἐπίγεια. As the influences of the Holy Ghost in baptism. Ἐπουράνια. As my equality with the Father.

13 Ὁ ὢν ἐν τῷ Οὐρανῷ. Therefore Omnipresent. Οὐδεὶς ἀναβέβηκεν. Therefore Enoch and Elijah were only received into Paradise.

3-14 Καταβάς. Also the reason why he descended, was ὑψωθῆναι, i.e. die for man.

18 Ἤδη κέκριται. By the original condemnation after the fall, which remains in full force against all that do not believe in me; For I am the only Saviour.

19 Αὕτη ἡ κρίσις. And the ground of their condemnation is that tho' light is offerd them, they chuse darkness.

25 Ἰουδαίου. Enquiring what need they had of baptism, who were already purify'd by Circumcision.

27 He could not, were he not commissionid by God.

Gospels. The page on Matt. v. we should like to have given, but it is too much soiled and faded. The following is an extract:

"Blessed are the humble (1) who by Mourning for their sins (2) attain Meekness (3) and a Hunger and Thirst after Righteousness (4) who therefore compassionate all the Miserable, especially The Unrighteous, (5) and by this Love to Man ascend to Love of God (6) and the Imitation of Him in doing Good to all his Fellow Creatures (7) Blessed are They who for these Reasons are persecuted, and have all Manner of Evil said against them."

There is a peculiarity in the original from which the facsimile has been taken. Verse 5, with its comment on Baptismal Regeneration, is followed by two blank pages. The doctrine of the New Birth was not yet understood. Accidentally or of set purpose —one knows not which—ample space is left for clearer light and fuller teaching.

Wesley's Journal.

The page we have selected is taken, by permission of the ex-President, from a manuscript volume which contains the Georgia Journal from September 13th, 1736, to December 15th, 1737. The page is as nearly as possible complete in itself. The volume is neatly bound in calf. It has few erasures. Its great interest is that it contains the story of Wesley's friendship with Miss Hopkey—the story which Dr. Rigg has told with so much sympathy and insight in his "Living Wesley," and which is so honourable in all its details to Mr. Wesley.

WESLEY AND THE MORAVIANS.

John Wesley's connection with the Moravians has been imperfectly understood, and therefore undesignedly misrepresented. As his intercourse with certain ministers and members of this little community was not without very great influence upon his religious views and conduct, it may be well to state the real facts of the case. By some of his biographers he has been represented as having had some sort of Church membership or organic union with the Moravians at Fetter-lane, but this we are prepared to show is altogether a mistake.

The Moravians, or United Brethren, were a new organisation, although they claimed descent from the ancient Bohemian Church which arose out of the labours of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. In the year 1722, a number of fugitives, under the leadership of Christian David, a preaching carpenter, fled from Moravia to escape from Romanist persecution. They came to Saxony, where Count Zinzendorf gave them a place of refuge on his estate in Upper Lusatia, and which Christian David called Herrnhut, "the Watch of the Lord." There they formed a settlement, received many accessions to their numbers, and were organised as a Church. Their benefactor,

On Sund. April 17. Mr Garden desir'd
Ed me to preach for him: Wch I did on
those Words of ye Epistle for ye day, Wt
soever is born of God, overcometh ye World.
And ye is ye Victory yt overcometh ye
World, even our Faith. To ye Plain Ace
of ye Xtian Religion, wch these words na
turally led me to give, I heard but One
Objection (such indeed was made by a
man of Character & Education) "Why, if
this be Xtianity, a Xtian must have more
Courage than Alexander the Great."

Mond. 18. I had a Conversation of
some Hours w^th Mr Garden, whom I found
(very different from ye Representation I
had heard) to be a man not only of
extensive Knowledge, both as to Things,
Books & Men, but (as far as I can judge) of
an Excellent Spirit.

Tu. 19. I went on board again. That
Evening we did not get out of ye Harbour.
The next Morning we sailed a few Leagues
but ye Wind changing & rising, wch in
ye Evening, we were forced to drive all
night. The next night, Thurs. 21 we with
much Difficulty got back to Char. Town.

I was now resolved to use more Free
dom of Speech than before, & not to be a
shamed of ye Gospel of Xt. And thus, by

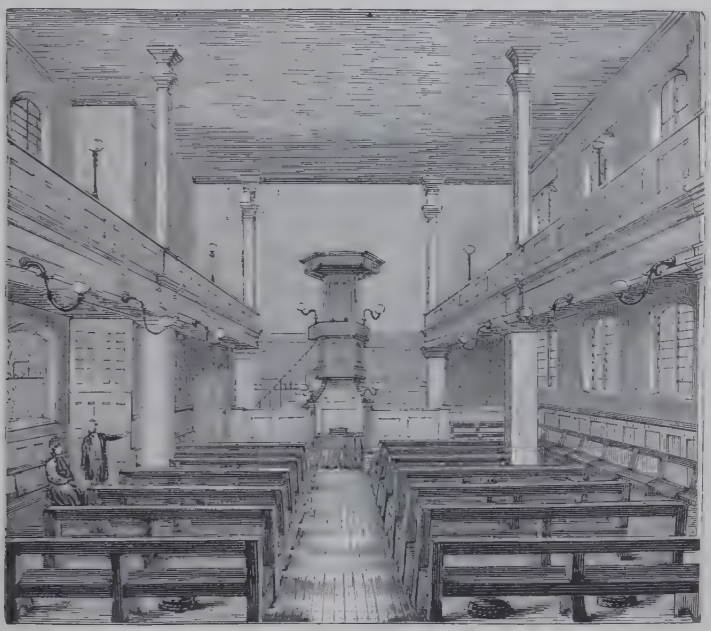
Zinzendorf, joined their fellowship, became one of their ministers, and in 1737 was consecrated bishop.

The acquaintance which the Wesleys formed with the Moravians was brought about through their connection with Georgia. A number of Moravian emigrants were sent from Germany to Georgia early in 1735, with Spangenberg as their minister. In October of the same year the Wesleys sailed for Georgia in the ship *Simmonds*, and landed in February, 1736. On board was a second party of Moravians, under the direction of David Nitschmann, their bishop. With them Wesley soon formed an acquaintance, and greatly admired their devout spirit and Christian demeanour. He and the bishop were mutually helpful, Wesley learning German from Nitschmann, and the Moravian learning English from Wesley. As the voyage lasted nearly four months, Wesley made considerable progress in his new study, and yet upon his return to England he held his conversations with Peter Böhler and Count Zinzendorf in Latin. But he ventured to expound Scripture while in Georgia to some German villagers in their "own tongue wherein they were born." On his arrival in Georgia he had much intercourse with Spangenberg, who was one of the ablest of the Moravian ministers, and who put to Wesley some staggering questions, as to whether he himself, notwithstanding his ardent piety and burning zeal, was safely resting upon the one true foundation.

Wesley's mission to Georgia is generally regarded as a failure. One great good, however, resulted from his voyage and his intercourse with the Moravians. His acquisition of German opened to him the rich stores of hymnody to be found in the language in which Luther preached and sang when he shook the world. The result we have in some of the finest compositions which enrich Wesley's "Collection of Hymns for the Use of the People called Methodists." For "I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God," "Now I have found the ground wherein," "O God of good, the unfathomed sea," "Thee will I love, my strength, my tower," "O Thou, to whose all searching sight," and a dozen similar translations from the German, by which the spiritual worshipper can (to use Milton's language) "celebrate in lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's Almightiness," we are indebted to the friendly intercommunication of their mother-tongues in mutual teaching and learning by John Wesley and David Nitschmann on board the good ship *Simmonds*.

On the return of the brothers to England their intercourse with Germans of the United Brethren did not cease. Charles arrived in London in December, 1736, and as secretary to Oglethorpe, Governor of Georgia, he had official business to transact with the trustees of the colony. Count Zinzendorf and other Moravian ministers, interested in the emigration of their people, had to come to London to see the trustees for this purpose. In this way Charles was brought into intercourse with Zinzendorf, who arrived from Germany in February, 1737. The former was present once at

a religious service in the Count's lodgings, and thought himself "in a quire of angels." His brother John arrived in London on February 3rd, 1738. Soon after this Peter Böhler, a young Moravian minister, reached London on his way to Georgia, and was thus brought into communication with the Wesleys. He was detained three months, waiting for a ship to sail, during which time his conversations with the Wesleys were blessed by the Holy Spirit, to their enlightenment on the nature of justifying faith and on the realities of their own spiritual state. On May 4th Böhler



MORAVIAN CHAPEL, FETTER-LANE.

sailed for America, and on the 20th of the same month Charles Wesley, at the house of John Bray, in Little Britain (a street which runs out of Aldersgate-street to the gates of St. Bartholomew's Hospital), "found peace to his soul." The "surprising news," as John called it, was brought to him to St. Paul's Cathedral, where he had been assisting at Holy Communion. Four days after, being present at a "religious society" in Aldersgate-street, while one was reading Luther's Preface to the Romans, John Wesley felt his heart "strangely warmed," and that he did "trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation."

Peter Böhler had been only a few months ordained when he was the means of leading Wesley, then nearly thirteen years in holy orders, into a clearer light than he had walked in before. The doctrine taught him by the young German was taught by many Protestant reformers, Anglican divines, Puritan theologians, and by the articles and homilies of his own Church, as well as by the Word of God. How, with all these facilities for obtaining at least a theoretical knowledge of justification by faith alone, one so earnest in his search for truth and in his endeavours to please God should be mystified and confused on this essential of the Gospel until he met with a young foreigner, ignorant of English, with whom he was obliged to converse in Latin, is strange indeed! And yet why should we wonder, for are there not many similar cases of the learned and sincere not seeing the full truth of revelation in this our day?

Wesley's admiration of the Moravians on board the *Simmonds* and in Georgia, and especially his great obligations to Böhler, gave him a strong desire to see them at home in their settlement in Herrnhut. Accordingly, in June, 1738, he embarked for the Continent, and visited Baron Watteville, Peter Böhler's father, and Count Zinzendorf. He spent some time at the Moravian settlement at Herrnhut, where he saw and heard much of the remarkable people who were living together as an exclusive community in an artificial state of society arranged by themselves. Much that he witnessed he was pleased with, but there were some things he disapproved of. He returned to London after an absence of about three months.

Three days before Peter Böhler sailed for Georgia, and six weeks before Wesley went to Germany, "a little society" was formed in London, afterwards known as the "Fetter-lane Society," the original constitution of which, and the nature of Wesley's connection with it, have been quite misunderstood by certain writers. Wesley has been represented as joining a Moravian society or church at Fetter-lane Chapel, and holding membership in it. We are not surprised that Miss Wedgewood should have headed one of her chapters, "Wesley a Moravian," but we are amazed that Mr. Tyerman should have blundered as he has done on the subject of the Fetter-lane Society. Authentic information respecting it is to be obtained from the contemporary records which we have in the published Journals of John and Charles Wesley and George Whitefield, and in the letters of James Hutton, as given in "Hutton's Memoirs," by D. Benham. In addition to these there is a manuscript account of the Fetter-lane Society, by William Holland, one of the original members. The MS. is preserved in the archives of the Moravian Chapel, Fetter-lane, and was shown to the present writer in 1861 by the Rev. J. B. Eberlè, at that time minister of the chapel. From these and other sources of information we have ascertained the following facts.

The "little society" was formed on May 1st, 1738, at James Hutton's residence

and bookseller's shop, "The Bible and Sun," Little Wild-street, west of Temple Bar, and not far from Drury-lane. The founders were John and Charles Wesley, Piers, Vicar of Bexley, and a few others. It was formed at "the command of God by St. James and by the advice of Peter Böhler." The last mentioned was present, it being three days before he left for America. At its origin only two rules were agreed to; four weeks after three other rules were added, and on September 25th the code was completed by the addition of twenty more rules. About the same time the meeting-place was changed from Little Wild-street to a room in Fetter-lane. The members professed to belong to the Church of England, and as such they went in a body to St. Paul's Cathedral, headed by Charles Wesley and George Whitefield, to receive the Lord's Supper. The society had love-feasts and bands, as the Methodist Societies had when formed. In the frequent absences of the Wesleys from London, the Fetter-lane Society got into a condition of great confusion, and amongst the more drastic measures for restoring order was the exclusion from the society of two factious members named Wolft and Shaw, "because," says Charles Wesley, "they disowned themselves members of the Church of England." This is the society which Mr. Tyerman strangely represents as a Society of Moravians!

PETER BÖHLER.

A section of it, however, eventually became a Moravian Society and then a Church. The principal agent in bringing about this change was James Hutton, the son of the Rev. John Hutton, of Westminster, at whose house the Wesleys often found a home. James kept up a close correspondence with Zinzendorf, and by admitting Moravian ministers visiting London to the meetings of the society, of which he had charge in the absence of the Wesleys, the foreign leaven was doing its work. A

minister named Molther, the private tutor of Count Zinzendorf's son, did the most mischief. In his teaching in the society, although admitted upon sufferance, he disparaged the means of grace, introduced novel views of faith, and inculcated a sort of Quietism called "Stillness." The Wesleys made strenuous efforts to cure the evils, but not succeeding, they seceded from the Fetter-lane Society on July 20th, 1740. About seventy-two of the members adhered to them, and these they transferred to the Foundry, which they had occupied as a preaching-place since November, 1739, and where "the United Society," the Mother-Church of Methodism, had been begun with "eight or ten persons," towards the close of that year.

The secession of the Wesleys was probably precipitated by a threat which is referred to thus in "Wesley's Journal" (July 16th, 1740): "One asked whether they would suffer Mr. Wesley to preach at Fetter-lane. After a short debate it was answered, 'No; this place is taken for the Germans.'" This extract, read in the light of Holland's unpublished narrative of the Fetter-lane Society, is intelligible enough. According to the MS., when "the little society" removed from Little Wild-street, it was to a *room* in Fetter-lane. It was not until Lady-day, 1740, that the *chapel* in Fetter-lane was taken by James Hutton on lease from a Mr. Ketterage. It had been abandoned by the Independents in 1732, as they built for themselves a more commodious chapel on the opposite side of Fetter-lane. It had an antecedent history of much interest. It escaped the ravages of the Great Fire of London, and was used by the Episcopalians while the burned churches were in course of rebuilding. Baxter was connected with it by a Friday morning lecture for ten years. Stephen Lobb, whom Macaulay pillories in his "History of England," was its pastor at the time of the Revolution. A more faithful minister, Thomas Bradbury, had it in charge when it was attacked and damaged by Sacheverel's High Church mob. As it was taken by Hutton "for the Germans" only four months before Wesley left the Fetter-lane Society, it is likely that he never preached in it at all. The sermons and addresses which he delivered to the society before the chapel was taken were given in the room, and there too was held the memorable all-night love-feast at which he and about half-a-dozen other clergymen, known as Methodists, were present. After he removed his seventy-two adherents to the Foundry, the residuum of the Fetter-lane Society was organised as a Moravian Society, and on the 10th of November, 1742, it was constituted, by Spangenberg, a Church of the United Brethren. In this celebrated Fetter-lane Chapel, Peter Böhler preached his last sermon on the morning of the day on which he died. Notwithstanding the painful scenes at Fetter-lane, the friendship of Wesley and the Methodists with the Moravians was revived, and mutual esteem and good feeling continue to this day.

THOMAS M'CULLAGH.

JOHN WESLEY IN BRISTOL.

On a sunny day in August, during the Bristol Conference of 1890, Mr. Richard Green, the Fernley Lecturer of that year, and I made a pilgrimage to the "Old Room," which lies between the Horsefair and Broadmead.

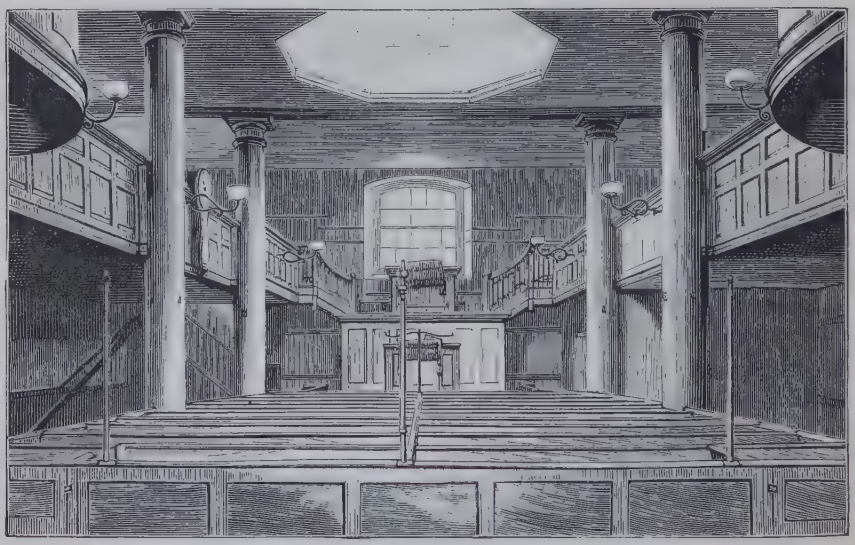
Mr. Pawlyn, whose history of Bristol Methodism in John Wesley's days brings all the leading facts together in a useful form, says that George Whitefield in very early days complained of unnecessary expenditure incurred in the adornments of this first preaching-room. Wesley's reply is characteristic:

"The Society-room at Bristol, you say, is adorned. How? Why, with a piece of green cloth nailed to the desk, and two sconces for eight candles each in the middle. I know no more. Now, which of these can be spared? I know not; nor would I desire more adorning, or less. But 'lodgings are made for me and my brother.' This is in plain English. There is a little room by the school, where I speak to the persons who come to me, and a garret in which a bed is placed for me. And do you grudge me this? Is this the voice of my brother—my son, Whitefield?"

Since then the Room has been enlarged and greatly improved. But even now it is a perfectly plain building. Originally, the entrance was from the Horsefair; at present it is through a long narrow passage in Broadmead, not far from the chapel in which Robert Hall used to preach his wonderful sermons. We stood before the commonplace brick front, and thought of early Methodist preachers and generations of quaintly dressed "members of society" who have passed through the wide, arched doorway. We explored the interior, with its straight-backed pews, and sweeping galleries, and lantern-ceiling, and simple pulpit. On the right, in the corner behind the pillars, is a dingy little room with plain forms against the walls. A window looks out from this room on the space in front of the pulpit. By its side is the doorway. In that little room the second Conference was held. We entered, and sat in silence, and thought of the dead, and of the work they did, and of the fruit of that work which still lives, and will live. And as we sat it came to our remembrance that the

one hundred and forty-sixth Conference was even then in session at Old Market-street Chapel; and the old bricks and timbers around us seemed to echo the question from which John Wesley preached at the opening of City-road Chapel—"What hath God wrought?"

Outside the Conference-room stands a plain solid mahogany table, which we were told had been in use from very early times. At the side of the gallery is an old-fashioned clock, which still keeps time for the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, as it once did for the Wesleys and their Arminian Societies. These relics, like the City-road furniture, and the "two silver spoons," and the well-bound "Field" Bible which is



WESLEY'S FIRST CHAPEL IN THE HORSEFAIR.

now always in the possession of the President, and everything else that once belonged to John Wesley, are very plain, but very good. He was an enemy to waste and display, to luxury and coddling, but what he bought, whether for his own use or for his preachers, was, of its kind, the best. Furnish a room with his chairs, tables, bureau, book-case, clock, and so forth, and the result would be pleasing to the eye, and all might be used (barring the wood-worms) until the crack of doom.

Above the reading-desk, which is a modern structure, stands the pulpit. It has been removed from its original place, but is otherwise unchanged;—John Wesley's pulpit, from which he expounded to the people, in 1739, the Acts of the Apostles,—the inalienable and unassailable charter of all Churches of God in these and all

lands,—and in which he preached sermons, choosing the greatest texts in the New Testament; Charles Wesley's pulpit, in which he preached for so many years, coming to it from the small house in Stokes Croft—the pulpit in which occurred the curious incident told by Adam Clarke:

"I sat behind him. He gave out a hymn, and prayed; but was completely in the trammels, where he had often been before. He took a text, spoke a little, but soon found that he could

not go on. He tried to relieve himself by praying;—he took another text—which also was fruitless. He took up the hymn-book—beckoned to me—left the pulpit, and retired to the rooms over the chapel."

Eventually the poet-preacher returned, told a story, and "exclaimed with a strong voice, yet a little drawling, 'Believe—love—obey!'" You can picture him fixing his eye close to the page of his little pocket "Field" Bible,—being short-sighted and able to see with one eye better than the other,—reading his text, laying his Bible on the pulpit beside him, inclining forward, lying in a lounging position, his arm resting upon the pulpit Bible and cushion, and preaching sometimes with power and sometimes "in trammels." And many others, men of renown who turned the old godless world of those days upside down, preached in that pulpit, and lodged in the little rooms, —like ships' cabins,—the doors of which you can see in our illustration, down to the memorable Sabbath day when Henry Moore led the faithful who clave to him,

in procession, from the "Old Room" to the new Portland Chapel on the heights of Kingsdown.

In the lantern overhead is a window. Up a narrow staircase we climb into the long, low-ceiled room which owns the window: a common room—very common—with little chambers on either side, a plain deal table in the middle, and a few book-shelves at the far end. No vestige of the past remains, except the bare room and its chambers. One of the latter is pointed out to us in which the great evangelist was wont to sleep. Happily, he was a *little* man who, like his relative, the Iron Duke, needed nothing more than a camp bedstead and simple surroundings. Though, by the way, he was not so sublime as to be indifferent to the comfort of curtains, for have I not here a piece of the blue and white dimity curtain which hung around the little bed?

I may here add, that originally the "New Room" was only a small building. In 1748 it was enlarged at considerable cost. It was then, apparently, that the entrance from Broadmead was opened and the lodging rooms above were constructed. The preachers working in Bristol or passing through on their evangelistic itinerancy were lodged in the spare rooms. It may be interesting to know that, when the building passed into the hands of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, the furniture of these rooms was removed to the minister's house in the Horsefair. Some years after, when another minister's house was taken, Mr. Dennis Curnock took the older house and bought the furniture. One of the chairs,—a fine old *Chippendale*,—for many years in the possession of the late Mr. Henry Curnock, was used by the President at the Centenary Meetings in Bristol, and by Dr. Moulton at the last Conference. It is to be used as a Communion chair in City-road Chapel, and a replica will be given by the children of the Children's Home.

To tell all the story of John Wesley's life and work in Bristol would be to tell a large section of the history of early Methodism. I can only indicate briefly a few leading points of supreme interest.

Field-Preaching.

On Saturday, March 31st, in the year 1739, John Wesley came to Bristol. His friend, George Whitefield, had already roused the city and the neighbouring colliery village of Kingswood by his preaching. On that memorable Saturday the two evangelists met. Whitefield had urged Wesley to come, for the fields were white unto harvest. When the summons came to London, John and Charles were in doubt. Should John leave the work in London and proceed to Bristol? Like the Moravians, they were wont at that time to open the Bible and look at the first text that met their eyes. All the verses they chanced upon in this case seemed to threaten disaster.

Charles would scarcely suffer the journey to be named, but when he opened his Bible on the words, "Son of man, behold I take from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke; yet shalt thou not mourn or weep, neither shall thy tears run down," his opposition was silenced. Two years earlier, in Savannah, the same text had strengthened John to sacrifice for conscience' sake his love for Miss Hopkey. It now helped Charles to sacrifice his love for his brother. At last it was decided by lot, probably in the Fetter-lane room (where to this day, in times of great emergency, the lot is cast), that Wesley should go to Bristol. On Sunday, April 1st, he heard Whitefield preach in the open air. In the evening, wondering greatly and sorely perplexed, "he spent the evening with a little Society in Nicholas-street, where he expounded the Sermon on the Mount"—a pretty remarkable precedent of field preaching, as he calls it. At four o'clock on Monday afternoon, April 2nd, "on a little eminence in a ground adjoining the city,"—his first Bristol pulpit,—he preached to a congregation of three thousand from the words, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor."

And he *did* preach. Dr. Rigg, in his "Living Wesley," is guilty of no exaggeration in saying that the popular conception of Wesley's preaching is erroneous. It is a tradition of his old age. But what was he as a preacher during all the earlier years when he roused the country and founded Methodism? He was not pictorial or dramatic like Whitefield; yet he drew even greater multitudes than Whitefield, and certainly wrought more mightily.

"Whatever their motives, those who came were obliged to feel that they were in the presence of one who totally forgot himself in his theme. His presentation of the truth was so direct, that they were brought face to face, not with him, but with his Divine Master and the Divine authority; and he was so inspired with the spirit of Divine love, as well as the sense of the Divine holiness, that the awakened hearers thought not of him, but rather of Christ the Saviour as reasoning with them and entreating them to be reconciled unto God. Doubtless here we touch the real secret of that overwhelming power which so commonly attended Wesley's preaching, which made the huge gatherings of people that surrounded him sometimes assume the appearance of a routed army, with men and women on all sides round, first stricken to the earth, and then crying for mercy."

The following, which also is extracted from Dr. Rigg's "Living Wesley," does not refer to Bristol, but it admirably reflects the spirit of all Wesley's preaching to the multitudes in Bristol and Kingswood:

"In 1742, Wesley for the first time visited Newcastle-on-Tyne. He walked into the town, and never, as he tells us, had witnessed so much drunkenness, cursing, and swearing, from the mouths of little children as well as of adults, in so short time. Most characteristically—with a touching and beautiful tenderness—upon this he exclaims, 'Surely this place is ripe for Him who "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."' On the Sunday morning he went, with a single friend, being altogether unknown to the townspeople, and, taking his stand in the very centre of the worst quarter of the town, began to preach. His congregation grew till more than twelve hundred people stood around him. 'As usual,' says Dr. Abel Stevens, 'when he

addressed the vicious poor, he discoursed on one of the most consolatory texts, "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." ' When he had done, the poor people stood 'gaping and staring' upon him with astonishment. He told them his name, and announced that he would preach there again in the evening. He did preach to an immense crowd—a vaster crowd, he tells us, than he had ever seen at Moorfields or Kennington Common; and so began the wonderful work of Methodism among the colliers of Newcastle and round about, a work which was to spread from that centre into all the dales of Northumberland, Durham, and North Yorkshire, transforming the mining and yeomanry population with a power similar to that which, at the other extremity of the kingdom, was seen in the reformation of Cornwall, which remains to this day so widely and so rootedly Methodist."

Dr. Rigg has exploded the notion that Wesley was a preacher of short, neat little sermons.

"Dr. James Hamilton, in an article in the *North British Review*, sketched him as, 'after his morning sermon at the Foundry, mounting his pony, and trotting and chatting, and gathering simples, till he reached some country hamlet, where he would bait his charger, and talk through a little sermon with the villagers, and remount his pony and trot away again.' . . . He was altogether at fault in his picture. As Wesley was, during the greater part of his life, simply the most assiduous horseman, and one of the most spirited of riders in the kingdom, riding ordinarily sixty miles (let it be remembered what the roads were in the middle of the last century) day by day, besides preaching twice or thrice, and not seldom riding eighty or ninety miles in the day; so, for many years, Wesley was frequently a long preacher—was often one of the longest preachers of whom I have ever read or heard—and never stinted himself of time when the feeling of the congregation seemed to invite him to enlarge, and when opportunity favoured."

The following extract will complete the picture of Wesley as a preacher. It is of special interest here because it refers to the period when Methodism in Bristol and the West Country was founded:

"About sixteen or seventeen months after his conversion, Wesley writes in his Journal as follows, under date October 7th, 1739 (Sunday):

"'Between five and six I called upon all who were present (about three thousand) at Stanley, near Stroud, on a little green, near the town, to accept of Christ as their only "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." I was strengthened to speak as I never did before, and continued speaking near two hours; the darkness of the night and a little lightning not lessening the number, but increasing the seriousness of the hearers.' Wesley had already, before this service, preached thre etimes on that day, and he preached yet once after it, 'concluding the day' by 'expounding part of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount to a small serious company at Ebly.' Five services, therefore, that day, and among them one in which his sermon alone was nearly two hours long!"

Lay-Preaching.

Field-preaching provided Methodism with a temple, in which the people everywhere and at all times might assemble by thousands to hear the Word. Lay-preaching supplied another obvious want. And it also, on any theory, was closely connected with Bristol. Thomas Maxfield was supposed to be the pioneer local preacher. Tyerman shows that this is a mistake. "Thomas Maxfield was not converted until the 21st of May, 1739; and yet, a month after this, we find John Cennick, the converted land-surveyor, employed with Wesley's sanction in preaching to the Kingswood colliers."

"John Cennick was the son of Quakers, and, from infancy, was taught to pray every night and morning. At thirteen years of age, he went nine times from Reading to London, to be apprenticed to a trade, but all to no purpose, except that he was taken on trial by a carpenter, who refused to retain his services when the time was come for his being bound. In 1735, John was convicted of sin, while walking in Cheapside, and, at once, left off song singing, card playing, and attending theatres. Sometimes he wished to go into a popish monastery, to spend his life in devout retirement. At other times, he longed to live in a cave, sleeping on fallen leaves, and feeding on forest fruits. He fasted long and often, and prayed nine times every day. He was afraid of seeing ghosts, and terribly apprehensive lest he should meet the devil. Fancying dry bread too great an indulgence for so great a sinner as himself, he began to feed on potatoes, acorns, crabs, and grass; and often wished he could live on roots and herbs. At length, on September 6th, 1737, he found peace with God, and went on his way rejoicing. Like Howel Harris, he, at once, commenced preaching; and also began to write hymns, a number of which Charles Wesley, in July, 1739, corrected for the press.

* * * * * * *

"In March, 1739, Wesley and Cennick met at Reading. Shortly after that, Whitefield proposed that Cennick should become the master of the school at Kingswood, whose first stone was laid in the month of May; and on the 11th of June, off he set on foot, from Reading to Bristol, sleeping all night in an old stable on his way. On arriving there he found that Wesley had gone to London; but was invited to go to Kingswood to hear a young man (query Thomas Maxfield) read a sermon to the colliers. The place for meeting was under a sycamore tree, near the intended school. Four or five hundred colliers were assembled, but the young reader had not arrived. Cennick was requested to take his place; he reluctantly complied, preached a sermon, and says, 'The Lord bore witness with my words, insomuch that many believed in that hour.' Cennick preached again on the day following, and on the succeeding sabbath twice. . . . He tells us, that many of the people desired Wesley to forbid him; but so far from doing so, he encouraged him; and thus encouraged, he preached constantly in Kingswood and the neighbouring villages for the next eighteen months, and sometimes supplied Wesley's place in Bristol, when he was absent preaching in other towns."

The story of Thomas Maxfield everybody knows.

A Preaching-House.

The "New Room" became a necessity in the earliest days of Bristol Methodism. The foundation was laid in May, 1839. It was the first Methodist chapel. Around the "New Room," as around the Foundry, gather all manner of Methodist associations. It became a nucleus of crystallisation. Preaching, teaching, pastoral oversight, fellowship, philanthropy, care of the young, Church government, and legal security may all be traced to this famous room.

"Within six weeks after Whitefield laid the first stone of the Kingswood school, Wesley took possession of a piece of ground in the Horsefair, Bristol, and began to build a room large enough to contain the Societies of Nicholas-street and Baldwin-street."

He appointed eleven trustees, by whom he supposed the burdens would be borne. A debt was contracted of more than £150, which devolved upon him. He had no money.

"Whitefield and other friends in London most strongly objected to the building being the property of trustees, on the ground that Wesley would be under their control; and unless his preaching pleased them, they might eject him from the house he himself had built. Whitefield declared that unless the trustship was destroyed, neither he nor his friends would contribute

PACIFIC SCHOO

anything towards the expenses. Wesley yielded ; the trustees were summoned ; all agreed to the alteration ; the deed was cancelled ; and Wesley became the sole proprietor.

"This, though insignificant at the time, was a matter of great importance ; for, in this manner, nearly all the chapels, erected in the early part of his career, were vested in himself—a thing involving serious responsibility, which, however, was honourably fulfilled ; for trusts were afterwards created ; and by his 'Deed of Declaration,' all his interests in his chapels were transferred to his Legal Conference."

To the "New Room" therefore we may trace the beginning of the whole legal status of Methodism.

Perhaps, however, its most memorable and potent achievement was the part it played in the institution of the Class-Meeting. In the Rules of Society John Wesley has himself told what share the Foundry had in framing the great institution. The Bristol side of the story is not so well known.

The Class-Meeting.

Its genesis is interwoven with pre-existent Societies, with the rigid enforcement of discipline, with the appointment of stewards, with school work in Bristol and Kingswood, with the relief of the poor and sick.

"Ascertaining that many of the members were without needful food, and destitute of convenient clothing, Wesley appointed twelve persons to visit every alternate day, and to provide things needful for the sick ; also to meet once a week to give an account of their proceedings, and to consult what could be done further. Women, out of work, he proposed to employ in knitting, giving them the common price for the work they did, and then adding gratuities according to their needs. To meet these expenses, he requested those who could afford it to give a penny weekly, and to contribute any clothing which their own use did not require."

This new force was not yet the "Class-meeting." But tickets were given which Wesley regarded as "commendatory letters." Tyerman claims to have possessed a nearly complete set from the first issued about 1742.

"Many of them bear the autographs of John and Charles Wesley, William Grimshaw, and other old Methodist worthies. The earliest are wood and copper-plate engravings, printed on cardboard, without any text of Scripture ; some bearing the emblem of an angel flying in the clouds of heaven—and so forth. . . . About 1750, emblems gave place to texts of Scripture, which have been continued from that time to this."

Will readers look well at the drawings of the "New Room," and remember that its difficulties crystallised the societies into class-meetings, with leaders and the famous "penny a week"? There was a debt on the chapel. The principal members met for consultation.

"One of them stood up and said, 'Let every member of the Society give a penny a week until the debt is paid.' Another answered, 'Many of them are poor, and cannot afford to do it.' 'Then,' said the former, 'put eleven of the poorest with me, and if they can give nothing I will give for them as well as for myself. And each of you call on eleven of your neighbours weekly, receive what they give, and make up what is wanting.' 'It was done,' writes Wesley, 'and in a while some of these informed me they found such and such an one did not live as he ought. It struck me immediately, This is the thing, the very thing, we have wanted so long.'"

The Conference.

Let us return in thought to the little room near the pulpit described above. I open the volume of the "Minutes," which Dr. Osborn told me the other day cost him so much labour. It is one of the most interesting books on my shelves, and ought to be studied by every man who desires to be a true Methodist. The following is the record:

"Conversation the Second.—Bristol, Thursday, Aug. 1, 1745.

"The following persons being met together at the New Room, John Wesley, Charles Wesley, John Hodges, Thomas Richards, Samuel Larwood, Thomas Meyrick, James Wheatley, Richard Moss, John Slocomb, Herbert Jenkins, and Marmaduke Gwynne:

"It was proposed to review the Minutes of the last Conference."

Of these persons the first three were ordained clergymen. The last was the only man who was not a preacher. His daughter Sarah afterwards became Mrs. Charles Wesley. The rest were itinerant preachers. Those who are curious to know the after history of these early Conference men will find the information in Tyerman's volumes.

It is interesting to note that the first business of the Conference was to extricate the doctrine of justification from the obscurity in which it had been involved, partly by "the devil," who "peculiarly labours to perplex a subject of the greatest importance, and partly from the extreme warmth of most writers who have treated of it."

From this they pass to faith in Christ as the sole condition of justification; and to "repentance" which goes "before faith," and to "fruits or works (supposing there be opportunity for them) meet for repentance." The rest of the Minute shows the spirit in which these memorable "Conversations" were conducted, and also the way in which the preachers were taught sound doctrine.

"Q. 3. 11. How then can we deny them to be conditions of justification? Is not this a mere strife of words? But is it worth while to continue a dispute on the term condition?

"A. It seems not, though it has been grievously abused. But so the abuse cease, let the use remain.

"Q. 4. Shall we read over together Mr. Baxter's aphorisms concerning justification?

"A. By all means: which were accordingly read. And it was desired that each person present would in the afternoon consult the Scriptures cited therein, and bring what objections might occur the next morning."

One would like to know where they lodged that night and how they fared. John Wesley had his little garret upstairs, where he slept in peace whilst the country was astir with plot and riot, and the Government was sending forth its proclamation offering a reward of £30,000 for the capture of Prince Charlie. At four o'clock the next morning the busy evangelist was preparing by prayer and reading for the early service, and, how soon we are not told, but probably before the

dew on the grass in College Green was gone, the preachers were deep in the mysteries of assurance, of the relation between faith and love, of prevenient grace, of going on to perfection, of visions and dreams, and of Antinomianism. It must have been a long session, for we read, "About ten we began to speak of sanctification." And meanwhile the Society in Bristol was giving itself to prayer and fasting.

On the next day, which was Saturday, "were considered points of discipline." It is in the "Minutes" of this day that we find "the plain origin of Church government," and the following:

"Q. 13. Have we borne a sufficient witness to the truth? Particularly when attacked by the clergy?

"A. Perhaps not. We have generally been content with standing on the defensive.

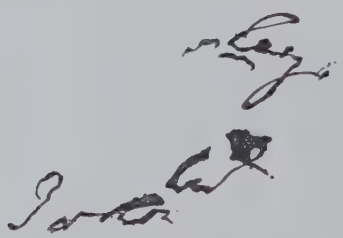
"Q. 14. May not this cowardice have hindered the work of God? And have caused us to feel less of His power?

"A. Very probably it may.

"Q. 15. How shall we act in such cases for the time to come?

"A. Not only refute, but retort the charge. Their mouths must be stopped (only in meekness and love), and the eyes of others opened."

Here, also, is the famous new Rule which was added to the Twelve: "You have nothing to do but to save souls. Therefore spend and be spent in this work. And go



WESLEY'S SIGNATURE TO MINUTES OF CONFERENCE, BRISTOL, 1790.

"The Conference business over, its venerable head—who for seventy years had directed its deliberations—attached his signature. The autograph—preserved now as a precious relic—too clearly indicates that his eyes were dim, and that his hand had forgot its cunning."

always, not only to those who want you, but to those who want you most." Then follow the names of the fourteen "Assistants," with an instruction for Holy Living:

"They may spend the mornings (from six to twelve) in reading, writing, and prayer; from twelve to five visit the sick and well; and from five to six use private prayer."

When the dear men were to dine, or how, does not appear. Rules also are laid down for John and Charles, and a page-long list of books is given to be kept at London, Bristol, and Newcastle. The list includes Divinity, Physic, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, History, Poetry, Latin and Greek Prose, Greek Verse, and Hebrew.

In later "Minutes" of the same Conference the question is asked, "Should we

still consider ourselves as little children, who have everything to learn?" and provision is made "that everyone may speak freely whatever is in his heart." No one is to be checked, "either by word or look, even though he should say what is quite wrong."

In Bristol, as elsewhere, Wesley had trouble and persecution. With his usual generosity he had assisted a man of the name of Ramsey, who brought a young surgeon to hear his benefactor preach. The two hypocritical scoundrels stole £30, which had been collected for Kingswood-school. Snowde, the surgeon, fled to London, committed a highway robbery, and from the condemned cell in Newgate wrote to Wesley imploring his help. That was a plea Wesley could not resist. He travelled from Bristol to London that he might bring the sacrilegious felon to his Saviour. And then he rode back to his work in Bristol.

Strange manifestations began to appear both at Kingswood and Bristol. There were outcries of despair, or of desire, joy, love, and then a laughing spirit.

"One woman, who was known to be no dissembler, sometimes laughed till she was almost strangled; then she broke out into cursing and blaspheming, then stamped and struggled with incredible strength, so that four or five could scarce hold her; then cried out, 'O, eternity, eternity! O, that I had no soul! O, that I had never been born!' At last she faintly called on Christ to help her, and her excitement ceased."

Two members of Society doubted the good faith of the laughers until they themselves were suddenly seized, laughing for two days, until in a moment by prayer they were delivered. Even the two brothers, walking on Sunday in the meadows singing their Psalms, as they were wont to do, were seized, Charles first and then John himself. "We were forced to go home," he writes, "without singing another line."

WESLEY'S PEAR-TREE, KINGSWOOD.

There were troubles both from within and from without. On the anniversary of Wesley's first Sunday in Bristol the mob filled the street, and court, and alleys round the place where he was expounding, and shouted, cursed, and swore most fearfully.

"A number of the rioters were arrested; and, within a fortnight, one of them had hanged

himself, a second was seized with serious illness, and sent to desire Wesley's prayers, and a third came to him, confessing that he had been hired and made drunk to create disturbance, but, on coming to the place, found himself deprived of speech and power."

Coincidently with this, whisperers, tale-bearers, backbiters, evil-speakers did what lay in their power to prejudice his friends and the people against Wesley. A curate gave out that he knew him to be a Papist, whilst a Popish priest railed on him whilst he was preaching: "Thou art a hypocrite, a devil, an enemy to the Church." At Temple Church John and his brother, with their converted colliers, were driven from the sacramental table, and at Upton the church bells were rung to drown his voice. In the garden at Kingswood Mr. Petter showed me a pear-tree

KINGSWOOD SCHOOL AND CHAPEL.

said to have been planted by Wesley, which in its growth followed the history of the relations between Methodism and the English Church. I photographed it, and now present a pen-and-ink sketch for those who are curious in such matters.

In the summer of 1742, Wesley heard in Bristol that his mother was dying. He hastened to London to see her. On Friday, July 23rd, early in the morning, on awaking out of sleep, she cried, "My dear Saviour! art Thou come to help me at my last extremity?" In the afternoon, as soon as the intercession meeting in the Foundry was ended, Wesley and his five sisters commended the dying saint to God, and "sang a requiem to her parting soul." "Children," she had said, "as soon as I am released, sing a Psalm of praise to God." What a hymn-singing that must have been! Susanna Wesley, her son, and her five daughters—seven in all:

> "They sing the Lamb in hymns below,
> And *she* in hymns above."

Within a month he was again in Bristol. For the City of the West was one of the principal centres of the evangelical revival, so much so that to attempt to tell fully all that was there done would be to tell a large section of the history of early Methodism.

The story of Methodism in Bristol, as elsewhere, is not a story of continuous triumph. There was success and failure. The numbers were not always "up," nor were all the "Helpers," or all the members, so perfect as to require no admonition. John Wesley, however, had this fine quality among others. He was per-

WESLEY'S STUDY WALK, KINGSWOOD.

KINGSWOOD PLAYGROUND, WITH SCHOOLHOUSE ON RIGHT.

fectly honest, and never strove to strengthen his cause by exaggerating, or by concealing the truth. Moreover, he was a strict disciplinarian. Again and again we read of fluctuations, depressions, searching examination into the condition of the Society, and reduction in the number of members. But allowing for this, the work in Bristol and in the country around grew wonderfully—no doubt in part because of the resolute discipline which was maintained. One of Wesley's gravest causes of anxiety was lest his people should drift into worldliness. He saw that the habits of early rising and self-restraint, which resulted from conversion and society membership, tended towards the betterment of the business and social position of the Methodists. This was notably the case in Bristol. Wesley continually warned the people against the peril which this involved.

"This will be their great danger; as they are industrious and frugal, they must needs increase in goods. This appears already; in London, Bristol, and most other trading towns those who are in business have increased in business sevenfold, some of them twenty—yea, an hundredfold. What need, then, have these of strongest warnings, lest they be entangled therein, and perish!"

Kingswood.

If one had time and space, it would not be difficult to write reams of history and philosophy on the development of doctrine, Church government, social Christianity, lay-

THE BAY-WINDOW OF WESLEY'S STUDY, KINGSWOOD.

WESLEY'S STUDY TABLE AS IT IS, KINGSWOOD.

preaching, women's rights, and child-training—taking those portions of the Journals as texts which relate to what may be called Wesley's Bristol and Kingswood diocese. I forbear, and hasten to indicate only the interest of the Kingswood pictures. In a little while no vestige of the school which cost Wesley so much will remain. From a little knoll a general view of the buildings may be obtained. On the right is the lodge gate and the chapel (still used as such by the Reformatory boys). On the left is the main block of dormitories. The garden, with the quiet, shaded walk which Wesley is said to have often paced, thinking out his sermons, is in the foreground; the play-

ground, on which the bay-window of Wesley's study looks, the schoolhouse, and the wash-house are behind. To write even a condensed account of Kingswood in Wesley's day alone would be impossible in this article. In the very first year of Bristol and Kingswood Methodism both Whitefield and Wesley turned their attention to the momentous question of Christian education. The New Room was partly a school. At Kingswood Whitefield's aim was to educate the colliers' children. But in 1748 a new school was opened by the Wesleys, which was intended to provide a Christian education for children of the wealthier class. The management of this school cost John Wesley much anxiety and trouble. This cannot be wondered at when it is remembered that children were admitted to the school at six years of age; that they were required to rise the year round at the hour of four; to fast, if in good health, every Friday till three o'clock in the afternoon; and *never to play*, for the reason that "he who plays when he is a child will play when he becomes a man." Gradually the institution changed its character, till it finally became a school for ministers' sons only. As such it has won a great name, not only in Methodism, but also in the Universities and wherever sound scholarship and high principle are in repute. N. Curnock.

THE BOYS' WASH-HOUSE, KINGSWOOD.

THE ORPHAN HOUSE, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

Among the preaching-houses erected by John Wesley, one of the most celebrated is the Orphan House at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, of which the foundation stone was laid on the 20th of December, 1742.

Originally intended as a preaching-house and children's home, it speedily became a centre of civilisation and evangelistic work in the North of England, as well as a place of rest for workers, and a school where Wesley himself taught rhetoric, moral philosophy, and logic to his young preachers; and though now replaced by a more recent and stately edifice, the place still remains among the most hallowed spots of the "people called Methodists."

Wesley's first visit to Newcastle was in May, 1742, and he speaks of the moral degradation and open profanity of the place as surpassing all his previous experience, even among the Kingswood colliers. With true Christian optimism, he adds, however, "Surely this place is ripe for Him who 'came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to

repentance.'" Two or three days were all that the evangelist could then spare to proclaim the good tidings in the God-forsaken town, but his work was soon afterwards followed up by his brother Charles, who for some weeks laboured in Newcastle and its vicinity with marvellous success. Hundreds were united in religious fellowship as the first Methodist Society in the North, and on John Wesley's second visit in November of the same year such numbers were added unto the Church that the erection of a meeting-place and a preacher's home became an evident necessity.

The greater part of the required land was purchased from Mr. Stephenson, a merchant of the town, who, on being applied to, said, "I do not want money, but if Mr. Wesley wants ground he may have a piece of my garden, adjoining the place you mention. I am at a word. For £40 he shall have sixteen yards in breadth and thirty in length."

It may be interesting to add that the merchant in question was an ancestor of the writer, and that the land then sold at something under 2*s.* is now worth about £60 a yard.

Mr. Wesley commenced his building scheme with the magnificent sum of £1 9*s.* 6*d.* in hand, and he says in his diary: "It being computed that such a house as we proposed could not be finished under £700, many were positive it would never be finished at all; others, that I should not live to see it covered. I was of another mind—nothing doubting but, as it was begun for God's sake, He would provide what was needful for the finishing it."

Wesley's confidence was not misplaced, though possibly the case would scarcely have passed a Chapel Committee, had such an institution then been in existence. In addition to £50 collected after "a rough charity sermon," preached by Mr. Wesley at the Foundry, a pious Quaker, whilst the building was in progress, forwarded £100, accompanied by the following letter:

"Friend Wesley,—I have had a dream concerning thee. I thought I saw thee surrounded by a large flock of sheep, which thou didst not know what to do with. The first thought after I awoke was that it was thy flock at Newcastle, and that thou hadst no house for them. I have enclosed a note for £100, which may help thee to build thee a new house."

Dr. Stamp, in his book, "The Orphan House of Wesley," says: "This munificent donation was most opportune; Mr. Wesley, in the exuberant kindness of his spirit, having just advanced to a member in distress the money he had brought with him to Newcastle to pay the workmen, trusting in Providence for a further supply." On the unexpected arrival of the £100, Mr. Wesley turned to one of his preachers, Mr. Thomas Dixon, who had remonstrated with him on what appeared his reckless generosity, and reminded him of the awkward results that might ensue, and said, "O! Tommy, where was your faith?" Dreams appear to have had almost as much to do with the history of the Orphan House as with the history of Joseph, and others beside the good Quaker

seem in "the visions of their head upon their bed" to have enjoyed a revelation of the good work to be done in the still-rising building. The Vicar of Newcastle, the Rev. Mr. Turner, riding by the site while the workmen were busy digging the foundation, and learning that a preaching-house for Mr. Wesley was then in course of erection, the good old man dropped the reins on his horse's neck, and, lifting up his hands in thanksgiving, related how for three successive nights he had dreamed that on that very spot he saw the foot of a ladder on which men were climbing to heaven. Regarding the dream as thus fulfilled, he gave utterance to an earnest wish and hope that the services there held might issue in the awakening and salvation of many.

ORPHAN HOUSE, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

On March 25th, 1743, the building was so far advanced that Wesley preached a kind of opening sermon "in the shell of the New House on the subject of 'the Rich Man and Lazarus,' and afterwards held a watch-night. A great multitude assembled on the occasion."

Wesley had considerable trouble and annoyance in the settlement of the property, chiefly owing to the delay of the former owner to make the necessary deed of transfer. He seems to have been disposed to regret his previous prompt offer, and Wesley found it necessary to write him the following characteristic letter:

"SIR,—I am surprised. You give it under your hand that you will put me in possession of a piece of ground, specified in an article between us, in fifteen days' time. Three months are passed, and that article is not fulfilled. And now you say you can't conceive what I mean by troubling you. I mean to have that article fulfilled. I think my meaning is very plain.—I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"JOHN WESLEY."

This plain dealing was not without its effect. In his Journal for April 6th, 1745,

Mr. Wesley writes: "Mr. Stephenson, of whom I bought the ground on which our house is built, came at length, after delaying it more than two years, and executed the writing. So I am freed from one more care. May I in everything make known my request to God." The Orphan House property was vested by Mr. Wesley in seven trustees, of whom two were Newcastle merchants, four preachers or "helpers,"—among them John Nelson,—and one a London solicitor.

So in troublous times and in imminent fear of civil war—for this was the year of the Young Pretender's march into England—the work was finished, and Newcastle became the third great centre of Methodist influence, though the second in order of erection. Dr. Stamp thus describes the original building: "The lower part of the 'House' was the chapel, fitted up with pulpit and forms; the men and women sitting apart. Galleries were subsequently erected. Above the chapel was the band-room, opening from which were several class-rooms for the use of the Society. On the highest storey were suites of apartments used as residences for the preachers and their families, while on the roof was a wooden erection, about eleven feet square, with tiled covering, generally known as 'Mr. Wesley's Study.' This latter room was of the homeliest description, and furnished with the most Spartan simplicity, yet here Wesley loved to be, and here probably some of his happiest days were spent."

He writes thus when in Newcastle in June of 1779: "I rested here. Lovely place and lovely company! But I believe there is another world. Therefore, I must arise and go hence." And in 1790 (only eight months before his entrance into the "house not made with hands") he writes: "We reached Newcastle. In this and Kingswood House, were I to do my own will, I should choose to spend the short remainder of my days. But it cannot be: this is not my rest."

Several interesting incidents are connected with the Orphan House. It was here that Wesley first drew up the "Rules of the United Societies," and the members at Newcastle were the first to hear them read by the Founder himself, and to promise their adhesion to them. Here, too, in 1748 he formed the purpose of publishing, "in threescore or fourscore volumes, all that is most valuable in the English tongue, in order to provide a complete Library to all that fear God." But, perhaps, the most attractive to many readers of the varied traditions that gather round the old meeting-house is the touching story of Wesley's love and long courtship of the beautiful and saintly Grace Murray, who held the position of matron from 1743 till her marriage with Mr. Bennett in 1749. The terrible disappointment of Wesley, and his life-long regret, are too well known to need repetition. It was here that the first Northern Sunday-school was formed in 1790, six years after the establishment of the original institution by Robert Raikes in Gloucester; and here, also, a sort of Bible Society was in existence prior to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society; poor boys who could not afford to purchase a copy of the Scriptures were

here supplied. But the time would fail to tell of the honours of the Orphan House. We can only add that it was the birthplace of the Rev. Dr. Rigg, his father having been the last minister to reside in the building. We well remember hearing the Doctor mention the fact, and also that he was the first child baptized in Brunswick Chapel, the grand old place of worship opened in 1821.

From that period the Orphan House was employed only for scholastic purposes, until in 1856, after a farewell service, it was pulled down and replaced by the handsome modern day-schools familiar to all Newcastle visitors. The famous "Study" was, however, preserved, and is now, we believe, set up as far as possible in its original form in the grounds of a gentleman at North Shields.

There were not wanting some who "took pleasure in her stones, and favoured the dust thereof," and, though the original "Orphan House of Wesley" is no more, the memorial of it will not perish while Methodism exists.

W. H. Stephenson.

MR. WESLEY'S PUBLICATIONS.

We have reached the close of the first century following the death of John Wesley. Sentiments of quiet thankfulness and joy are stirred in our minds, when thinking of him and the great work he was permitted to do, during his active life; and at the end of this long period, as we look over the face of the earth, and see the great expansion of Methodism, since its Founder passed away, and think of the beneficent influence it has exerted on the Churches around, and, through them, on the moral character of this and other nations, we cannot help offering a psalm of praise to the Great Head of the Church, by whom this work has been so graciously preserved and so widely expanded.

It is much to be hoped that the Commemoration now being held will lead to an increased study of Wesley's life and work, both on the part of the general public, and especially on the part of members of the Methodist Society, and of hearers in Methodist chapels. The object of the present paper is to draw attention to one part only of the work of this surprisingly active and laborious man. It has always been a cause for astonishment to readers of Wesley's life that he should have been able, amidst his many and great labours, to find time for so much writing, and for the preparation of the many works of various kinds that were issued from the Press in his name. He has given some explanation of this in a letter to a friend, in which he says: "It is true I travel four or five thousand miles in a year. But I generally travel alone in my carriage; and consequently am as retired ten hours in a day as if I was in a wilderness. Other days I never spend less than three hours (frequently ten or twelve) in the day alone. So there are few persons in the kingdom who spend so many hours

secluded from all company." At these times he read and wrote almost continuously. This letter was written in his later life. In his earlier days he read when walking or riding. He snatched moments which might easily have been lost, as when one morning he set out at five o'clock from Dannabull to go to Holyhead; and when he came to the sands he found the tide in: he therefore could not proceed, so he "sat down in a cottage for three or four hours and translated Aldrich's Logic." Still, it is very surprising that he should have done so much.

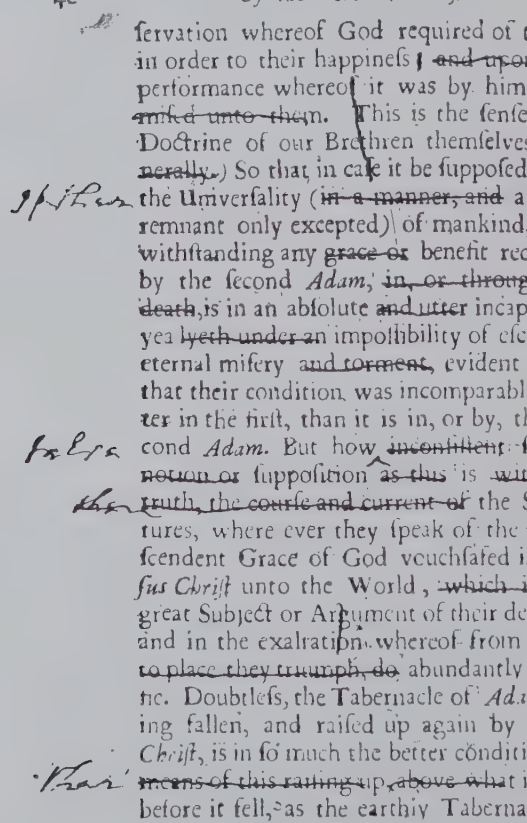
He did not begin to publish until he was thirty years of age. Of his first publication he says: "In the same year [1733] I printed (the first time I ventured to print anything), for the use of my pupils, 'A Collection of Forms of Prayer.'" Fifty-seven years afterwards, in the year 1790, he revised his translation of the New Testament, the last work of the kind he was able to do; and published it in a neat pocket volume, without the notes, but having "an analysis of the several books and chapters." In the following year was published the last "Extract" from his remarkable Journals. It is, perhaps, not possible to tell the precise number of publications issued by him during this long period. Between three and four hundred books and pamphlets, greater or smaller, bearing his name, or known to have been published by him, have been catalogued. His second publication (1734) seems to have been an "abridgment" of Norris's "Treatise on Christian Prudence." It was the first of a long series of "abridgments," some of which were not a little curious; as, for example, the "Pilgrim's Progress," which was reduced to a small pamphlet of fifty-two pages. Even Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Young's "Night Thoughts" did not escape the prunings of his knife. His third publication was a beautiful 8vo edition of "The Christian's Pattern;" it was "compared with the original, and corrected throughout." This was immediately followed by a charming little pocket volume of the same. Then came "Advice to a Young Clergyman," written by his father. These, with a sermon or two, were issued before he went to Georgia. There he published his first hymn-book, the very rare "Collection of Psalms and Hymns," of which only one or two copies are known to exist. It was reprinted by the Book-Room in 1880. These early publications date prior to the "conversion;" the first that followed that event was, as was most meet, "A Sermon on Salvation by Faith." From this time a new era commences, and every following year witnesses the product of his pen, or editorship.

Rather more than twenty years ago the Rev. Dr. Osborn rendered a great service to subsequent students of Wesley's life by publishing a carefully prepared list of all Wesley's publications. This list is nearly correct and complete. A few have since come to light, which even the diligence of so earnest a seeker failed to discover. Two descriptive lists had before been published—one by the Rev. Thomas Jackson, in his edition of Wesley's Works (1829-31); and one by Mr. Alexander Heylin, in an appendix to his edition of Stevens' "History of Methodism," the first portion of which

was published by Heylin in 1861, and the second by Tegg in 1864. Of this list the late Mr. George J. Stevenson wrote, "Mr. Heylin told me he had seen every tract and book he described in that appendix." It is, on some accounts, an exceedingly interesting list. Several catalogues of works published by the Wesleys appear in both early and later issues from the "Foundry" and elsewhere. The first I have met with is appended to the sermon on "The Almost Christian" (1741). It is not a complete list of all that had been published up to that date, but it contains twenty-two separate pieces, most of them being pamphlets; the first four Hymn-books are included.

One interesting feature of this part of Wesley's work was the way in which he abridged books for the press. Saving his own time carefully, he sought also to save the time of others, and to bring the stores of useful literature within the reach of those who could afford neither the money to procure, nor the time to read, the large tomes in which some of the best writing was to be found. With this view he extracted from any available writer whatever he judged likely to serve his benevolent purpose. Huge folios were searched and reduced to the moderate dimensions of handy duodecimos—his favourite size. In the preface to the fifty volumes which form his "Christian Library" he refers to the great variety of books in the English language "on every branch of religion"—as great as is "to be found in any language under Heaven. . . . So that were a man to spend fourscore years, with the most indefatigable application, he could go but a little way toward reading over what has been published in our own tongue within these last hundred and fifty years. But this very plenty," he adds, "creates a difficulty. One who desires to make the best of a short life is lost among five hundred folios, and knows not where to begin. He cannot read all and would willingly read those only that will best reward his labour. But who will point out these? Who will give him a clue whereby he may guide himself through this labyrinth?" He also refers to the inconvenience arising, not only from the variety, but also from the disagreement in the writers. "They do not all speak the same things in the same manner. Even in points of practical religion, yea and those of the highest concern, writers of no small eminence speak not only in a manner different from, but contradictory to each other." He then asks, "Now, who will be at the pains to extract the gold out of these baser mixtures? Who will separate the pure, genuine Divinity out of this huge, mingled mass?" He makes his attempt, and he tells us that in order to do this he has been obliged "not only to omit the far greater part of several eminent authors, but also to add what was needful, either to clear their sense or to correct their mistakes." To this work he set himself with his usual diligence. The volumes were issued at intervals during the years 1749-55. The entire work was reprinted in thirty volumes, 8vo, in 1810-27. It was a noble effort to put within the reach of the people at large the best portions of scarce and valuable works of voluminous and learned writers, but it has never had the sale it deserves.

In order to illustrate the carefulness with which Wesley made his corrections and alterations a specimen page is here given. This is not taken from any piece

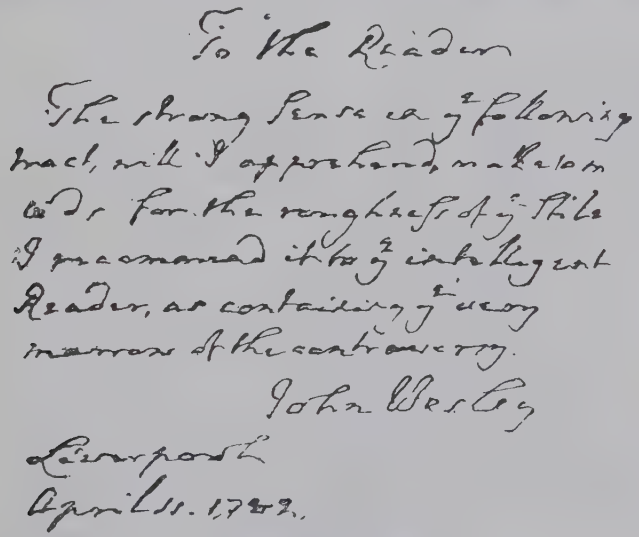

40 *Of the Death of Christ.*

ſervation whereof God required of them, in order to their happineſs; ~~and upon the~~ performance whereof it was by him pro~~miſed unto them~~. This is the ſenſe and Doctrine of our Brethren themſelves (~~generally.~~) So that, in caſe it be ſuppoſed, that the Univerſality (~~in a manner, and~~ a ſmall remnant only excepted) of mankind, notwithſtanding any ~~grace or~~ benefit received by the ſecond *Adam*, ~~in, or through his death~~, is in an abſolute ~~and utter~~ incapacity, yea ~~lyeth under an~~ impoſſibility of eſcaping eternal miſery ~~and torment~~, evident it is, that their condition was incomparably better in the firſt, than it is in, or by, the ſecond *Adam*. But how ~~inconſiſtent~~ ſuch a ~~notion or~~ ſuppoſition ~~as this~~ is ~~with the truth, the courſe and current of~~ the Scriptures, where ever they ſpeak of the tranſcendent Grace of God vouchſafed in *Jeſus Chriſt* unto the World, ~~which is the~~ great Subject or Argument of their delight, and in the exalration whereof from place ~~to place they triumph, do~~ abundantly teſtifie. Doubtleſs, the Tabernacle of *Adam* being fallen, and raiſed up again by *Jeſus Chriſt*, is in ſo much the better condition ~~by means of this raiſing up~~, ~~above what~~ it was before it fell, as the earthly Tabernacle of the bodies of the Saints will be, by being raiſed up from the dead, above what ~~their ſtate and condition was~~ before they died. This Argument alſo is further cleared, and vindicated againſt Objections, in the forenamed

A SPECIMEN OF JOHN WESLEY'S EDITING.

inserted in the "Christian Library," but from an interesting little book which has recently been added to the Didsbury College Library. A word or two about this

unique work may not be out of place. It is a small 12mo volume, containing two separate pamphlets bound together. The first is entitled "The Pagan's Debt and Dowry," by John Goodwin. London: 1671. Pp. 80. It is signed "From my Study, Colman-str., Lond., Dec. 11, 1651." And is "Returned by way of answer to a Discourse, lately sent without name, unto Mr. John Goodwin;" it contains "a brief Discussion of these Questions, whether, How far, and in what Sence, such persons of mankinde amongst whom the Letter of the Gospel never came, are notwithstanding bound to believe on Jesus Christ." It is evident that Mr. Wesley intended to prepare this for publication, for the title-page has several of his erasures and corrections. But



A PREFACE BY JOHN WESLEY.

he seems to have abandoned this purpose, as no other page is touched. The second piece is entitled "The Agreement and Distance of Brethren; or, a Brief Survey of the Judgement of Mr. John Goodwin and the Church of God Walking with him Touching these Important Heads of Doctrine. 1. Election and Reprobation. 2. The Death of Christ. 3. The Grace of God, in and About Conversion. 4. The Liberty or the Power of the Will, or of the Creature Man. 5. The Perseverance of the Saints." London: 1761. Pp. 139. To this Mr. Wesley wrote the characteristic preface, or address to the Reader, which is given in *facsimile* above.

The entire book was carefully prepared for publication; but why it was not printed cannot now be told; and it is all the more remarkable, considering the high

testimony which he bears to its value. A single page is here reproduced; it affords a very good illustration of his method of condensing and preparing pamphlets and books for the press.

A few only of the folios now remain on which he expended his time and care. They are surprising evidences of his great patience and labour in preparing useful literature for the common people. One of these huge volumes now lies before me. It is 14 inches long, 9 inches wide, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ thick, and contains 850 pages. It is entitled "Several Discourses upon the Existence and Attributes of God. By that late Eminent Minister of Christ, Mr. Stephen Charnocke, B.D." Every page has been carefully read. The corrections and abridgments show the most minute attention to the value of paragraphs, sentences, or lines. And even single words are erased, and, where needful, others substituted for them. But though so much labour was bestowed upon the book, the abridgment was not printed. How much some of us would have welcomed a reduced edition of this ponderous tome! Mr. Thomas Jackson has well said of Wesley, "He regarded 'a great book as a great evil,' and in all his publications, whether original or adopted, aimed at brevity. By this means he saved his own time and that of his reader, and secured the sale of his works among the poor."

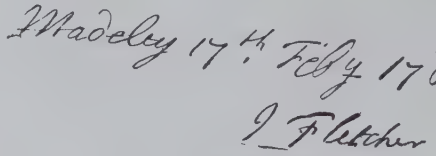
CITY-ROAD.

A classification of the writings and publications issued by Wesley will give some idea of the wide range of subjects embraced by him. Besides a score of separate "Sermons" preached on special occasions, eight volumes were issued, the first four of which form part of our doctrinal standards. Of "Extracts," "Short Accounts," and "Abridgments" of "Lives" of various persons and original memoirs, there are upwards of forty, including that of Mr. Thomas Haliburton (evidently a great favourite), M. de Renty, David Brainerd, Madame Guyon, Thomas Walsh, John Fletcher, and John Nelson. More than seventy Theological Treatises and practical pieces of Divinity and devotion, or "abridgments" of the same, appeared, including Law's "Serious Call," Baxter's "Aphorisms of Justification," Bishop Hopkins' "Exposition of the Ten Com-

mandments," John Goodwin's "Treatise of Justification," and the "Plain Account of Christian Perfection," together with many "Thoughts" on many subjects. Larger works embraced "The Christian's Pattern," the "Earnest Appeals to Men of Reason and Religion"—amongst his very best and most useful writings; "Notes on the New Testament" in one vol., and on "The Old Testament" in three vols., quarto; "A Concise History of England," in four vols.; "A Concise Ecclesiastical History from the Birth of Christ to the Beginning of the Present Century," also in four vols. Of smaller issues were a dozen stirring "Words" in the form of handbill tracts. For children he prepared "A Token," "Instructions," "Lessons," and "Prayers;" together with school-books, which included English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew Grammars; nine books of Latin prose, and a Roman and an English history. Nor did he omit science, as "The Desideratum; or, Electricity made Plain and Useful," and "A Survey of the Wisdom of God in Creation; or, a Compendium of Natural Philosophy," published in two, three, and afterwards five vols., show. He issued extracts from medical works in three different volumes; and another volume entitled "Primitive Physic,"—primitive enough some think,—giving as much amusement to modern readers as it gave bodily relief to sufferers in times when medical science did not shine so brightly through the land as now.

In addition to all these were the annual "penny" "Minutes of the Conference," from the year 1763, which he prepared, for he was both President and Secretary of the Conference; the twenty-one "Extracts" from his Journal, which now form four volumes of, perhaps, the most entertaining and instructive account of English life of the last century to be found in the language; to which must be added a long list of defences and explanations, and other pieces on "Methodism;" "Accounts of the Work of God," with many papers on the controversies of the hour; a number of "Letters" on a variety of subjects, some of them of considerable size; also several political pamphlets. Nor must I omit his "Complete English Dictionary," a great curiosity in its way, the "Compendium of Logic," the tract "On Pronunciation and Gesture," nor his "Collected Works," in thirty-two vols., published in 1771-4, nor the *Arminian Magazine*, begun in 1778, in which were scores of original pieces by him. Who will not say that these indicate a very wide range of reading; and, in their publication, a very wide range of usefulness? But to all these must be added the nearly sixty "poetical publications," large and small, mostly written by his brother, but all subject to his revision, and almost every one published in his name, and the five "musical works" to help in singing the same. This amount of work is truly wonderful, and excites alike our surprise and our admiration, and all was done from what Dr. Osborn describes as his "intense determination to popularise literature, and by means of cheap extracts and abridgments to bring good books within reach of his Societies, most of whom had neither time to read nor money to buy

much more than he supplied to them." Well may we commemorate the close of this active, useful life, a pattern of unwearied industry, of charitable service, and of world-wide usefulness. RICHARD GREEN.



JOHN FLETCHER'S AUTOGRAPH.

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS OF JOHN WESLEY.

A CATEGORICAL record of the contemporary portraits of John Wesley which are still extant should be of service. Any such list must of necessity have for its foundation that published by Henry Bromley in 1793 in his "Catalogue of Engraved British Portraits." Of the seventeen engravings therein indexed, copies of eleven, possibly of thirteen (together with others not mentioned by Bromley), are in the possession of the Allan Library.

The earliest dated portrait of which I have any knowledge is an oval, a small line engraving, which may have been a book frontispiece, and was published in 1741. It is not without an element of caricature (though, perhaps, not of set purpose); was, possibly, drawn from the life without the knowledge of Mr. Wesley, and serves to remind us that the first two years of the United Societies brought for the founder of them some general notoriety.

The earliest painting is that of which the original is claimed to be at the Mission-house. It was done by J. Williams, and many engravers worked from it, and from two replicas painted by the same artist. Of these, one is in the possession of Mr. George Stampe, of Grimsby. Faber's copy was published early in 1743; it was photographed for Tyerman's "Life." George Vertue's, which was partly a line engraving, had a rough sketch of the burning rectory below it, and for that reason was a favourite with its subject. A second copy, which Bromley says (I think erroneously) was drawn *ad vivum*, as well as a third, differ mainly in the facial contour. A fourth copy, made five years after, and modified by actual sittings, was produced by John Downes for the "Notes on the New Testament." It is, perhaps, some confused knowledge of this half-original portrait which led Bromley into the mistake just cited. Houston's is also good, but by far the best engraving is a mezzotint oval in the Allan Library, undated and unnamed, consisting of the bust only.

The painting done by Hone about the year 1765 is in the National Portrait Gallery. At least two copies of it were engraved, the earlier by Bland, which I have

not seen, except in Tyerman, though a version of it appeared in the first edition of the "Notes on the Old Testament." Another, four years later, was made by Greenwood, and is in a sense uniform with his magnificent work on George Whitefield. I have heard of several copies. In the same year, also, a good stipple copy was published by Carington Bowles, and of this fair impressions are still extant.

The original of the engraving which appears on the title-page of the "Beauties of Methodism," published in 1770, is said to be at Unstone.

In the year 1773 a portrait was painted by J. Russell. Bland, the engraver of Hone's, also reproduced this, and it was published in July of that year. Another copy of this work appears to have been made in the same year, and a proof of it, presumably unique, is to be met with in the Allan Library. The name of the painter is written in, as well as the names of the engravers, Jefferyes and another (? Faber). There is also the remark, "Published May 20, 1773." I am inclined to suspect that this copy, if ever published, was suppressed, or, at any rate, ignored, on account of the superiority of Bland's work, which appeared a few weeks after. It is an interesting production, with a good deal of artistic strength, but unfinished (as if struck off the plate hurriedly), and with a less pleasing face than the better-known engraving. Both are mezzotints.

In S. Harding's portrait Mr. Wesley is in a sitting posture. It was issued in 1788, and has little antiquarian merit, the face being far too effeminate. Bromley says it was engraved by W. Gardner. I have no means of verifying this, but have seen an indifferent reproduction of it by F. Bartolozzi.

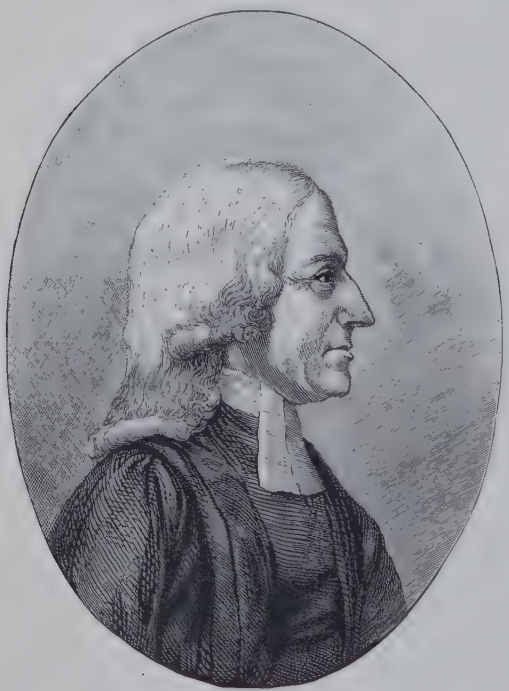
There is some mystery attaching to the engraving which appeared in the first volume of the *Arminian Magazine* in 1778. It was prepared the year before from the life, apparently by Bodlidge, but is not attractive. It may have been a sense of this which led to its partial suppression, as it would seem that an unnamed substitute, certainly a more prepossessing face, was bound up with some copies of the volume. This remark, however, is purely speculative. The portrait which appeared in the sixth volume is a nice piece of work, a miniature, with a good deal of character in it. A powerful mezzotint oval, unnamed, was published in 1779, but its history is uncertain.

A very fine and suggestive portrait was painted by Robert Hunter when Mr. Wesley was in Dublin, under circumstances which are thus referred to in the Journals for 1765:

> "*Wed.*, 31.—At the earnest desire of a friend, I suffered Mr. Hunter to take my picture. I sat only once, from about ten o'clock to half-an-hour after one, and in that time he began and ended the face; and with a most striking likeness."

This, which is now missing, was well reproduced by J. Watson in an oval engraving, a good piece of mezzotint, of which the copy, which was in the death-room, is now in the vestry at City-road.

James Barry painted a miniature from the life, of which he made two copies, all of them, according to the late Mr. Stevenson, having been seen by him. I believe one is in the possession of Canon Girdlestone. From this material the painter prepared the excellent portrait which adorns the ceiling of the hall of the Society of Arts. Four or five years after, Fittler produced a good mezzotint work from the original, and this was reproduced for Dr. Whitehead's "Life" in 1791. Fittler was also the engraver, in 1788, of a work painted by W. Hamilton, from the material acquired at a sitting of an hour and a half (recorded in the Journals), the original being now in the National Portrait Gallery. Mr. Wesley thought this his best. The copy is a large folio line engraving, and a reduction of it appears in Whitehead, its excellence perhaps explaining the selection of this engraver for the reproduction of Barry's also.



FACSIMILE OF WESLEY'S PORTRAIT FROM THE "EUROPEAN MAGAZINE."

Thomas Holloway, whose father's name was on one of the earliest of the Foundry class-books, engraved a small oval profile from the life, which was published in 1791, and issued in the *Literary Magazine* the year after. Many copies are extant. It may have suggested the bad imitation engraved for Hampson's "Life," and published six weeks after the death.

Of the paintings made by the two rival portrait-painters of that age, that by Sir Joshua Reynolds is lost. It has been conjectured to be the large oil in the Sheffield college library of the New Connexion, but of this there is no acceptable evidence. George Romney's portrait, of which the Rev. G. Stringer Rowe is the fortunate possessor, was taken early in 1789, and has been engraved on various occasions, notably by Ward, the well-known Academician. The engraving has been finely redrawn in line work by Mr. J. H. Finchen for the Centenary Number of the *Methodist Recorder*. Spilsbury's contemporary mezzotint, issued in 1789, differs from these in some of its details, and the painting was also photographed for Tyerman's "Life."

In the following year a miniature was painted which still exists. It is the portrait reproduced in the well-known Conference groups. The profile portrait for which Mr. Wesley sat to Edridge shortly before his death was engraved by Ridley for Coke and Moore's "Life." The original is claimed to be that in the Wesley-house. The painting prepared by this artist three days after the death was engraved cheaply, and is the truest portrait of the old age. The engraving is scarce. The only portrait mentioned by Bromley which cannot be identified (unless it be one now in the States) is that painted by Miller. Mention should be made of the central figure in the quaint group sketched in 1790 by an Edinburgh genius, which, though no portrait, is useful as recalling Mr. Wesley's habit of dress. In the year of Mr. Wesley's death a crowd of engravers hurried into the market with works of more or less indifferent merit. Their eagerness was as keen as that of the unauthorised biographers who, as I have shown elsewhere, were wittily reprimanded by the *Morning Chronicle* before the funeral had actually taken place. For instance, the engraving of W. Bromley's (not the cataloguer) which was hurried into the *European Magazine*, and is produced in facsimile elsewhere, was not unpleasing—a remark which cannot be made of the scarecrow face which was drawn by the "Engraver Extraordinary to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales," and published on June 20th, at Bath. This was from Vaslet's picture (now at the Mission-house), which was so far recognised as to be redrawn in a most excellent manner later on for Adam Clarke's "Wesley Family." In addition to these a very bad little line engraving was brought out by J. Tookey a month after the decease. One of the most important posthumous prints is that issued by W. T. Fry in 1824 (I do not mean the one in Southey's "Life") on the basis of Renton's picture. There is no information about the original, and the work has no particular value. The portrait which appears as the frontispiece to Isaac Taylor's "Wesley and Methodism" is very dreadful, and has a disreputable history. There is an enamel by W. Grimaldi in the possession of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, now on view at the Guelph Exhibition; and another, presented by the miniaturist himself to the Methodist Society in 1829, is at the Mission-house. There are in the hands of private collectors many other portraits of Mr. Wesley, but I do not know that any which are not mentioned herein claim to be genuine in the sense of being drawings from the life with the consent of their subject. No detailed reference can be permitted to the sculptural portraits, such as Coade's and Enoch Wood's.

Some notes on this subject were published in the *Methodist Recorder* by the late Mr. Stevenson. Where my own remarks are at variance with his, I have been careful to verify them, out of deference to the memory of so industrious an antiquary.

E. G. Harmer.

EARLY METHODIST WOMEN.

SINCE the days when believing women followed our Lord from Galilee to Jerusalem, ministering to Him of their substance, and when the majesty of Divine Love incarnated in Him deigned to approve and accept their service, there has been no really great and beneficent movement in the Christian Church that has not enlisted the best energies of the womanly heart and soul, and has not owed to them a large share of its success. The great eighteenth century revival is no exception to this rule: it is a conspicuous illustration of it.

Cradled in the mother-arms of Susanna Wesley, Methodism never lacked womanly ministry about its later progress. In the band of woman-workers who gathered round John Wesley, and who were either actively toiling or being trained for future efforts, under his leadership, at the time when he was summoned from the Church Militant to the Church Triumphant, almost every form of Christian service possible to woman seems exemplified.

Perhaps no one of this band united more varied gifts with fuller consecration than did Mary Fletcher, whose brief married bliss began and ended within the last ten years of Wesley's life; her saintly husband, the "seraphic Fletcher," to whom Wesley had fondly hoped to transmit his own unique authority, dying six years before the venerable friend whom he might reasonably have been expected to survive.

It is high praise, but it is just praise, to say that Mrs. Fletcher was altogether worthy of this husband. Born to affluence and ease, and endowed with every advantage that could make a mere worldly life delightful and desirable; of a warmly affectionate nature, and a spirit sensitive and imaginative beyond the average,—she had yet found the courage to forsake every tempting prospect, to cast in her lot with despised and suffering saints, and to bear exile from a dear home and beloved friends, if so she might win Christ.

Nor did she rest content with seeking her own salvation, but gladly devoted her means and her whole energy to a course of active benevolence which in many ways prefigured the larger philanthropic enterprises of our own time. Aided by the experience and wisdom of Sarah Ryan—a humble, suffering saint, a faithful disciple of Wesley's—she succeeded in establishing, first at Leytonstone in Essex, then at Cross Hall in Yorkshire, such an Orphanage as both Whitefield and Wesley had vainly desired to set on foot. She gathered in poor little orphaned creatures, sickly, filthy, ignorant, needing cleansing and healing in body and soul; rejecting no lost lamb as too deeply tainted, she taught, civilised, purified, and made them worthy members of Christian society.

With these tender ministerings she, and the Christian women whom she gathered

into her home to help her, united dauntless efforts to spread Christ's Gospel among the half-heathen "Christian savages" of rural England. They dared, though with much misgiving at first, even to *preach* Christ to mixed congregations. Memories of these exhortations still cling about Cross Hall, a substantial old dwelling, itself as yet not

SUSANNA WESLEY.

greatly altered, though a rapid increase of population around it has changed the whole character of its surroundings; and the visitor may still stand in the lofty ancient kitchen where Miss Bosanquet preached Christ to her assembled neighbours, and may look through the windows of rooms built by her to the neat modern Wesleyan Chapel that now stands just beyond her garden wall.

These unusual efforts of hers were approved and sanctioned by Wesley himself, extraordinary circumstances and extraordinary gifts justifying, in his opinion, her departure from the general rule that forbade such public ministerings by women. Her powers were indeed unusual: she possessed not only the rich, full, clear voice easily heard by large crowds; the excellent choice of language that made her well understood by the humblest; the manner, "smooth, easy, and natural," that attracted attention,—but a delicate tact that never let her transgress the fine line between the fit and the unfit; and her success was apparently great and unvarying.

MARY FLETCHER.

When in the lowly old parish church of Batley Mary Bosanquet married "Fletcher of Madeley," it was with no intention on her part or his that the evangelist should be sunk in the wife; but by his request she "married his parish," shared all his noble toil, and in all her long widowhood carried on his work at Madeley in his very spirit, until, full twenty-four years after Wesley, she also passed away. It had been hers to show that the truest womanliness may consist with such publicity and independence of action as some would deem unwomanly. She did not stand alone in this at her own day; and two devoted women, privileged to minister to the dying Wesley, were engaged in not very dissimilar Christian work.

Hester Ann Rogers, who with her husband, one of Wesley's devoted preachers, was residing in 1791 at the "Chapel-house, City-road," was made widely known after her death by her published Letters and Memoirs, which, unfolding a touching story of early conflict and suffering, and disclosing the religious experiences of a singularly pure and fervent spirit, obtained for her a larger influence than with all her incessant and exhausting efforts she could have exercised in life. It had been hers to resist much that was tempting, and bear much that was hard, because of her religious convictions; her early death added great pathos to the recital of these trials. In mind, education, and position she might not rank above the average; in resolute, impassioned self-devotion she can have been exceeded by few. The evangelistic labours,

which her husband too much encouraged her to multiply, doubtless worked together with the excessive austerities she had practised in the zeal of her first conversion to shorten her life; she had not only emulated Mrs. Fletcher in sometimes addressing public meetings, she had toiled too incessantly in forming and leading successive classes in every new appointment to which she removed with her husband. Though she had come to City-road with the single aim of cheering and soothing the declining days of Mr. Wesley, her health was so far broken down that it had become necessary for a stronger friend to come and aid her in that task.

CROSS HALL, MARY BOSANQUET'S HOME.

This friend, Elizabeth Ritchie, was one justly high in Wesley's esteem, and her presence was very grateful to him. The dignity, strength, and sweetness of her character, the firm, well-considered decision with which, when only eighteen, she had renounced flattering earthly prospects to give herself to Christ, the energy of goodness she had displayed in acting as visitor to Wesley's various societies, and in sharing his own missionary journeys and toils, all constituted her a Christian after his own heart. Over her spiritual education, as his long correspondence with her shows, he had watched with a father's care; and the high serene excellence of her life, not only in these her maiden days, but in her later married years as Mrs. Mortimer, and in the mild bright evening of her widowed old age, showed that his paternal interest and anxiety were not wasted.

No part of her long life of eighty-one years has so much interest for us now as the few weeks she spent at the Chapel-house, with "sufficient business on her hands," business of which the pleasantest part was the tender, filial care she could bestow on her father in Christ. "You must be eyes to the blind," he said to her; and accordingly every morning found her, at six o'clock, up and ready to read to him who could no longer see clearly, or to converse with him till breakfast-time. His talk was much on death, and the life beyond death, but without a touch of gloom; "he breathed the air of paradise," and pictured the future state as one of blissful activity. "I should wish you to be with me in my dying moments; I would have you to close my eyes," he had said; and the wish was not denied him.

PARISH CHURCH, BATLEY.

Her care was about him in that brief dying illness, so like a translation, which endured only from February 23rd to the 2nd of March, 1791; and it was while she, with Miss Wesley, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, and several other tried and true disciples, knelt around his bed, that his triumphant spirit was released from the worn-out body. The account of that surprising death-scene, in which the bliss and peace of the immortal soul so transcended and overpowered the weakness of the perishing flesh, that mortality was indeed swallowed up of life, is from Miss Ritchie's pen, and was written while every detail stood clear and vivid in recent memory. Lovingly she records the repeated command, "Pray and praise," uttered when he found that the hand of death was on him; fondly she dwells on the calm, placid "Farewell" to dear earthly friends, the thankfulness for every little service, the fervent energy of his

"Amen" to every petition for God's continued blessing on His glorious work—showing the same absorption in the one object of his life-long toils as shone out when he gathered up all his failing strength to exclaim, "The best of all is, God is with us!—God is with us!" while he raised and waved his dying arm, and lifted his feeble voice, to "comfort the hearts of his weeping friends" with that final assurance.

He passed away, "according to his often expressed desire, without one lingering groan, in the presence of his brethren," to employ his "nobler powers" in that praiseful service of his God, to which with his parting breath he had aspired. Those who remained to mourn his departure from their midst were upborne awhile by the memory of the "victory and glory" of his last moments; but a deep sense of orphaned desolation inevitably followed, and was especially heavy on Miss Ritchie. Two friends, who in their different ways tried to lighten her bereavement with loving sympathy, themselves deserve a high place among Wesley's female fellow-workers. In Darcy, Lady Maxwell, and in Lady Mary Fitzgerald, though they were highly-born and opulent, he could find not less simplicity, humility, and self-forgetting devotion than if they had possessed neither rank nor riches, but had moved in the lowly station which experience had taught him to think most helpful to piety.

Of an old and good Scottish family, and married most suitably, in the first bloom of her lovely girlhood, to Sir Walter Maxwell of Pollok, Lady Maxwell was deprived within a few weeks of both child and husband, after only two years of married life; and, in the first anguish of bereavement, vowed to consecrate "her whole heart" to God. She kept the vow, through long years of unfaltering devotion; but she owed it to the fatherly care and counsels of Wesley that her self-consecration escaped the reproach of mere asceticism, and was healthful, happy, and exceedingly beneficent. Her interest was particularly strong in educational work; she was among the first to appreciate the value of Sunday-schools and to promote their establishment; she founded and maintained at her own cost a school in Edinburgh, "to afford education and Christian instruction to poor children," and she contributed nobly and freely towards the school which Wesley established at Kingswood. Her income as a widow, ample for her private needs, could not have sufficed for her incessant charities without the exactest management; but by steady self-denial, and simplicity in dress and style of living, she was able to "relieve many a suffering creature, and give education to many an orphan child."

In the steady attachment to Wesley and his teaching which ruled all her opinions, and which appeared very plainly at the time when the Calvinist controversy divided the young Methodist societies, Lady Maxwell was equalled, though not surpassed, by Lady Mary Fitzgerald, the intimate friend of Mrs. Fletcher and Miss Ritchie. This lady was daughter of the famous John Lord Hervey, whom Pope's spleen stigmatised as "Lord Fanny," but whose keen, cruel wit and dark misanthropy

deserved to be very differently described. Lady Mary's youth was spent in that heartless, godless, corrupt, and brilliant high society which her father's "Memoirs" have laid bare in all its deformity to our gaze to-day; her prime of womanhood was tortured by the wild ways and furious quarrels of the great Irish family into which she married, by the excesses of the husband from whom she was driven to separate, and the guilty folly of the son over whom at last she had to weep as having too well earned his felon's grave. From all these miseries and dangers she found a refuge and a solace in the doctrines preached by the contemned Methodists; she joined herself early to one of Mr. Wesley's societies, and maintained her connection with it to the close of the long life which she filled with works of mercy and of love. There seems to have been a singular sweetness, purity, and tenderness in her piety, a sort of atmosphere of light surrounding her, which, contrasting strongly with the dark and stormy scenes of her early life, recalls the tender Scripture phrase, "a lily among thorns." Even the record of her death, by injury from fire, in her ninetieth year, has the same soft, placid charm about it. "He gave His beloved sleep," though the messenger was winged with flame. By her express wish, her body was laid in the City-road burying-ground, where she had seen Wesley himself interred. A memorial tablet to her was soon afterwards erected by her grandson in the adjoining chapel.

For the preservation of many particulars relating to Lady Mary, and for an appreciative memoir of her friend Mrs. Mortimer, Methodist readers are indebted to the graceful pen of a young Christian lady, baptized by Wesley himself, and admitted by his own hand into Society only two years before his death. Agnes Bulmer, daughter of excellent London Methodists named Collinson, enjoyed from her childhood the tender friendship of the admirable lady whom Wesley had known and valued as Elizabeth Ritchie. She did not prize that friendship less when years had ripened her own remarkable intellectual powers, and when, in a happy married home of her own, she was able to emulate the noble womanly and Christian virtues of her "dear, aged, venerable, early and beloved friend and counsellor," whose influence had much contributed to mould her own character and opinions.

Gifted with poetic power far beyond the average, thirsty for knowledge, hungry for ideas, and with manners that had a singular attractiveness for people of her own mental rank,—for men like Adam Clarke, Richard Watson, and W. M. Bunting,—Mrs. Bulmer, through a sort of shy sensitiveness and natural reserve, did not exercise such widespread influence as has been wielded by women far less richly endowed. Her work was quiet and unobtrusive as that of the plenteous summer dew, her power appearing chiefly in the growing grace of all within her sphere. But this Christian poetess, this holy, intellectual woman, has her claim to a special place in our record, not only as forming a valuable link between the first and the second period of Methodism, but as showing that in that second period, very high cultivation, sensitive

refinement, and retiring modesty could all be combined in one who filled successfully the office of a Methodist class-leader, and deemed herself honoured by the post.

One more contemporary of Wesley, one more co-worker of his, claims a word of grateful remembrance—Barbara Heck, the humble, steadfast matron of German-Irish birth, transplanted in 1760 from Ireland to America. There, in the first decade of her residence, her single-hearted zeal had laid the foundation of Methodism in the United States. She had stirred up her fellow-believer Embury to gather the first Wesleyan congregation in New York; she had aided with heart and hand in building the first Methodist chapel there; and, after doing similar pioneer work further inland, she now, in 1791, amid the pine-woods of Upper Canada, was again engaged in building up the first Methodist Church on Canadian soil, where she, her husband, and several friends, all loyal British subjects, had sought a refuge from the storm of the American Revolution; William Losee, "the first regular Methodist preacher in Canada," being in the spring of 1791 empowered by the New York Conference to take charge of the promising young Societies raised up by the zeal of the Hecks, the Ruckles, their relatives, and several other "Irish Palatines" and Methodist pioneers.

Barbara Heck, modest originator of a mighty movement, who never suspected her own importance, outlived Wesley by thirteen years; Lady Mary Fitzgerald and Mrs. Fletcher by twenty-four; Mrs. Mortimer by forty-four, and Mrs. Bulmer by forty-five; Hester Ann Rogers by only three. All, however, either honoured by Wesley's personal notice or actively co-operating with him in his lifetime, may justly be quoted as noble specimens of Early Methodist Women.

ANNIE E. KEELING.

MR. WESLEY IN OLD AGE:

METHODISTS PLAYING AT CARDS.

"Dost thou look back on what hath been?"

In Memoriam.

THE last entries in John Wesley's Journal relate to his farewell tour in the Eastern counties. During that tour Crabbe, who had been saved by the kindness of Edmund Burke from want and obscurity, and who was now universally recognised as a great and original poet, heard Wesley preach in Lowestoft. The young poet records that the great and venerable evangelist quoted the passage on the advance of old age attributed to the celebrated lyric poet Anacreon, who died at the age of eighty-five, nearly five hundred years before the Christian era. The last line of the quotation is

"'Tis time to live, if I grow old."

Twenty years ago the present writer visited in Brighton a military officer who had already reached extreme old age. He was a man of gigantic stature and robust appearance, Major Yoland by name. He said, in the course of conversation, that, although not himself a Wesleyan, he took a peculiar and undying interest in the work of our Church. He had greatly enjoyed friendly intercourse with Wesleyan missionaries in countries where he had travelled with his regiment, and esteemed them very highly for their work's sake. "But," said the venerable major, "my interest in the Church founded by John Wesley is almost life-long, for when I was a child I heard him preach in Yarmouth, my native town. The nurse took me into one of the front pews in the side gallery. I looked down into the pulpit, and was filled with childish wonder when I saw a man in black clothes stand behind the tottering form of the great little preacher, and support him with his arms while he preached a sermon which I was too young to understand. I have never lost," he added, "the deep impression made upon me by my first and last sight of John Wesley."

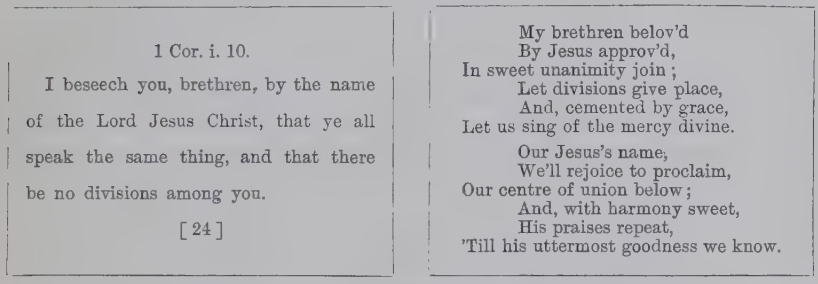
The date of that visit to Yarmouth was Thursday, October 14th, 1790. The very next day, in Lowestoft, Crabbe heard Wesley exclaim, in the fervour of a splendid zeal, which the rush of numerous years could not quench, nor even abate:

"'Tis time to live, if I grow old!"

No wonder if the followers of such a leader sought, even in their recreations, refreshment for the spirit, as well as for the soul and the body. A few years ago I knocked one afternoon at a cottage door in a West Riding village. "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord!" cried a cheery voice from the old arm-chair by the fire. It was the voice of my dear old friend Jabez. He still lingers amongst us, a happy and saintly octogenarian, a link between two generations of Methodists. Some of us always feel when we greet him as if, in some sense, "we join our hands with those that went before." During our conversation that afternoon he gave me the small, black, worn leather card-case which now lies before me. He told me that he had received it from an old lady who lived and died in the neighbourhood, and that she had received it many years before from a very aged local preacher. The case contains sixty-three cards. Each card has a fragment of Scripture printed on one side, and an original poetical paraphrase on the other. A facsimile of one of the cards is given on the opposite page.

Last February I wrote to the late Dr. Osborn asking him if he could throw light on their origin. In the very interesting and beautifully written reply which lies before me the Doctor says: "Their origin is a mystery. I doubt if any living man can solve it." I pointed out the resemblance between many of the verses and the poetry of Charles Wesley. The Doctor was equally doubtful on the point of authorship. He said: "Charles Wesley had many imitators, and some successful ones." He then

added: "I have heard that some of the old Methodists 'played cards' frequently. With a packet like yours in their pocket, they went to tea with their neighbours, and afterwards dealt out the cards, read, conversed about them, sang, and sometimes prayed over the verses, and so filled up a profitable hour or two, and excluded gossip. Perhaps we might copy them to advantage occasionally."


1 Cor. i. 10.
I beseech you, brethren, by the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you.
[24]
My brethren belov'd
By Jesus approv'd,
In sweet unanimity join;
Let divisions give place,
And, cemented by grace,
Let us sing of the mercy divine.
Our Jesus's name,
We'll rejoice to proclaim,
Our centre of union below;
And, with harmony sweet,
His praises repeat,
'Till his uttermost goodness we know.

FACSIMILE OF A METHODIST PLAYING CARD.

I shall be glad to present the packet, together with Dr. Osborn's letter, to the Wesley Museum. Links, however slight, which unite us more consciously to the departed good and true are precious to us. But what are all such compared to the living link of the great Name!

"Thrice blest the Name which makes us one,
And happy they who, hastening on,
Have reached the rest to pilgrims given!
Dear Lord! on us, who thither tend,
Let heaven, whene'er we sing, descend,
Till we in turn are raised to heaven."

W. H. MOSELEY.

A PEEP INTO A METHODIST MUSEUM.

NEXT to the privilege of having known John Wesley, and heard him speak, is, probably, to handle and read the letters that his own hand traced, and his own big heart dictated. For some people such an exercise is, alas! a vain and thankless one; for many more it will be a boon not easily to be estimated, and for these so gifted and blessed with reverence for his memory, I open the treasures of my museum, the formation of which has, through many busy years, been more and higher than a hobby.

From the over one hundred and thirty pictures, presentments of his face, on my walls and in portfolios, we turn to one occupying the place of honour, and which my old friend, Mr. Stelfox, of Southport, regarded as THE original picture. It is the face of Wesley in his thirty-ninth or fortieth year, from the brush of Williams, and

of which two other copies, also in oils, are known. Probably the painter executed two replicas, from which George Vertue, a fastidious artist, engraved the three folio portraits, all slightly different, that hang as pendants to the painting. The features in the latter are ruddy, and the expression somewhat stern, but full of latent energy and power, and the eyes are those of a born leader of men. The same earnest soul shines out of the engraving by Ward from Romney's picture, painted in 1789, but softened into an almost saintly sweetness and grace. Greenwood's splendid proof etching, large sized, of Wesley, after Hone's painting, must be seen to understand what the subject was in his prime. Hunter's caricature (known as the "Irish" portrait), Tinney's rare but ludicrous representation, Haid's, Faber's, and Downes's rendering of Williams's picture, are, with many others, all here; some laughably unlike, others truthful and correct up to the light and skill of the artist, but all suggestive of the marvellous popularity and fame to which he, even in his lifetime, had attained. Excepting, perhaps, the great Duke of Wellington, no living man had ever his portrait so often engraved.

Here is the TRUE likeness of Wesley, from Ridley's able pencil, as I like best to think of him, taken from the cast of his face as he lay coffined at City-road, in the serene sleep of death. The Wellesley nose, the mobile, tender mouth, the firm, strong jaw, the intellectual brow, are all outlined to the life, and show us what Wesley's face at eighty-eight really *was*. Standing on a ledge, just beneath the proof engraving of the "Death-bed,"—a somewhat fanciful rendering of that solemn scene,—is a very early impression (probably a "proof"), and bearing marks of the modeller's chisel, of Enoch Wood's bust of the great man, the finest known to me, and for which he sat. The face is deeply lined, but benignant and strong—Wesley as he was at seventy-seven. Opening a pair of closet doors, rows of so-called Wesley busts and statuettes, in every imaginable style and ware, stand ranged before us. Common Staffordshire, Crown Derby, plaster, china, basalt, from two to fifteen inches high, are all represented, and all, more or less,—often *less!*—likenesses of the great evangelist, looking at us with very varying expressions. Portraits on basins, cups, pitchers, plates, and plaques show how "his people" loved to remember him in their homes, and speak eloquently of the hero-worship of the early half of the century. What a lovely likeness this is of him, standing in the quaint Staffordshire-ware pulpit, his hand on an open Bible, and rare as it is beautiful! Carefully opening this strong oak cabinet, let me ask you to glance at these precious Wedgwood Wesley plaques, the one with the ornamental border in white biscuit-ware, surmounted by an angel-held crown, being specially lovely. How finely lined and deftly "touched" are these profiled features of creamy white on the soft, delicate blue—a lost art so far as we are concerned! How the wrinkled face speaks to us of work and thought, and passion for the souls and bodies of men, and the uplifting of the race! Nothing in art is finer

than these Wedgwood medallions, but we look beyond the art to as faithful and true an outline of Wesley's expressive face as a reverent past has happily bequeathed to us.

Here is nearly the sole bit of jewellery the Founder probably possessed, its genuineness amply attested in the fine handwriting of the late T. Percival Bunting. It is a breast-pin, containing a bit of his mother's soft white hair, and having J. W. engraved on the gold back. Alongside of it is one of his four silver tea-spoons, referred to in his well-known letter to the Commissioners of Excise, with J. C. W. (John and Charles Wesley) inscribed in letters of the period, the gift to me of the Rev. H. W. Jackson at a well-remembered District Meeting. His father had it direct from the old chapel-keeper to whom Mr. Wesley himself presented it.

Please handle carefully the chief treasure of my collection, this precious and unique relic of Wesley, worth more than its weight in gold, and which gold could not buy. It is his MS. Journal, cash book, commonplace book, diary, all in one, kept while a student at Oxford from 1725 to 1730, all in his own minute and beautiful handwriting: a history, for the time being, of his life and doings. Many of the entries

JOHN WESLEY'S BREAST-PIN.

ONE OF THE "FOUR SILVER SPOONS."

are amusing, and only to be understood in the light of his not having then undergone "conversion." His method, generosity, ceaseless toil, and great success are here presaged. It is the Journals in embryo, minus the motive-power of his Divine call and mission. Here, by its side, bound up with the 1749 edition of the "Small Minutes," is the identical MS. of the missing "Minutes" for the Conferences of 1749, 1755, and 1758, all in Wesley's neat handwriting—a priceless historical memento; and here an example of his industry in the shape of an autograph list, on forty-nine quarto pages, of the names and professions of all the members in the Dublin Society for several years, with very curious information about some of them. Wonderingly one asks how any single hand and brain got through so much varied work, and did it all so well!

From over seventy of Wesley's original letters the exigencies of our space can admit but few extracts. This, the earliest, written to his mother from Oxford, June 18th, 1725, bears the rare distinction of an interlined MS. "note" by the "mother of the Wesleys," as she read her gifted son's epistle, and runs thus: "Weakness, deformity, or imperfection of body are not evils *in themselves*, but accidentally become good or evil, accordingly as they affect us and make us good or bad." (He was just

then reading Thomas à Kempis, and was deeply tinged with the mystic and somewhat austere teachings of that divine, as the whole letter shows.) These long letters to his wife ("My dear Molly") are, in their honeymoon warmth, very entertaining, and contrast painfully with these others addressed to this same "Dear Molly," after her own jealous madness, and the foolish promptings of injudicious friends, had for ever separated the ill-assorted pair. This long and strangely calm epistle (from Grimsby!) is full of the most terrible accusations, and another ends with the following splendid vindication of himself: "Perhaps you may now take the greater liberty, because having stript me of all my papers, you imagine it is now absolutely impossible for me to justify myself. But you are under a mistake. To all that know me my word is a sufficient justification. And if anything more is needful, I know *One* that is able to say to the grave, 'Give back;' yea, and if *He* say it to jealousy, cruel as the grave, it shall hear and obey His voice." The following is one of the last letters he penned, and is addressed to the Rev. Henry Moore, with a quaint P.S. by the Rev. James Rogers at the back. It reads thus: "My dear Henry,—So good Mr. Easterbrook has got the start of us. Let us follow him as he followed Christ. Let the service begin at seven if the leaders think it best. I hope to be at Bath the first Monday in March (to-morrow three weeks), and am, with love to my dear Mary, your affectionate friend and brother, JOHN WESLEY." The Mr. Easterbrook whose death is so touchingly referred to was for many years Vicar of Temple Church, Bristol, and an old friend of Mr. Wesley's.

JOHN WESLEY'S SHOES.

This tiny bit of his silvery hair was fastened to the card on which you see it by the hands of Mary Fletcher, of Madeley, herself, and is undoubtedly genuine; and this pair of small, well-made shoes, and the long silk gown, both often worn by Wesley, have an equally trustworthy history. The latter were both left in the care of one of his preachers, Thomas Tattershall, on Wesley's last visit to Norwich, and have never been out of the keeping of the family until they were given to me.

A curious relic of the burnt Rectory-house at Epworth (February, 1709) is found in this bit of charred wood, given me by the present learned Rector, the Rev. Canon Overton, being part of a beam taken out by him when making some alterations to the structure a year or two ago. Samuel Wesley is known to have been his own architect, and to have utilised to the utmost the material saved from the old house in rebuilding

London
Feb. 6. 1791

My Dear Henry

So good Mr Easton has got the start of us. Let us follow them, as he followed Christ. Let the Lutherans cry out as much as they will; if the Lord be with us they will not hurt us. I hope to set out Monday Morning first Monday in March (the mercury rises with the sun) and am (with Love to my Dear Nancy)

Your affectionate Friend & Brother

J. Wesley

Mr H. Moore

Mr Wesley deserves more to add. He wishes Mrs Moore will brew for him on the receipt of this that the ale may be fit to drink when he comes and to be sure put no Hops into it. - My dear wife joins me in Love to you & Mrs Moore - I am your affect. Bror

J Rogers

FACSIMILE OF ONE OF JOHN WESLEY'S LATEST LETTERS (WITH POSTCRIPT BY MR. ROGERS).

the rectory. Perhaps this may have been a portion of the beam supporting the window of the burning house from which, as by a miracle, "little Johnny" was rescued in his nightdress.

If this description of a small portion of my treasures shall have brought good John Wesley nearer to my readers, and all of us into a fuller and deeper sympathy with his great work, I shall not, as I trust I have not, written wholly in vain.

GEORGE STAMPE.

THE HYMNS OF WESLEY'S BOYHOOD.

ON that wild March morning, a century ago, on which John Wesley heard the call, the long memories of his later life seemed suddenly to dim, and his thoughts swept back to the days of boyhood. In that hour the hymn which rose ever to his lips was the one beginning "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath." He sang it first in youth, and through all the seventy years that passed thereafter, the hymn was a part of his very life.

There are many of us to whom the material of hymnal praise has been a spiritual nutriment. In the hour of distress or loneliness, it is a scrap of Hebrew psalmody or of Christian song which springs up in our memories to comfort us. And it is the hymn, not the catechism, which enshrines our common estimates of Christian doctrine. No man ever perceived with clearer vision the supreme importance of song as an aid to personal devotion than the Founder of Methodism. He was the hymnal editor of the evangelical movement; there never existed a Methodist society which was without its collection of hymns. On this account one may fitly at this season recall the hymns and psalms which made up the public and private praise of the church of Wesley's boyhood.

What were the hymns which Susanna Wesley had, or might have had, at her side, in the village rectory, as she lulled her boys to sleep in the early years of the century? Certainly Daye's Psalter, which would be bound up with her Prayer-book, the New Version being still regarded with suspicion by the country clergy. Certainly George Wither's "Hymns and Songs of the Church;" and if Henry Vaughan and George Herbert, then also William Barton, John Mason, and Thomas Shepherd, for was she not an Annesley, and therefore steeped in the literature of Puritanism? Her George Herbert she knew well, and frequently quoted. I am inclined to think there may also have been a copy of Samuel Bury's "Collection of Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs," which was issued a couple of years before John was born, and which contained selections from the best of the Stuart hymnists. This little book of one hundred and forty-four hymns, mainly for private devotion, which ran through two or three editions before John

IV. For Believers

1. Rejoicing

173 How I hate to use grace — Sure in no archaism can
If now of Sin I am seen — But to God's foreordained
When mercy vanishes — When can he arrest and
For, the new last grace — O scant the strap are for:
The little child melts in the — The arms of Child Jesus are
Reborn near to me, — If mercy my match-love
O by the stem Calvary. — My sins are swallowed!
Conceder in mercy, — Her spotted yoni mine in me
While I'd let tear-ish — Mercy me bone mercies:
Who I pluck in my scatteries no, no, no:
With no reason I fly — I like in David's heart.
Now a sad dear-one for — Mercy is all that's mild y.
The new-sky go on by — The heart-strings began,
The joys he will talk-de — The cup comes the dream,
On y in shed to rubies, — For, the mercy new dies.
Flesh on y grow I seem, — The mile melt-ish dear:
This one is no such — The no' found' melt one
Manful pose I y's pure — Low no an cup cup be —
174 I see the blessing — My heart on, my low dry,
And the Words sing I am — Who's I lift up my head.
Bars I stem For no one — Full thy's also Trinity, forgive
For Lord mercy, unpity Who — Died, home, my Lord I own
Lord I bet the What no — For sin dd, For me cup, no
Who no dust To clean — Cup y y's Jesus he had's, no
Thus Abram, Thus all he — Saw of sin, Seen of no unchi:
I see Be end! When me — For no-all the cup rains paid.
Ah give to all, Who to apply all no — Mansion et life in!
I by dying, Let us who no born let the no, he to us spin.
O let us dead! how Lord the by Cross I, the Bi-ins —
175 Oft I in my heart raised — Who's a risen on thy,
Man to Him glorified — Be back for us sky!
Borne on cant wing. — Sure! I she find be there
Who sing praise y He. — Again us mansion stay:
Oft I in my heart raised — Who to us de's stoop,
Seek us Triune Dear, — For thence to bow up!

FACSIMILE FROM THE MS. HYMN BOOK USED BY JOHN WESLEY. SEE DR. OSBORN'S LETTER NEXT PAGE.

This Volume, perhaps the most interesting personal relic of John Wesley, now in existence was given by its late possessor, Mr Samuel Highfield of Birkenhead to the Conference to be preserved at Woodhouse Grove School. On his behalf I presented it August 1857. Mr Chettle handed it, after some years, to Dr Jobson for safe custody, as stated in a pencil note at the beginning; and as Woodhouse Grove School is no longer a Connexional School for the sons of Preachers, the Volume is, I think, properly entrusted to the care

SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

of the Book Steward for the time being. along with the other Wesley M.S.S. which are the property of the Connexion.

The courage which could at the age of 75 carry out such an undertaking, and the neat and careful execution of it, are truly wonderful; and the variations from this copy in the first printed Edition of the Large Hy. Book of 1780 show that his attention was unremittingly given to that most important undertaking up to the period of its publication.

George Osborn

Richmond Surrey
Febry 1. 1886.

SEE PRECEDING PAGES.

was in his teens, may have given the future evangelist his taste for anthologies of this sort. In his father's church, of course, John would hear nothing but the Psalter, and with this his Charterhouse experiences put him wholly out of sympathy, for its "miserable, scandalous doggerel" ever reminded him of nothing but "the formal drawl of a parish clerk, and the screaming of boys who brawl out what they neither feel nor understand." It would be impossible to estimate fully the influence exerted on John's young ardour by the scholarly taste of his poet-father and the warm Puritanity of his mother. It cannot be doubted that the arid psalmody of Sternhold and Hopkins was occasionally set aside in the home-life of the rectory, especially at the meetings Mrs. Wesley held at the parsonage on Sunday evenings, by hymns of a more modern fashion, just as the Methodist hymnody is now set aside in many homes by popular American rhymes. Samuel Wesley was himself the writer of the hymns "Behold, the Saviour of mankind" and "O Thou who, when I did complain," and the hymn-book published by John Wesley in 1737 bears, in this and other ways, many marks of the strong affection he ever retained for the hymns of his early youth.

Before he left home for the Charterhouse John must have sung, or heard his mother sing, "All people that on earth do dwell" and "O God, my strength and fortitude" (out of the Old Version); perhaps also, but this is less sure, "As pants the hart for cooling streams," "With glory clad, with strength arrayed," "O render thanks to God above," "How blest is he who ne'er consents," "Through all the changing scenes of life" (out of the New Version); Thomas Ken's Morning and Evening Hymns, John Mason's "My Lord, my Love, was crucified," Samuel Crossman's "Sweet place, sweet place, alone," Richard Baxter's "Lord, it belongs not to my care," and the hymn of Henry More, from which the selection "On all the earth Thy Spirit shower" appeared in the first Wesley hymn-book. He would also have had the opportunity of hearing or reading John Dryden's "Infinite God! to Thee we raise" and "Creator, Spirit, by whose aid." His father's poetry had its vogue; Nahum Tate, the laureate, wrote fulsomely of it:

> "Even we, a numerous but a feeble host,
> Are gladly in your morning lustre lost."

His brother Samuel, who later on wrote several hymns, would at this time be at Christ Church.

While John was still at school, Joseph Addison's incomparable hymns, "The spacious firmament on high" and "When all Thy mercies, O my God," appeared in the *Spectator*, and would have found their way into Smithfield, where they would have been read in pride by Addison's old schoolmasters. They ought to have been set by the Carthusian tutors as exercises in memory, though it was not until Wesley, more than twenty years after, inserted them in his hymn-book, that their aptitude for public worship came to be generally recognised by the people at large.

The hymns of Isaac Watts appeared while John was still at home, and the profound effect they had upon his youth may be gathered from the large place they ever held in his affections. He was not blind to the meretricious form in which many of them were presented, and, when the proper moment arrived, edited them with an unsparing hand. Here is a list of some of the hymns of Watts which were used in the first Methodist services:

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,"
"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,"
"Praise ye the Lord. 'Tis good to raise,"
"Awake our souls, away our fears,"
"Come, ye that love the Lord,"
"With joy we meditate the grace,"
"Long have I sat beneath the sound."

Besides these, there was in existence a large body of psalmody of private origin which would not come to his notice in the ordinary course of his boyish life, but of which he made the acquaintance during the years which preceded the Georgian Mission. William Habington and John Austin he may never have known, but that he read John Milton and George Herbert lovingly we know from the unpublished Oxford diary. One of Herbert's, "King of glory, King of peace," in a metre to which no tune had at the time been written, he rewrote in another metre for the first hymn-book. Crashaw, Quarles, and Herrick would not have accorded with Wesley's temperament at all, his early piety having been nourished on Baxter and à Kempis.

The translations from the magnificent and abundant hymnody of the Lutheran Church, which had been made in the first decade of the century, were meagre and paltry in the extreme. But for the tremendous influence of the Psalter, the premonitions of the evangelical revival, which even the end of the seventeenth century witnessed, might have been nourished on the kindlier soil of a Christian hymnody. It was reserved for John Wesley to provide the English-speaking race with the choicest translations of Gerhardt and others of the Lutheran school, and some of the best known of them appeared in his first hymn-book, which showed no signs as yet of the supremacy which in a single generation was to be attained by the lyricism of Charles Wesley. It may, perhaps, be said that no hymns of his later years ever endeared themselves to the great preacher as those of his own brother unquestionably did, and there is no more affecting spectacle in the whole life-story of Methodism than that of the aged minister breaking down shortly after the death of his brother, as he recited with throbbing memories the finest sacred lyric in all literature:

"My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee."

E. G. Harmer.

THE JUDGMENT OF HIS PEERS.

It may be instructive to recall the estimates which were pronounced on the life-work of John Wesley by the newspapers of a century ago. In an age when the daily papers contained less information than now appears every morning on a half-page of any London journal, a brief paragraph would have a greater relative importance than it would to-day. That the world was moved by the spectacle of the dying preacher is therefore shown by the fact that the *Public Advertiser*, on the morning after Wesley died, printed the following article:

"Yesterday, at ten o'clock in the morning, died, at his own house in the City-road, in the 88th year of his age, that well-known and celebrated Minister and Reformer, the Rev. John Wesley, whose eminent abilities in every branch of polite and sacred literature, being directed by the grace of God to the most important and valuable ends, not only rendered him the ornament of his own age and country, but will also endear his name to the latest posterity.—It may likewise be highly pleasing to his numerous friends to acquaint them, that in his last moments he bore the most unshaken testimony to the evangelical truths he had maintained in the long course of his laborious ministry."

These remarks reappeared in the *Northampton Mercury* of the following day.

The *Public Advertiser* recurred to the topic in its issue of the following day in these terms:

"The late very popular preacher, John Wesley, was distinguished for his efforts to enforce an obedience to the relative duties, by showing what constitutes Civil Society, and how far each individual who composes it is interested in the common welfare. In the course of a sermon, he would occasionally give ideas of the rights of mankind, the natural claim of the Prince to the allegiance of the Subject, and the claim of the Subject to his Royal Master's protection, in the most impressive, nervous, and eloquent manner: 'If' (said he, not long since) 'cultivation will improve a bad soil, and convert the desert into a fruitful plain, a sense of duty when proceeding from education will transplant us from the wilds of ignorance into well-ordered gardens of science!'"

The same issue contained the following quatrain in its Poet's Corner:

"His sand is out! Poor fleeting life's a shade!
Howe'er the pow'rs of mind may be display'd,
Talents can't rescue, Genius cannot save
The Monarch or the Preacher from the grave."

On the same day the *Morning Chronicle*, after summarising the chief events of Wesley's life in four short paragraphs, proceeded to say:

"Whatever may be the opinions held of Mr. Wesley's divinity, it is impossible to deny him the merit of having done infinite good to the lower class of people. Abilities he unquestionably possessed, and a fluency which was highly acceptable, and well accommodated to his hearers. His history, if well written, would certainly be important, for in every respect, as the founder of the most numerous sect in the kingdom, as a man, and as a writer, he must be considered as one of the most extraordinary characters this or any age has produced."

On the following Monday the *Morning Chronicle* had this:

"Though John Wesley was a thin man, his bones will afford good picking to the *Biographers*,

a legion of whom are now brandishing their grey goose quills *about his life*. Neither eloquence nor accuracy are at all requisite; the whole depends upon expedition, for *the first oars* will be sure of a silver badge."

The next day the *Public Advertiser* gave some particulars about the forthcoming funeral, and said the death

"is reported to have been a regular break up of nature, rather brought on by the accident he met with at Spithead the year before last."

On the morning after the funeral this paper devoted one-third of a column—a heavy drain on its space—to some remarks on the event, concluding with an extract from a sermon recently preached by the deceased.

The bi-weekly *London Chronicle*, on the Saturday after the death, reprinted the remarks which appeared in the *Public Advertiser* the day before, and then added:

"Mr. Wesley's income was prodigious, not less than 10,000*l.* a year, but out of that he appropriated no more to his own use than was sufficient to supply the necessaries of life. The money went to build chapels, and pay the preachers throughout the kingdom."

The *St. James's Chronicle, or British Evening Post*, a bi-weekly, in its second issue after the event, remarked:

"John Wesley's decline, notwithstanding his advanced age, was rapid. He was, a very short time ago, in good health and spirits, an early riser, and laborious in every hour of the day."

The *Star*, in its issue of March 4th, has the following inaccurate announcement:

"Deaths.—Yesterday morning, at his house, in City-road, after a short illness, the Rev. John Westley, in the 98th year of his age."

With singular energy, the *European Magazine*, in its first number after his decease, published an engraved portrait of Wesley (see p. 122), but did not provide a memorial notice, some serial articles on Methodism having appeared in the same magazine two years before.

But in the April number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* was printed a most liberal estimate of the work which Wesley had done. This article was subsequently abridged for the obituary chapter of the *Annual Register*, and the paragraph already quoted from the *Morning Chronicle* was derived from it in advance. The writer was familiar with his theme, and his prose elegy was as majestic in form as it was charitable in spirit. Here are some passages from it:

"Where much good is done, we should not mark every little excess. The great point in which his name and mission will be honoured is this: he directed his labours towards those who had no instructor; to the highways and hedges; to the miners in Cornwall, and the colliers in Kingswood. These unhappy creatures married and buried amongst themselves, and often committed murders with impunity, before the Methodists sprang up. By the humane and active endeavours of him and his brother Charles, a sense of decency, morals, and religion was introduced into the lowest classes of mankind; the ignorant were instructed; the wretched relieved; and the abandoned reclaimed. He met with great opposition from many of the

clergy, and unhandsome treatment from the magistrates. He was, however, one of the few characters who outlived enmity and prejudice, and received, in his latter years, every mark of respect from every denomination. . . . On a review of the character of this extraordinary man it appears, that though he was endowed with eminent talents, he was more distinguished by their use than even by their possession; though his taste was classic, and his manners elegant, he sacrificed that society in which he was particularly calculated to shine; gave up those preferments which his abilities must have obtained, and devoted a long life in practising and enforcing the plainest duties. Instead of being 'an ornament to literature,' he was a blessing to his fellow-creatures; instead of 'the genius of the age,' he was the servant of God!"

In the May number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* another estimate is printed, from the pen of one who was not himself a Methodist. He said:

"He had a vigour and elevation of mind which nothing but the belief of the Divine Favour and Presence could inspire. This threw a lustre round his infirmities, changed his bed of sickness into a triumphal car, and made his *exit* resemble an Apotheosis rather than a Dissolution. The great purpose of his life was doing good. For this he relinquished all honour and preferment. To the bed of sickness or the couch of prosperity, to the prison or the hospital, the house of mourning or the house of feasting, wherever there was a friend to serve, or a soul to save, he readily repaired; to administer assistance or advice, reproof or consolation, he thought no efforts too humiliating, no condescension too low, no undertaking too arduous."

E. G. Harmer.

RECOLLECTIONS BY THE LATE EDWARD CORDEROY.

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED IN CITY-ROAD CHAPEL ON OCT. 18TH, 1860, ADVOCATING THE PURCHASE OF THE FREEHOLD.

I HAVE an hereditary interest in this chapel, and so has all my family. My grandmother was a contributor to its erection. She lived over at Lambeth, near where the old Marsh-gate stood, near the old Lambeth Chapel, built by one of Wesley's lay preachers, John Edwards, who let Methodists have it all his lifetime rent-free. She was the first female class and band leader on the Surrey side of the metropolis, and Wesley was no stranger in her humble home. He visited her on her death-bed, not long before he died himself. She was borne to the grave by the Lambeth society. Amidst the chanting of Charles Wesley's funeral hymns, triumphant yet sorrowing, they carried her to the old churchyard. My mother also was a contributor to this chapel. She was very young when the foundation-stone was laid, but she has often told the tale how, as a little child, she saved the money which came into her possession that she might have a brick in Mr. Wesley's new chapel. Mr. Wesley appealed to young and old, and himself became a collector. When he called at my grandmother's house, however, the little one, only then between five and six years of age, was rather too bashful to bring her store of ten shillings into the patriarch's presence; and so she paid a shilling a week to one of the leaders; but the brick in this new chapel was secured, and the remembrance of it afforded her pleasure to the last years of her life.

Next to dear old Lambeth, where she worshipped with her husband and her children, and the still older West-street, where she used to go to five o'clock morning-preaching, City-road Chapel was the most hallowed spot on earth to her.

Here some of her most cherished recollections centred; here Wesley preached more frequently than in any other place in London, and here he administered the Covenant Service, when the whole of the London Society could be gathered within its walls; and here my mother came on that day to which Mr. Jackson has alluded, when thousands upon thousands gathered together to look their last upon the placid face of the leader, the lawgiver, the Founder, and the Father of Methodism.

Soon after the Methodist Missionary Society was formed my mother brought me here as a little boy to attend its great meeting, and I remember John Angell James telling from the platform about the man with his famous cherry tree who became so large a contributor to the Missionary Society. I remember how I listened to Jabez Bunting and to Henry Moore—and how a few months since I came to follow to their last resting-place the remains of one of Wesley's members, good old Mrs. Gabriel, who, at the age of ninety-three years, died, and her coffin was brought here previous to its burial in Bunhill-fields. The recollections of this place are hallowed. It becomes us to regard the purchase of this freehold as among our highest and noblest privileges. I know not whether Fletcher, who preached at the Foundry, ever preached here; but Charles Wesley, Alexander Mather, and Thomas Coke did. William Thompson did, Joseph Benson did, and congregations were moved to prayer under his ministry as they have rarely been moved under the ministry of any other man. Henry Moore preached here; the able and erudite Adam Clarke preached here; the accomplished and noble Richard Watson preached here; the eloquent and persuasive Robert Newton, the judicious and masterly Jabez Bunting. There is not a pew in the whole place from which prayer has not ascended to the throne of God and prevailed. This chapel lacked consecration episcopal, but it was hallowed by the spiritual presence of Him who gave glory to the latter house in Jerusalem. Last Friday week I went to see a very old gentleman who was honoured with the friendship of John Wesley, who spent some time with him in Holland, and who had to repeat, by his father's request, his Horace and Virgil to Charles Wesley. He told me he heard John Wesley's sermon at the time of the opening of this chapel. He was surprised to find that the freehold could be purchased upon terms which he considered so fair, and he expressed his belief that there were many Methodists who not only could, but would readily offer the required amount at once. Rich men! arise ye, therefore, and build; but the purchase of the freehold of the City-road Chapel shall be no one rich man's privilege. No; there shall be one thing in Methodism which shall not be the gift of any one man. I claim to have a share in the purchase of this freehold. I claim it as an hereditary and personal right.

* * * * * * *

It may fairly be asked, Why was there no fund formed by the trustees through the long period they held this chapel by which to purchase the freehold? Why was it they made no prudent provision for the time which was to come? This will admit of several satisfactory answers. In the first place, the spirit of the age was not a spirit of remarabkle prudence in those matters. Great as was the liberality of the early Methodists, that liberality never kept up with John Wesley's enterprise. The second reason is this, that to remove the debt one of the least successful means was employed that possibly could be used. They took money on annuity, and assuredly of all classes of recipients annuitants have the credit for having the longest lives. Amongst the annuitants of this chapel, however, were Thomas Olivers and Eleanor, his wife; they gave £300, and they received 10 per cent. interest during the time of their natural lives. Now, if Methodism had given Thomas Olivers cent. per cent., it never could have repaid him for one of the most majestic lyrics of which the English or any other language can boast—"The God of Abraham praise." Another reason was, that the trust deed provides that, after paying the annuitants and all necessary and incidental charges, all the surplus income must be given to poor members of the Methodist Society, so that the trustees had not the opportunity of husbanding a single farthing. It is a pity that the early records of this chapel trust are not to be found; but from scraps of paper and varied information, we find that honoured clergymen who used to assist Mr. Wesley in the administration of the services here, who were then members of the Methodist Society, had their old age gladdened by many a donation from the trustees. Aged and worn-out local preachers also had their last days cheered, and women in almshouses and other poor women were also comforted. Once and again are recorded £25 to Mrs. Charles Wesley, £20 to Miss Wesley; and who would not rejoice to have the privilege of helping the widow and daughter of the greatest hymn-writer of this or any other Church—the man whose hymn-book is to us at once a Psalter and a Liturgy?

* * * * * * *

There is one thing I do think the Methodist people in the kingdom generally need. They need to be told a little more about Wesley's character, what manner of man our Founder was. I was once asked by a Sunday-school teacher whether John Wesley was a Methodist. I was obliged to say last Sunday morning: "I do not think the people know in our congregations that John Wesley built City-road Chapel; pray tell them so." Other denominations may accuse us of honouring a man unwisely; but let it be said once for all that, though no society on earth can boast such a founder, so pure in his character, so simple in his motives, so truthful in his utterances, so superior to money and every petty and ordinary thing,—a man who went about doing good the whole of his life,—yet we will not glory even in Wesley apart from the grace of God, which made him what he was, and enabled him to achieve what he did.

A ROBE-MAKER'S REMINISCENCE.

It would be interesting to gather the reminiscences of persons who have conversed with those who knew Mr. Wesley or heard him preach. Mr. Moseley has given one such reminiscence in his brief paper. The Rev. George Lester tells us that he has talked with a woman who distinctly remembers seeing Wesley when he stood on a table under the tree at Winchelsea and preached. That was John Wesley's last open-air preaching.

Many years ago it became necessary to provide a surplice for use at military funerals in Aldershot. I was commissioned to buy one at Ede's, the robe-maker's, whose shop then stood next to Temple Bar. The young man who served me took the address into an office behind the shop. A very tall and venerable old man came to me with the address in his hand. He was trembling with excitement.

"Do I understand rightly, Sir? Is this" (pointing to the words "Wesleyan Church") "the Connexion established by the late John Wesley?"

"It is, Sir," I replied.

"You will pardon me, Sir," and the old man made an old-world courtly bow, "but the last time I knew one of your ministers wear a surplice was when I heard John Wesley read the morning service of the Church of England in City-road Chapel. He wore his surplice. I remember the occasion distinctly."

It is proper to add that the surplice was only used at Aldershot for a brief period and under peculiar circumstances. N. C.

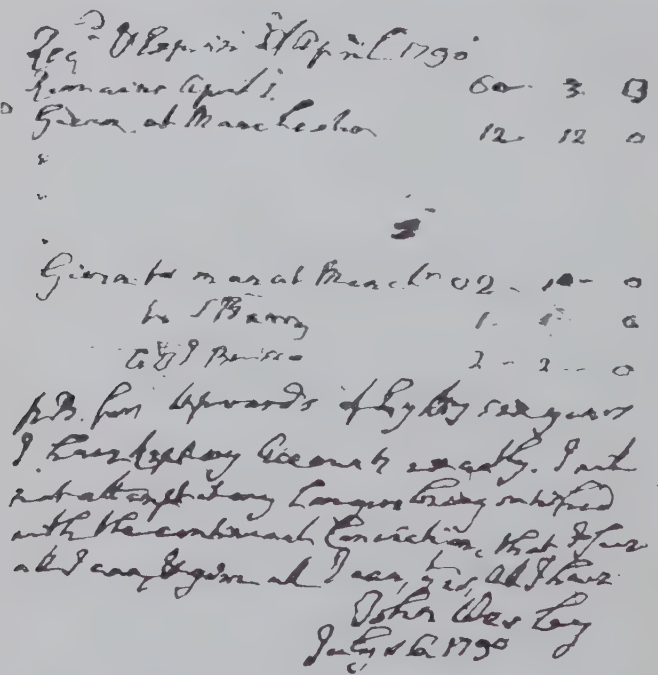
THE LAST PAGE IN WESLEY'S LAST ACCOUNT BOOK.

This book is most curious. The greater part is in shorthand. An index at the end shows that it contains, among many other entries, records of Wesley's "Ordinations." On one page we find the names, "Rd. Whatcoat," "T. Vasey," and "Dr. Coke." The accounts reveal an extraordinary liberality. Out of an income derived mainly from the sale of books, sums varying from £534 17*s.* 6*d.* to £961 4*s.* a year are given away. For clothes £5 19*s.* is reserved, and this, with the exception of travelling expenses, is the only personal outlay with which the Book money is charged. The income derived from the City-road Society is £30. Preachers and Societies in all parts of the country enjoyed the pecuniary assistance of the generous old man. As Dr. Osborn said to a friend the other day, "Mr. Wesley gave right and left." Henry Moore, with the account books before him, said that in the course of fifty years he must have given more than £30,000.

The final entry is:

"N.B.—For upwards of eighty-six years [Tyerman queries "sixty-eight"] I have kept my accounts exactly. I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction, that I save all I can, and give all I can, that is, all I have."

Evidently the writer intended to enter two or three additional items. But memory was failing. And finding that he could no longer be exact, he closed the account with



THE LAST PAGE IN WESLEY'S LAST ACCOUNT BOOK.

words which have become historic. In the extract from the *Public Advertiser*, which Mr. Harmer has obtained from the British Museum, it is said that Wesley's income was £10,000 a year. Probably a cipher has been added in error. Occasionally it may have been £1,000. For his friends said that in some years he gave away as much as £1,000.

JOHN WESLEY AS A CARTHUSIAN.

By the courtesy of the Editor of the *Greyfriar*, the Charterhouse School Magazine, we are able to extract a few details relating to John Wesley's old school from an interesting article which appears in the April Number.

"John Benjamin Wesley (the name was also written Wellsley and Westley, and Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, belonged to the family) was born June 17th, 1703, and was one of the nineteen children of the Rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, and of his wife Susanna (who had in her time been one of twenty-four). So they doubtless made merry in Epworth Rectory one day in January, 1714, when the news came there that the Duke of Buckingham had given John his nomination to Charterhouse. Ten years old was quite an usual age for a boy to go to a public school in those days, and when this very small boy of his years took his place in Gownboys he probably found not a few of his own age. Gownboys no longer stands, having been pulled down after the school changed quarters in 1872; but somehow it is, after all, in chapel that one naturally thinks of the little Gownboy in his black cloth gown and knee breeches, sitting in the rows of seats which may still be seen just in front of the Founder's Tomb. And close on his left, in a sort of glorified pepper-box of strange construction, sat the great Head Master, Dr. Thomas Walker. . . . He had already been Head Master for thirty-five years, and had had Addison and Steele, Benson and Law, for his pupils, and before the forty-nine years of his Head Mastership were to end he was to add John Wesley to his list.* A little farther away, in the corner near the pulpit, sat, in a similar pepper-box, Andrew Tooke, Usher or Second Master. In the Master's seat opposite sat Dr. King. The organist of the day was T. Love, of whom no account is to be had, but the Charterhouse organists of that time were men of such celebrity (to wit, Pepusch, Jones, Stevens) that one may suppose Love to have been also a man of capacity. The musical talent which belonged to the Wesley family probably received no check while he was at Charterhouse.

"The chapel at that time consisted of the two parallel oblongs divided by the row of columns, on either side of which we see now (and should have seen then) the pensioners' seats. But the additional wing on the north side, which contains the gallery and the 'boarders'' seats, was not then in existence. With this latter exception, and a few minor alterations, the chapel as little John Wesley first saw it probably does not differ greatly in appearance from what we now see. I have no knowledge of the number of boys at Charterhouse in 1714. In his house, Gownboys, there were forty-four, and things were evidently very rough, as indeed we suspect they were at all other public schools in those days. Wesley, however, had the true Carthusian's fondness for the place, and to the last years of his life never failed to go back to it and walk through it once a year when he was in London. But he says that not only was food a bit scarce, but that it was the custom of the big fellows to levy black-mail on the provisions of the small boys. For all which things John Wesley, in his cheery, happy way, duly records his gratitude, and says that he has no manner of doubt that it was mainly owing to this that he grew up as 'hard as nails' (the expression is our own, not J. W.'s). He likewise records that he never failed to run every morning before breakfast three times round the Green, and this—as we know to our cost, having repeatedly done it ourselves in exceeding bad time—would amount to one mile. He was a bright, active, little fellow apparently at school, as he was all the rest of his life, but in speaking of his own schooldays afterwards he reproaches himself that he was thoughtless and indifferent about religious matters, and grew careless after the strictness of home. But he adds that he kept himself straight by reading the Bible morning and evening. There is not much amiss, says one of his biographers, with a lad who will do this.

"When he left Charterhouse in 1720, he took up to Christ Church with him a School Exhibition of forty pounds a year, and was reckoned a very promising classic, with a great turn for Latin verse. It is quaint to read in one of his letters to his brother Samuel, soon

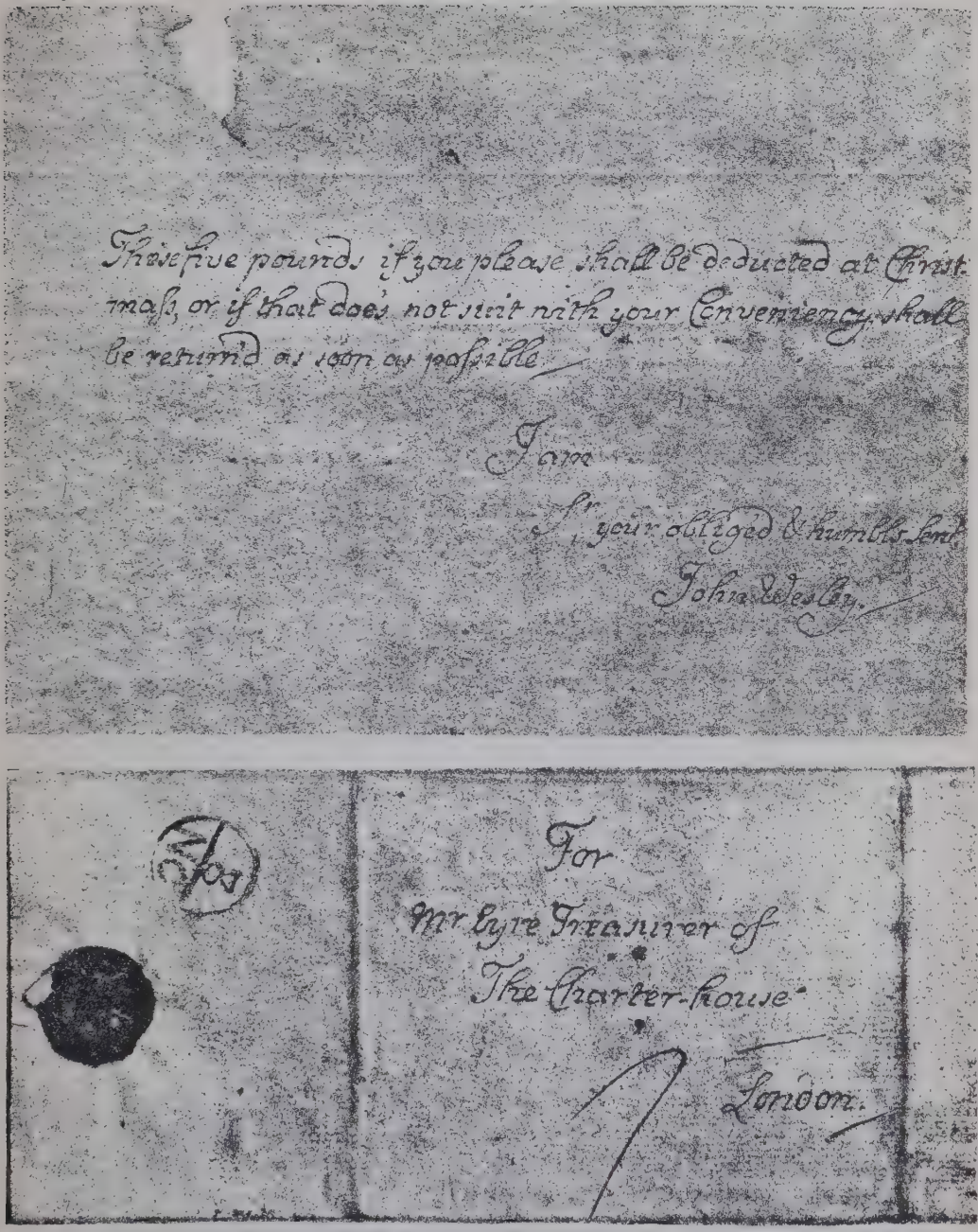
* He is buried in the chapel, and his tablet is on the north wall, having been moved back when the north wing was added.

Christ Church Nov. 2 [illegible] 17[illegible]

Sir

I am extreamly sorry that an accident shou'd happen, wh
has given you reason to have an ill opinion of me, but am
very much oblig'd to your Civility for putting the most
favourable Construction on it. I hope this will satisfy
you that it was by mistake and not my design, that you
have twice delivered the exhibition for the first Michaelmas
quarter, which indeed was thro' the mistake of my Mer
cer who return'd it, or rather thro' the negligence of his
Correspondent, who forgot to inform him of his having
receiv'd the mony. This made him suspect that it was
detain'd, in which he was confirm'd by receiving no an
swer from London, and at Lady-day, when I gave him
my Tutor's Bill for that quarter, he told he had not re-
ciev'd the exhibition for the first, wch he suppos'd was de
tain'd because I had been absent the whole eight weeks
in one quarter, and which made him advise me to write

a receipt for that and the other Due at the end of the year.


Thise five pounds if you please shall be deducted at Christ-
mas, or if that does not suit with your Conveniency, shall
be returnd as soon as possible

I am

Sr your obliged & humble Servt

John Wesley.

For

Mr Lyre Treasurer of

The Charter-house

London.

TREASURER OF THE CHARTERHOUSE. PROBABLE DATE, 1721.

after he gets to Oxford, that he has just done an Ode to Chloe's Flea, on the model, we presume, of 'Lesbia's Sparrow,' which pleased him not a little. We would give something to be able to reprint that Ode in Wesley's handwriting, but since that cannot be, we give a reprint of a more prosaic sort, a letter written by John Wesley to the treasurer of Charterhouse, concerning a mistake in the payment of his Exhibition. Curiously enough the last figure has faded from the paper, but there are indications of its having been the figure 1, making the date 1721.

"Very interesting too is an autograph letter by another celebrated Carthusian, Sir William Blackstone, which the present writer recently purchased. Its date is August 28th, 1744. By that time Wesley's great work was in full swing, and he had visited and preached in every corner of England. In 1744 it came to Wesley's turn to preach at Oxford before the University. Blackstone was then an undergraduate at All Souls', and seems to have been unaware that Wesley was an old Carthusian like himself; at any rate the passage in his letter merely runs thus:

"'We were yesterday entertained at Oxford by a Curious Sermon from Wesley ye Methodist. Among other equally modest particulars, He informed us: 1st, That there was not one Christian among all ye heads of Houses. 2ndly, that Pride, Gluttony, Avarice, Luxury, Sensuality, and Drunkenness were ye General Characteristics of all Fellows of Colleges, who were useless to a proverbial uselessness. Lastly, that ye younger part of ye University were a generation of triflers, all of them perjured and not one of them of any Religion at all. His notes were demanded by ye Vice Chancellor, but on mature deliberation it has been thought proper to punish him by a mortifying neglect.'

"The sermon made a great sensation, and was, as Wesley expected, the last he was allowed to preach at St. Mary's. We have a description of it from several sources, and one of those who heard it (Dr. Kennicott) mentions Wesley's appearance while delivering it. He describes Wesley as having 'black hair quite smooth and parted very exactly, with a peculiar composure in his countenance,' etc.; and he says the sermon would have been very pleasing to himself as well as others if the 'strictures had been omitted and the censures moderated.' We fancy that this is by no means an unusual view of sermons.

* * * * * * * *

"The dauntless little man, who never lost his temper nor his courage, and who was equally ready to tackle Beau Nash at Bath or a Lancashire mob at Boulton, and had interviewed and despised the great Dr. Sacheverell while he was a boy at Charterhouse, was not likely to have been greatly overawed by the appearance of that imposing University functionary the 'Esquire Bedell' (we wonder by the way if he called on Wesley in his lappeted gown and silver gilt poker): and it is pretty evident that the 'mortifying silence' was less a matter of previous diplomacy than of that discretion which, even in Vice-Chancellors, is the better part of valour.

"Thirty years afterwards it is pleasant to find the two men, Wesley and Blackstone, fighting side by side in the same cause, the Abolition of Slavery. Wesley speaks of him in his paper on Slavery as that great ornament to his profession, Judge Blackstone.

"Another link with Charterhouse is found in Wesley's friendship for Dr. Pepusch, the celebrated musician and writer on music, who, after the death of his wife, retired from his sumptuous home, took the place of organist at Charterhouse, and lived in rooms there. The introduction probably came through Wesley's brother Charles, and notices in Wesley's diary describe several visits to, and conversations with, Pepusch. The Organist's or Musician's Room is near the Governor's Room, and opening on to the Music Gallery of Codd's Hall. It is a little panelled room with a large window at one end looking into Master's Court, and a good fireplace at the other, over which hangs at the present day a little print of Pepusch himself. It was here no doubt that the two Wesleys sat and listened to the theories of the great doctor, who knew, says Wesley, more about the music of the ancients than any man in Europe."

The *Greyfriar* contains also several illustrations: Ward's mezzotint engraving after Romney, facsimiles (1) of the bill of fare for Founder's Day, 1727, when John Wesley was one of the stewards, and (2) of a letter now in the possession of Canon Elwyn, Master of Charterhouse, to whom, and to the Editor of the *Greyfriar*, we are indebted for permission to reproduce it.

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